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None of the relations of life is more dependent upon co-operation and mutual consideration than these daily millions of telephone journeys. It is the telephone company's part to furnish the means of calling and to place courteous and intelligent employees at the service of the public. Good service is then assured when there is a full measure of co-operation between users.

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In the

OCTOBER McCLURE'S

KINGS, PRINCESS AND GOVERNORS

By Ernest Brooks, for fourteen years photographer to the British Court

In this, the second of six articles, the writer tells of King George as a practical joker. The Royal party was on its way to India for the Durbar of 1911. The King organized a pillow fight on board ship and named as opponents, Lee, the Royal Hairdresser and Mr. Brooks. They were seated astride a greased pole and each armed with a pillow.

At the first feint, the hairdresser tumbled from his perch. He discovered, a minute later, that he had lost his balance because King George had slipped a heavy weight in his pocket.

LIFE OF JUDGE GARY

By Ida M. Tarbell

Chapter VII "What Shall We Do With Labor?"

It was at a Steel Corporation committee meeting. Judge Gary asked a member of the committee for his opinion.

"I have always had one rule," said this man. "If a workman sticks up his head, hit it."

"So long as I am here," said Judge Gary, "no workman's head shall be hit. You may get another Chairman, but I shall never recognize that policy."

HERBERT HOOVER

Who Brought America to the World

By Herman Bernstein

The concluding portion of an authoritative story of Secretary Hoover's life and work.

Immediately after the armistice Mr. Hoover received a telegram from Baron von der Nalncken and Dr. Reith, who as General von Bissing's principal advisers, were known to have treated the Belgian population cruelly. On various occasions they had interfered with Hoover's relief work in Belgium. They offered to assist him in hurrying food into Germany.

Hoover dictated this telegram in reply.

"Mr. Hoover's personal compliments and request to go to hell. If Mr. Hoover has to deal with Germany for the Allies, at least he will not deal through such a precious pair of scoundrels."

AND FOUR BRILLIANT SHORT STORIES

The Educational Department

THE SCHOOL YOU WANT

September

September McCLURE'S will go into many homes about the time parents speed up the choosing of a school for their young people.

The Only Aids

The only aids any one can give parents are in understanding their children and in knowing what a good school is before they select one.

The Biggest Task

No good school assumes that all children are created equal. Equal rights and equal opportunities all should have. But equal ability, equal temperament, equal taste none can expect. Good schools have the common denominator of the "square deal." Their biggest task is to hasten the slow, strengthen the weak, trim the scrubs into shapely character, and assure that the thoroughbreds are so trained as to lead the multitude in the paths of peace and prosperity.

The Goal

Taste must be refined while the body is upbuilt and the mind informed. The body's pleasures are to be shared with the mind. The nervous system must be so stabilized that the child forgets it has a body, and knows nothing but the higher joys. To make good taste is the goal of the good school. Good thinking, good talking, good conduct are, as much as humanly may be, encouraged. Strategy in child training is often most effective when a flank movement is executed. Children belong where teachers seldom use "don't" and often "do." Teaching is constructive, not critical. Undesirable traits are shed. Desirable are substituted.

Fundamentals

Schools are to be avoided that conventionalize and add nothing to knowledge. Schools are to be sought that teach new things based on the fundamentals always true. Such expressions are foolish as "the new things are not true, the true things are not new." Scripture asserts that we are to be led deeper into truth.

Swinging the Center Out of Self

Children are naturally over-sensitive. That is why the "teens" are often tragic. The child thinks he is the first to "pass this way." The reserve of experience on which the adult draws the child has yet to accumulate. It is a great day in the life of a human being when, like the wholesome woman, one can say "I never pick up things that do not belong to me, not even slights." The good school in its own way swings the center out of self and sends pupils singing

"Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know."

At Your Best

The difference between showing off and being at your best the good school emphasizes. The recent President Burton and the present Bishop Manning always have had serene optimism and smiling receptivity. They have listened much and often talked little. They have seen through the pretentious without seeming to, and looked for the real beneath the superficial. These a good school gives to the teachable.

The Good School is Simple

The most influential student not long since in Cambridge, England, was the simplest. He knew books and he knew boys. Forbes Robinson had "an inexhaustible power of making friends and an insatiable interest in everything" because he was so simple. The good school is simple. The training it gives is comprehensive. It fits for college and for life. It draws attention away from the unimportant and the hurtful, and keeps its pupils in an atmosphere of cultivated and consecrated simplicity.

That is the school you want.

LYMAN P. POWELL

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"King George with his youngest son, Prince John, who died in 1919."

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

New Series, Vol. I, No. 5 | SEPTEMBER, 1925 | Founded 1893 | Whole Number 375

KINGS, PRINCES AND GOVERNORS

Fourteen Years of Press Photography at the British Court

By ERNEST BROOKS

CHAPTER I

WHEN I informed one of our leading British statesmen, some months ago, that I was contemplating the publication of a book based on my personal recollections of Kings, Courtiers and Princes, I was solemnly warned against committing any indiscretions in print and told to remember that the Tower of London was still a prison! I am just wondering now whether, after all, I gave that friendly warning due consideration. There were occasions during the writing of this book, I must confess, when I felt I was being indiscreet. To what extent I have been, I leave the reader to judge. I may have recounted incidents about members of the Royal Family or other distinguished persons that will be regarded by some as of too intimate a nature to merit publication. I can only plead that I was at the mercy of my pen and my memory, and that I have set down nothing in malice. I have the greatest respect and admiration for our Royal Family.

The material for the present volume was gained as the result of many years' personal contact with Royalty, latterly in the rôle of Official Photographer to Their Majesties. I have had countless opportunities of studying both King George and Queen Mary, and I have endeavored to portray the human side of Their Majesties—the side of which the vast public knows little or nothing. In writing of the Prince of Wales, I have done so with the greatest of pleasure. Everywhere—in France, Italy, Australia, Canada or America, and also here in England—I have found him the real Prince of good fellows.

Incidentally, in this work I have sought to dispel many of those fantastic illusions about Royalty which exist, not only in America, that home of some of the quaintest beliefs about our reigning family, but also, to some extent, in our own Islands.

Frequently, in seasonable weather and when engagements permit, King George and Queen Mary enjoy a short drive from Buckingham Palace. One afternoon in 1919 they were thus returning along the Mall, when a blue-jacket, coming from the opposite direction on foot, made a sudden rush forward, and sprang on the step of the carriage.

He was asked by the equerry who was in attendance to go away. The sailor shook his head vigorously, refusing to do so.

"I have fought for the King," he declared, "and I will ride with the King."

The equerry was making another attempt to persuade the man to leave when King George interrupted.

"Come inside then and ride with the King as far as Buckingham Palace," invited His Majesty.

For a second, the man was nonplused. But the sincerity in the invitation was unmistakable. He swung himself inside and sat down facing Their Majesties. Both King George and Queen Mary chatted to this unexpected companion until the carriage drew near the gates of the Palace.

"We have arrived now; perhaps you will leave here," said the King. Immediately the sailor arose to his feet with a respectful assent on his lips. The carriage was halted. The sailor stepped out, saluted and stood to attention until it moved on again.

This little incident, hitherto unknown to those outside Court circles, serves to illustrate in no small measure the never-failing tact exercised by our Sovereign—tact which has been noticeably apparent in his handling of all those great and diversified problems with which he has been confronted since succeeding to the throne.

While King George may be tactful on occasion, he can also be outspoken, as stories in these reminiscences will show. On more than one occasion His Majesty has spoken his mind when addressing me, as I well remember.

Here, however, it will be well if I interpolate an explanation of how I came to be attached to the Court.

I first came in touch with Royalty when I was a boy at the Royal Schools at Windsor, and my position varied from that of being donkey boy to Queen Victoria (in which capacity I was in charge of the donkey presented to her late Majesty by Lord Kitchener upon his return from Egypt) to the official appointment, under a Royal Warrant, as photographer to H. M. King George.

That, in brief, has been my career. For a quarter of a century, the period these reminiscenses traverse, I was in close contact with Royal personages of this and other countries. I photographed them, talked with them, was sometimes reproved by them, and, without prying in any way, detected in them indiscretions and little failings such as are not confined, by any means, to Royalty alone.

The author.

Indirectly, my father is responsible for this volume, and also, more directly, is it due to the fact that he wore a belt in place of braces, a belt with a buckle of formidable weight and of generous proportions. He was in charge of the game on the Home Park Farm at Windsor. I was in my seventeenth year when, sent to watch a herd of the Queens's cattle, I fell asleep at my task, and awakened to find that attempts to extricate a very valuable cow, which had floundered into the Castle moat and had become hopelessly "bogged," had ended in the animal being destroyed.

That finished my career on the farm. Smarting under the indignity and the pain of a "belting," I pleaded with my people to be allowed to join the Army; permission was granted, and I enlisted as a bandboy in the King's Dragoon Guards, determined never to return to farm life.

I struggled mournfully with a bassoon for a couple of years, until, at a public performance at Folkestone, my instrument, through over-zeal on my part, blared forth alone during a silent bar in a selection from *La Traviata*. The bandmaster took an early opportunity of expressing, with some force, the view that I ought to have been a shoemaker. Thus ended my musical career.

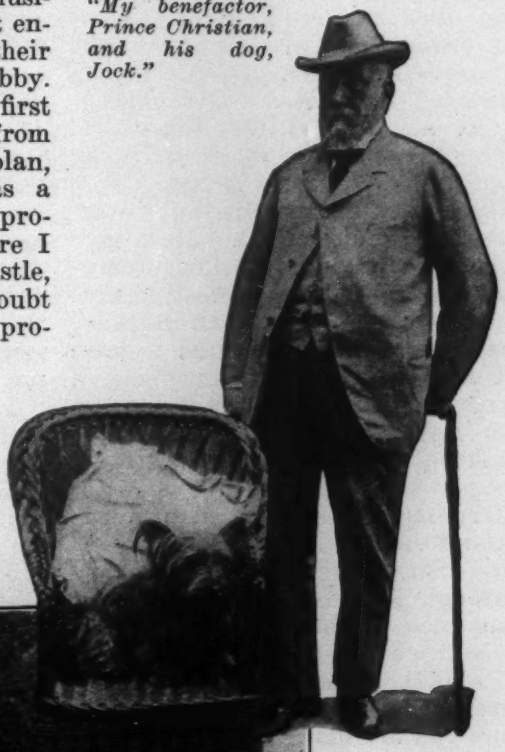
This bassoon solo was, on the whole, a fortunate occurrence, for it served to strengthen a wavering resolution I had already formed to quit the Army. I was "bought out," and returned to Windsor.

Then it was that I first became interested in photography.

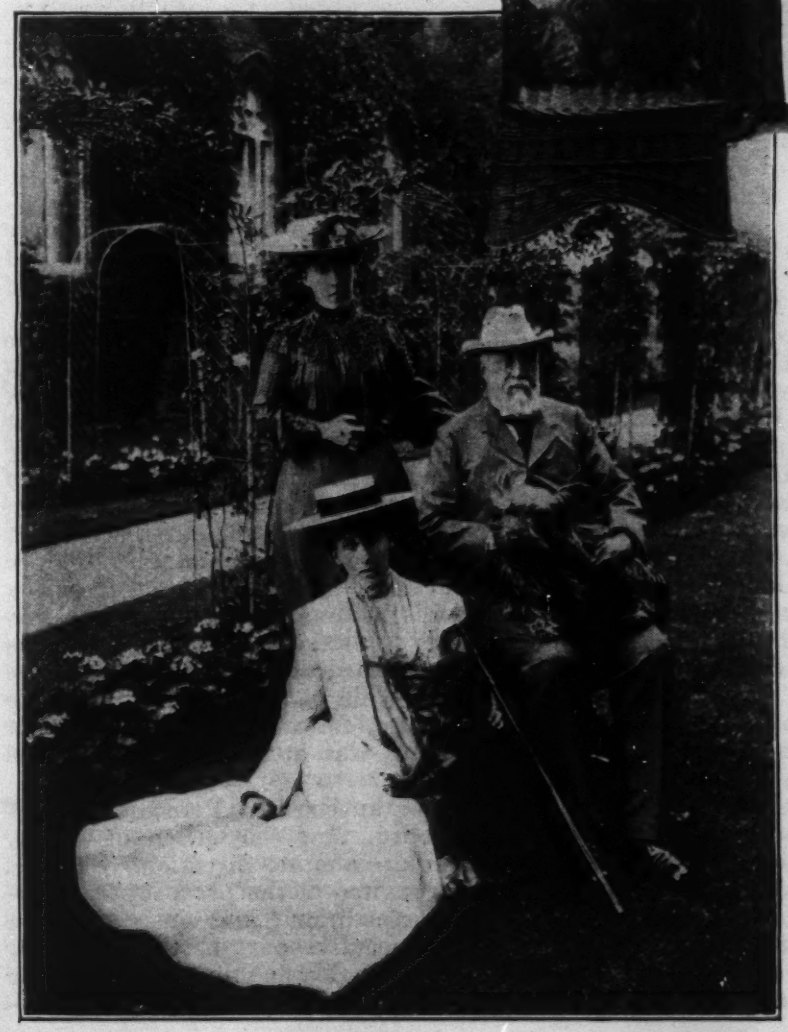
The young ladies who were Maids of Honor to the Queen, the Hon. Alberta and Alexandrina Vivian, God-daughters

of the King and Queen, were enthusiastic photographers, and the evident enjoyment they obtained from their cameras led me towards the same hobby. I remember the pride I took in that first camera I possessed. I purchased it from the local chemist on the instalment plan, paying a shilling weekly. It was a veritable magic box, and, to my profound astonishment, the first picture I took, that of the cook at the Castle, proved eminently recognizable. I doubt if any event in my subsequent professional career provided a thrill equal to the one I felt when my first attempt at picture-making succeeded.

"My benefactor, Prince Christian, and his dog, Jock."



"Prince Christian and his two daughters, Princess Marie Louise, and Princess Victoria. This was my first photograph of Royalty."



I diligently studied handbooks on photography, and experimented to the full extent of my pocket-money. Photography was nothing more to me than a hobby then, albeit a very engrossing one. That it could be put to my financial advantage I did not realize, until I observed an announcement in a photographic periodical that 10/6d would be paid for photographs of interesting events or of interesting people.

The young ladies who had taught me how to use a camera were all "Honorables," and it seemed to me that they ought to be interesting enough to

earn me half a guinea. They posed, and the resultant picture brought me a letter informing me that my photograph was being used in eight papers. Eight half-guineas! I was beside myself with joy at my amazing good fortune. It was a mountainous sum to me in those days.

I realized then that photography was the career I should adopt. How my father laughed when I told him of my resolve! He thought I was wasting my time, although the eight half-guineas impressed him, and he declared it was only a game for girls and "other fools." But I knew better. I felt that Windsor, with its Royal associations, ought to prove a fruitful source of "interesting" pictures.

I determined to have a picture of Cumberland Lodge, and accordingly I made my desire known to Prince Christian, through his butler with whom I was acquainted. Permission was granted readily, and while I was setting up my camera, H.R.H. joined me and watched the operation with interest.

"While you are here, you might care to take a picture of my daughters," he said. I was only too delighted, and he at once sent a message for Princess Victoria and Princess Marie Louise.

I was still much of a new hand with the camera, and that fact, coupled with my nervousness, caused me a moment or two of speculation. I had not observed what position the young ladies had adopted, and, when I looked into my screen for focusing purposes, I could not understand why I could distinguish their heads but not their bodies.

I looked up, to find they had seated themselves on the lawn. Here was a problem for me, and I solved it by tilting the camera forward! It was rather an amusing picture I finally obtained, but it was not too incongruous, apparently, to be rejected by the art editor of the magazine to which I sent it.

On that occasion, I reminded Prince Christian of a "valuable" presentation he had made to me when I was at school. He recalled his promise of half-a-sovereign to the boy who would get the first wicket during a school cricket match in which I was playing. He was surprized to learn that it was I who had performed the feat, but his astonishment was greater when I told him something of which I was perfectly certain he had never been aware. Instead of a half-sovereign, I had been genially presented with a newly minted farthing, and it was for that, the smallest coin in the currency, that I had stammered out my boyish thanks!

Prince Christian enjoyed a hearty laugh before remarking, "I'll wager you kept that dark from the rest of your school-mates." And I had to agree that I had. In spite of my protestations, the Prince insisted there and then on meeting what he called his "debt" to me.

I believe it was this little incident, more than anything else, that led to my official recognition at Cumberland Lodge. It was not very long afterwards that Prince Christian began to refer to me as "his" photographer.

The lad I bowled out on the occasion I was awarded the farthing was "Happy" Wootton, who later became a notorious local character. He styled himself the "King of Windsor Forest" and lived almost entirely, towards the end, by poaching, although his people were quite well-to-do. He was an eccentric, and, I remember, was accustomed to sleep out at nights in the deer pens or in a rude hut which he had fashioned high up in the branches of a tall tree.

I have many happy memories of those early days. Sometimes, when the present Prince of Wales and Duke of York were staying at Frogmore House, I went rook-shooting with them in the early mornings. They were both very keen on the sport, although their enthusiasm for it was not to be compared with that of Prince Arthur of Connaught. Prince Arthur used to leave a string dangling from his bedroom window, and it was my duty to awaken him, on the occasions of these expeditions, by pulling on the string. This device never failed to arouse him, for the simple reason that the string was attached to one of his big toes!

The enthusiasm of Princess Ena of Battenburg, now the Queen of Spain, lay in quite another direction. She was always excited at the prospect of a rabbiting expedition, and insisted upon taking an active part herself. A year or two later I was initiating her into the mysteries of the photographic art—

"Prince George and the late Prince John, photographed with Prince Olaf (in the light coat). This photograph displeased King George because Prince Olaf looked smarter than the King's own children."

even then but imperfectly understood by myself. I developed the first picture she took, using the dark room that had been used by Prince Victor at the Castle. Princess Christian later gave me all the dishes and apparatus which Prince Victor had used. That was after his death in South Africa.

Following upon my first few attempts at photographing her, the Princess Christian put up a ban upon my activities, and would never consent to "sit" again. She was amply proportioned, and her complaint was that I always made her look too fat.

Prince Christian, however, was more tolerant of me. Of him I secured many excellent negatives, and he was always pleased with my work. H.R.H. was a kindly man, but, on occasion, assumed a stern manner that made people about him feel uncomfortable. He never liked to have the laugh against him, and if he thought anything of the sort was about to happen, he would assume an attitude that "froze" those in the vicinity.

Prince Christian had only one eye, the other having been accidentally destroyed by a shot from a companion's gun while rabbit-shooting. Only a close observer could, however, discern that fact, since the set of artificial eyes with which he was presented by Queen Victoria were so cleverly fashioned. This set consisted of a glass eye for each day of the week, and the Prince would install each of the seven pebbles in strict rotation.

One Sunday evening, when he was at dinner with the family, his artificial eye fell into the soup. An ill-restrained titter went round the table, but it was quickly suppressed when Prince Christian frowned upon the company. Then, in tones of the deadliest severity, he called to his valet, "Palmer, bring me Monday's eye."

I did not come much into contact with

"The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York examining their target after rifle practice."

the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, but I recall that, on one occasion, my father, in his blunt fashion, told him he was no sport. The Prince had shot a pheasant which was sitting on the ground. "Bad sport, sir," was my father's comment. The Prince passed it off with a laugh.

King Edward was in the habit of visiting Virginia Water, where I first made a trip on the brig which the young Princes, David and Albert, used to sail. An old retired naval man, Captain Walsh, was there, and King Edward used to enjoy long talks with him.

Once King Edward presented Captain Walsh with a pony. "There was only one more pony in the world like this," the Captain said, some days after he had received the animal. I was present on the occasion and I could see a look of surprize creep over the King's face.

"Oh!" he queried, "what pony is that?"

"The one that went into the Ark," was the old salt's reply.

Of Queen Victoria I saw a good deal, and many a time I have witnessed her riding in the summer time in her donkey cart, with the ubiquitous John Brown driving, to the breakfast hut at Frogmore House, where, after the meal, she would sit in the shade and swing the present Prince of Wales and his brothers in an old swing attached to a yew tree.

I was very young at the time, but I remember the very close attention which John Brown gave to the Queen's every command. He was a typical Northern Scot, very taciturn and undemonstrative. He always had a kind word for me, and a weekly shilling. It was my duty to deliver, each week, rabbits that had been shot on the estate, and every time I arrived with my bundle John Brown presented me with a shilling.

It became something of a rite, this handing over of the silver piece, and it was always conducted in precisely the same manner.

"Let's see noo," he would say, reflectively, rubbing his chin with the fingers of his left hand, while the forefinger and thumb of the other hand explored a waistcoat pocket. "Let's see, if we haven't a coin for ye, my mannie." And always from the same pocket a bright shilling was produced, and gravely tendered to me.

Queen Victoria often spoke to me, and

once she asked me if I was not one of the boys at the Royal School in Windsor Great Park who had received a Bible at her hands for "punctuality and diligence." I was elated that she should remember me, and confessed that I had been so honored.

The young Princes, at this time, were very playful and full of animal spirits, if not exactly wild. Their pranks often led them into scrapes. It gave me quite a shock one day to learn that they were subject to the same corporal punishment as other boys.

Prince "David" (now Prince of Wales) and Prince Albert were in the habit of tormenting Charlie, the old postman, when he arrived on his bicycle at Frogmore House with the mail. On one occasion, after he had left his bicycle and set off to the door with a handful of letters, they abstracted a mail bag from the carrier on his bicycle.

By the time Charlie returned, the mail bag had been hidden among the dense laurel bushes, and the two Princes watched the subsequent proceedings from behind a tree. The old postman took matters calmly. He trudged back to the house and lodged his complaint.

I heard the sequel in the evening. It was in the form of anguished cries emanating from the bathroom. I was in the room of Mr. Finch, who is now the Prince of Wales' steward. Mr. Finch was in the bathroom and, very evidently, Mr. Finch was exceedingly busy. The sharp smacks of his hand and the outcry made by Prince David were eloquent testimony.

Later I was told that Prince Albert had declared his brother was entirely to blame for the prank, and so had avoided a spanking.

One day, while I was engaged taking pictures at the Household Brigade point-to-point meeting at Hawthorn Hill, a kindly gentleman approached and inquired whether I was taking pictures for a hobby or for a newspaper.

He was quite interested when I said that I was doing press work, and that I could get half a guinea for each picture published. "But there's one man who is worth five guineas to me if I can secure a good photograph of him," I mentioned.

"He must be quite an important person surely. Might I ask who the gentleman is?"

I replied that he was the Duke of Richmond, who was then residing at Cumberland Lodge. He walked off at that, leaving me to my work.

I saw the same person again within a quarter of an hour. "Not got him yet?" he queried smilingly of me.

"Left to right, Prince George, the Duke of York, Prince Henry, and the Prince of Wales, photographed at Balmoral in Highland costume."

"Not yet," I retorted, "but I'll probably get him when he comes out after lunch."

"Are you sure you will recognize him?" I was asked. He smiled when I declared that I was positive I should.

I was still waiting about when the same gentleman, accompanied by a lady, returned. He asked me at what distance I had my camera focused. When I replied that it was focused for seven yards he replied, "Well, stand that distance off and take our photographs. I am the Duke of Richmond."

My surprize did not prevent me from obtaining an excellent negative.

I progressed very well with my photography, thanks greatly to the interest shown in me by Prince Christian, who introduced me to many famous people in the district. He was a Steward at Ascot races, and, by his permission, I was granted leave to take pictures in the Royal enclosure. That was in 1907, and, up till that time, no such permission had ever previously been granted. I felt flattered, and elated at the honor.

"The Prince of Wales as a schoolboy, inquiring for the score at a cricket match at Windsor Castle."

In the enclosure, Prince Christian personally introduced me to many notabilities from time to time. Some of the earliest pictures I took there were of Lord Lonsdale, Sir Edgar Vincent and Lord D'Abernon.

I did not realize then exactly how much envied I was by other photographers, many of whom, I believe, would have given their ears for the privilege which enabled me to stroll about the Royal enclosure unmolested, seeking people to photograph.

I had been there but a few days when a young man approached me and asked what I had done with the pictures he had observed me taking the previous afternoon. I replied that they were at home still in the water tub, in which I washed my plates. I had not considered them of much interest and had really discarded them.

He asked to see them, and together we proceeded to my house, where I found fourteen negatives in the tub, some of them stuck together. This young man asked permission to take them to London. The following morning the *Daily Mirror* contained reproductions of eleven of my photographs!

The young man of this episode was Ivor Castle, then art editor of the paper. My good fortune did not end there, for the same day he returned with an offer of a position on the staff of the paper. I was to be paid a salary of 30/-per week, and I was to receive an additional two shillings for every picture of mine that was published.

All my friends advised me not to accept the offer. Without actually saying it, they managed to convey the hint that there must be something shady about a job with so much money attached to it. My father shook his head when I mentioned the sum offered me. At that time his wages were a little under a pound weekly, eighteen shillings I think it was, and he could not understand why I was being offered what was, to him, a princely wage.

"Are you positive, now," he said to me, "it wasn't thirteen shillings, not thirty you were to receive?"

I decided it was too good a chance to go a-begging so I wrote a letter of acceptance.

Chapter II

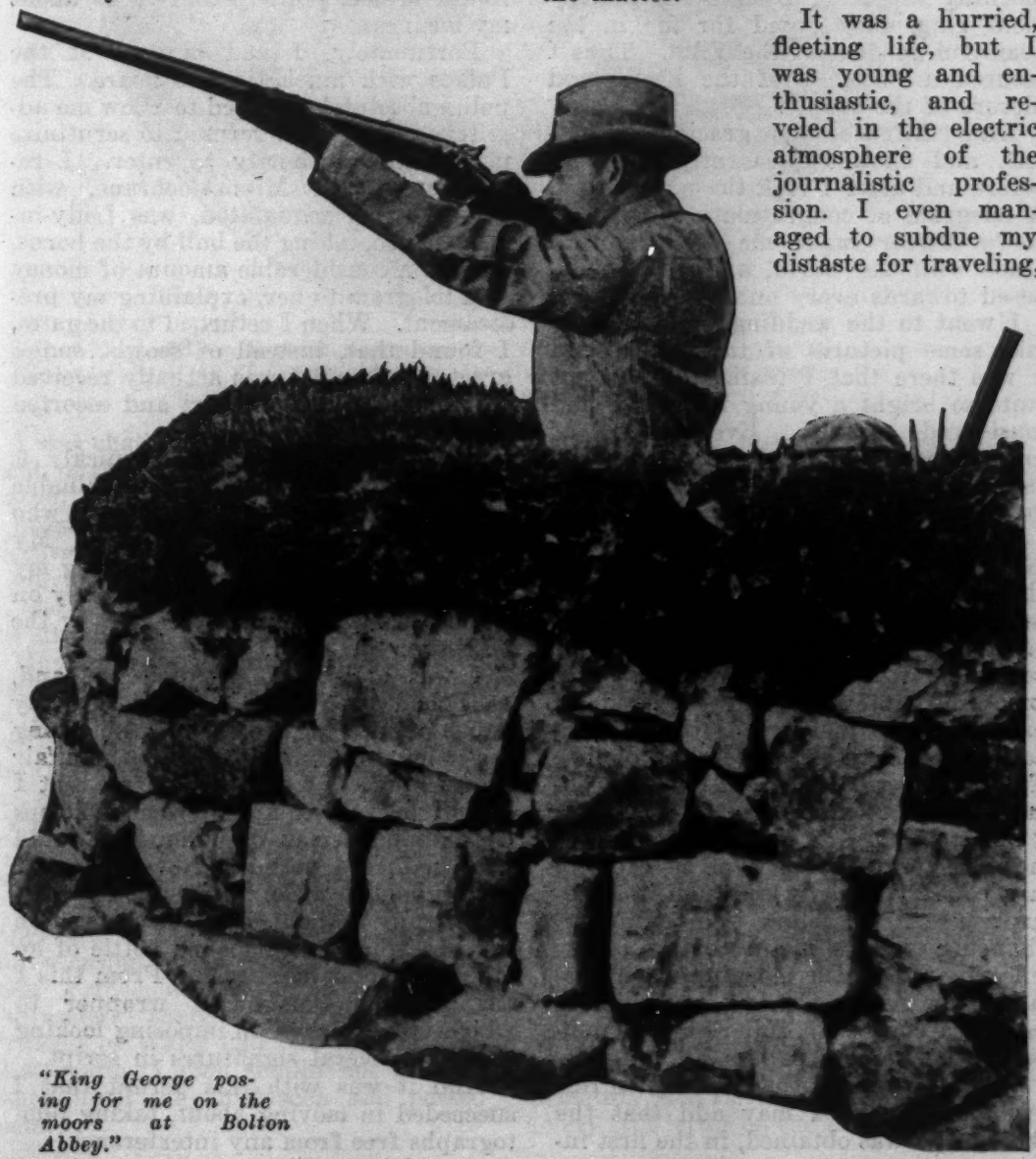
My acceptance of the post on the staff of the *Daily Mirror* opened up a new vista for me. If my life had lacked variety up till then, it was now provided with it in abundance. After my first introduction to photographic work on the staff of a great picture paper—it was, if I remember aright, the somewhat tame job of illustrating the life of the London sparrow—I never had a dull working minute.

I soon found out that to be a good press photographer one must be in about seven different places at once. On the same day I have had to attend a christening, a wedding, a football match and a murder trial.

Of course, like so many others, I have broken the injunction that "No pictures shall be taken in court. By Order." It was never an easy matter getting those pictures, and gradually the police and court officials developed a special talent for discovering cameras surreptitiously smuggled into court.

The regulations about photographing in Court were always strictly carried out, but it was after one man succeeded in taking the then Lord Chief Justice with his eyes closed during a big trial, that police vigilance was redoubled in the matter.

It was a hurried, fleeting life, but I was young and enthusiastic, and reveled in the electric atmosphere of the journalistic profession. I even managed to subdue my distaste for traveling,



"King George posing for me on the moors at Bolton Abbey."

so lost was I in the grip of the adventurous life.

Not many hours after the rumor of Princess Ena's engagement to King Alfonso of Spain had been spread, I was making hurried preparations for my first trip abroad. I wondered if, when I should see the Princess, she would remember me as the boy who used to cut the sticks for her when she accompanied my father and me rabbiting at Windsor.

As chance would have it, she did, and graciously granted me permission to photograph her with the King. The Royal lovers were staying at the Villa Mariscout at Biarritz, and, on the morning the King bought the engagement ring, they posed for me in the beautiful gardens of the Villa. Thus I secured a "scoop" of the first posed picture of the couple.

King Alfonso was graciousness itself, and chatted pleasantly with me before and after I took the photograph. A telegram of congratulation from the *Daily Mirror* made me feel quite at peace with the world, and kindly disposed towards every one.

I went to the wedding in Madrid to take some pictures of the scenes, and it was there that I realized I was not quite so bright a young man as I had considered myself. Every one, of course, knows of the attempt at assassination that was made on the King's life that day.

I was within a quarter of a mile of the Royal carriage when the bomb exploded. At first I could not grasp what had happened, but by the shouting of the throng and the alarmed cries of women and children I realized that something untoward had occurred. I got some nice pictures of the conventional type, but I failed to get a picture of the indescribable confusion that ensued after the explosion.

But a picture of the actual scene at the moment the bomb went off came to this country, chiefly through the enterprise of a fellow photographer. Chancing to see a picture of the occurrence in a Spanish morning paper, he called the A. B. C., and immediately secured a copy with full rights to publish in the London papers.

As an interesting commentary on this decided "scoop" I may add that the photograph was obtained, in the first instance, by sheer accident. A Spanish photographer had established himself on a balcony, overlooking part of the route. It so happened that he had leveled his camera at the Royal carriage at the very instant the bomb exploded. The shock caused him, quite involuntarily, to press the trigger of his camera, and so record a dastardly, but fortunately unsuccessful, attempt at assassination.

While in Spain, I took several pictures of the Spanish Court then being held at the Mirimar Palace, San Sebastian, and, for the first time since my arrival in that interesting country, I found myself politely told to go about my business.

Fortunately, I had arrived at the Palace with much time to spare. The police absolutely refused to allow me admittance, and even refused to scrutinize my written authority to enter. I remembered that Miss Cochrane, with whom I was acquainted, was Lady-in-Waiting, so, taking the bull by the horns, I spent a considerable amount of money in a telegram to her, explaining my predicament. When I returned to the gates, I found that, instead of scowls, smiles greeted me, and I was actually received by a member of the Court and escorted to a waiting room.

Ability to think and act quickly is undoubtedly one of the most valuable assets of a press photographer who hopes to get what he goes out for. My own wit once saved me from letting my paper down when I was in Germany on the occasion of a military review by the ex-Kaiser at Berlin.

I was obliged to get pictures, and, as I had been unable to procure my police permits in time, there was nothing for it but to attempt to carry the affair off by bluff. I knew, of course, that I should be pulled up by some officious German policeman or other, if I could not produce a permit. Nevertheless, I determined to make an attempt.

A happy thought occurred to me. In my bag I had an unopened bottle of an English patent hair wash. From this I stripped the flamboyant wrapper to which was attached an imposing looking seal and several signatures in script.

And it was with this permit that I succeeded in moving about, taking photographs free from any interference!

"King Neptune presenting the 'Order of the Bloater' to the Duke of Connaught when the Duke first crossed the equator on his way to South Africa to open the Union Parliament."

I was challenged once, and, for a moment, as the policeman held my "authorization" in his hand, looking at it with a puzzled frown, I thought I had been discovered.

Obviously he could make nothing of it, and I wondered how he would accept the situation.

He fingered it gingerly, and examined the red seal. The seal did it, and with an inward sigh of relief I observed a well-feigned look of knowledge replace the frown. My passport was returned to me, and the officer drew himself up with a stiff salute.

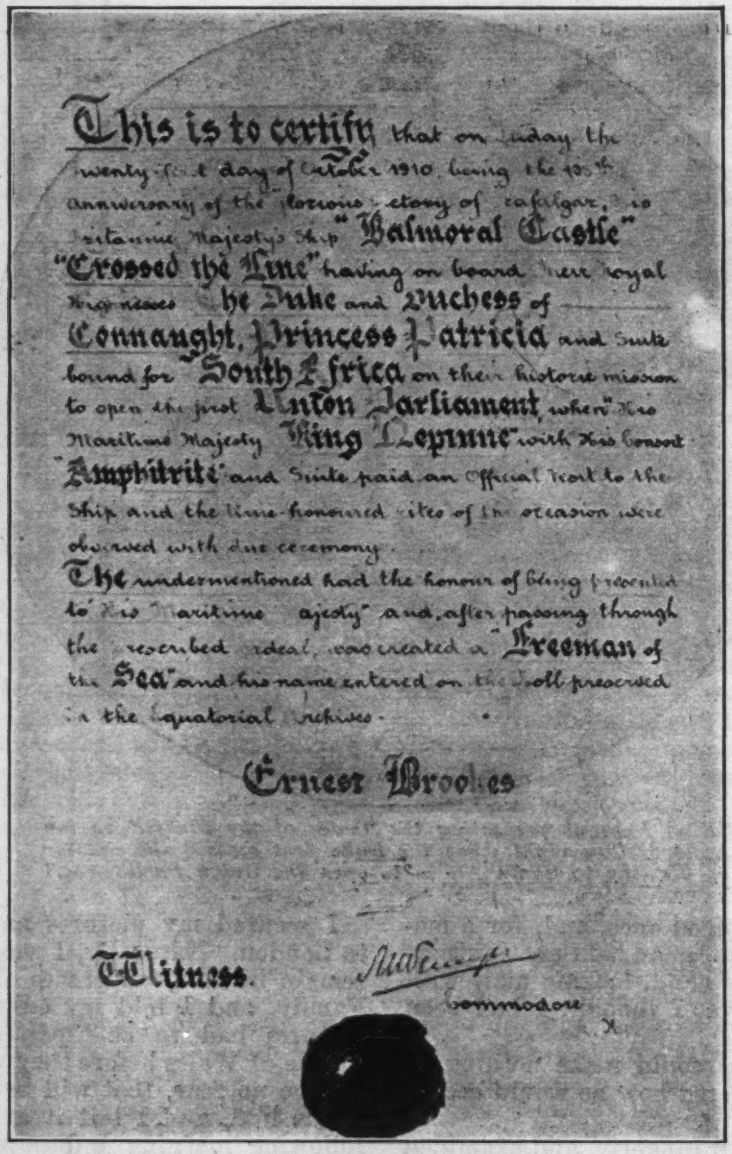
It was at these manœuvers that I first met Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein.

I was in Germany, at Deutz, on the other side of the river from Cologne on the occasion when our present King, then Prince of Wales, reviewed the Cuirassiers there. The Prince and Princess of Wales had told me that any photographs I took should not be published until they had seen and passed them.

I secured my pictures and returned to London. Naturally, I was anxious to remain in the good graces of the Royal Family, and I told my editor that the pictures had to be "passed" by the Prince of Wales before they were issued. "Have no fear, that will be all right," I was told, and I left it at that. The following morning I discovered that I had practically the whole paper to myself, my pictures had been given precedence of all others. Naturally I was very satisfied with myself.

I lost some of my self-satisfaction when I learned that both the Prince and the Princess of Wales were very angry at the reproduction of the photographs before they had been passed by them. They were good pictures, and, apart from the fact that I had been told to give them to the Prince for inspection before they were published, I could see no reason for annoyance.

But annoyed the Prince was. Lord Crichton, then Lord-in-Waiting, sent me a very stiff letter on the subject, explain-



This is to certify that on Friday the twenty-first day of October 1910 being the 105th anniversary of the glorious victory of Trafalgar, in Britannia Majesty's Ship "Balmoral Castle" "Crossed the Line" having on board their royal highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Patricia and Suite bound for South Africa on their historic mission to open the first Union Parliament, where his Maritime Majesty King Neptune with his consort Amphitriti and Suite paid an official visit to the Ship and the time-honoured rites of the occasion were observed with due ceremony.

The undermentioned had the honour of being presented to his Maritime Majesty and, after passing through the described ordeal, was created a Freeman of the Sea and his name entered on the Roll preserved in the Equatorial Archives.

Ernest Brookes

Witness. Commodore

"Certificate presented to me by King Neptune, declaring that I had gone through the necessary ceremony and had been made a 'free-man of the sea.'"

ing exactly how perturbed both the Prince and Princess were.

I had no desire to lose my privileges at Court, so, after a long deliberation with myself, I telegraphed to Lord Crichton explaining the position—I remember that "wire" cost me 35/—and said that I was resigning my position on the *Daily Mirror* at once.

When the Prince returned from Germany I went to him immediately. After I had said all that I could, he broke in. Apparently one picture that had been published had been largely the cause of his vexation. It was to this picture that the Prince referred.

"Fancy taking me with my helmet off, Brooks!" he said. "I might as well have had my trousers off!"

What could I reply to that?

On leaving the *Mirror*, I was attached to the staff of the *Daily Graphic*. Although the work was quite as congenial, I had fewer opportunities of getting abroad. Nevertheless, my duties still kept me in touch with Royalty.

One day I went to Sandringham to

take the children of our present King at drill, along with Prince Olaf of Sweden. I remember the occasion distinctly. Prince Olaf had a sword, and was proud of it. He stood to attention, like a soldier born, while I was focusing. I think the feel of the sword in his hand imbued him with the martial instinct. Anyhow, as the picture showed, he looked much smarter than the British Royal children.

When the Prince of Wales saw the photographs he frowned. He looked at them critically for a moment. "Why didn't you observe the knees of my boys?" he asked me. "Didn't you see they were not standing smartly to attention?"

The Prince was very much annoyed, and commented sharply on the contrast between his children, David, Albert and Henry, and young Prince Olaf, remarking how businesslike and smart the latter was.

Notwithstanding this, I had the photographs published. Possibly other eyes were not so critical as were those of the Royal father. At least I never heard any one comment on the appearances of the children.

I have met no more strict critic of photographic art than King George. He knows but a little about it, in a creative sense, but he is swift to pick out blemishes in the work.

I have remarked how keen on sport was the late Prince Christian. He was in the habit of making an annual hunting visit to the Carpathian Mountains, as the guest of Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg, brother of the late King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and in 1911 I accompanied him at his own request.

Wonderful sport was enjoyed by the party—with the exception of Prince Christian. He used to grumble at his ill-luck and his small bag. It was not that he lacked skill with his gun. He was a good shot, but he absolutely disregarded caution in

"The Duke with the 'Order of the Bloater.'"

stalking. A fairly heavy man, he would go plunging carelessly about, treading on dry sticks and snapping them. The result was that, even after game had been sighted, he was lucky if there was one animal left as a target for his gun.

On this particular visit we went first to the Wild Park at Potsdam for stag shooting. The ex-Kaiser and the ex-Crown Prince were both members of the party, as also was the late King of Bulgaria. Of the three I preferred King Ferdinand. The Kaiser was more or less reserved, and did not seem to me to take overmuch interest in the sport. The Crown Prince was cheaply jocular, and I got the impression somehow that he would have made a typical commercial traveler. Ferdinand, on the other hand, was pleasant and yet dignified.

With him I had many a long talk, and I thoroughly enjoyed his company. He was particularly interested in London life, and declared London to be the most entrancing city of the world.

To reach the shooting boxes in the Carpathians we had to make a long and somewhat tedious journey.

From the station at Popradfelka, we were driven in carriages to Luber. They were four-horse carriages resembling the victorias used in England. The horses were very swift, taking us along at a rapid pace. If I remember aright, it was a drive of close on forty miles to our destination.

It was about 10:30 at night, when we were nearing the first of the circle of shooting boxes, that I became alarmed. One either side stretched dense forests. Everything was deadly still, save for the occasional crack of the driver's whip and the rhythmic plop-plop, plop-plop of the horses hoofs along the white ribbon of the road.

Palmer, Prince Christian's valet, a gentleman of playful habits, was a notorious leg-puller, although this fact was unknown to me at the time. He was sitting beside me in one of the carriages throughout this long and tedious journey. To while away the time, Palmer began to regale me with stories of his previous visits to the Carpathians. He dwelt much upon the roving bands of brigands that frequented these mountains, men who made periodical raids upon travelers and upon the peasantry of the villages. Palmer's stories were blood-curdling in the extreme, and, although I am not by nature a nervous man, I could not refrain from casting anxious glances around me from time to time. I was thinking that the surroundings were ideal for an ambush and hold-up by the brigands of whom my companion had been speaking.

The thought had barely crossed my mind, when the driver threw himself, pulling heavily on the reins. The horses came to an abrupt standstill. Palmer whispered hoarsely in my ear, "Brigands! Get your pistol ready."

Startled, I peered over the edge of the carriage, and there, stepping forward from the shade cast by tall trees, were two picturesquely attired men, carrying guns. They looked formidable characters to me, and their approach appeared menacing. I glanced at Palmer, and admired the coolness of his manner. The two brigands addressed the driver. He expostulated rapidly with them in their own language.

Doubtless they were ordering us to dismount and be searched, and the driver was warning them of the consequences! I was relieved when the men stepped back into the fringe of the forest, and the driver, cracking his whip, got his animals going again.

A badly-suppressed chuckle sounded beside me, and by the broad grin that had engulfed Palmer's face I knew that he was thoroughly enjoying a joke at my expense.

"Then they weren't brigands?"

"No!" he replied with difficulty. "They were merely game wardens."

Each member of the shooting party, which, so far as I recollect, consisted of the King of Bulgaria and his brother, Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg, Duke Gunther, Duke of Trachenberg and Prince Pless, was attended by only two servants, a valet and a chef.

I acted the part of chef to Prince Christian, since he had only Palmer, his valet, with him. The food, venison, hares and pheasants were sent up to each of the shooting boxes from the main shooting box. I found no difficulty in the preparing of the meal, and, indeed, Prince Christian told me that they were the best meals he had ever had out-of-doors.

The day's sport commenced with an

excursion into the woods at 2 A. M. Sometimes there would be a moon, for which I was thankful, since I took much of the skin off my shins in the darkness.

The stags fed in the open, and the object of this early rising was to install ourselves in hiding on the edge of some glade frequented by the animals. I saw some magnificent specimens by the light of the first streaks of dawn, but shooting in such a light was a tricky matter, and much ammunition was wasted.

Prince Christian was grumbling a bit about his lack of success, and anathematized the animals for their cunning. I was surprized that he had any kills at all, since he made so much noise even when lying in wait.

"Native musicians entertaining the Duke of Connaught at Livingstone, South Africa."

As a rule, he returned to the hut about nine in the morning for breakfast, which I had prepared previously and which was served by his valet. Thereafter H. R. H. passed most of his time in sleep until night, when, after dinner, he again prepared to go out into the forest.

One morning Prince Christian had been asleep only a couple of hours when I dashed inside and awoke him. I knew he was very anxious to get a stag, and so far he had only secured very undersized specimens.

"Your Royal Highness," I said, "I've just sighted a magnificent stag in the forest. It's worth going for."

He was out of bed with alacrity. "Are you sure it will still be there, Brooks?" he questioned, as he dressed hurriedly.

"Well, it seemed to be grazing steadily, and I did not disturb it," I replied.

We sallied out together with rifle and glasses. Prince Christian exercised more care on this occasion than he had ever shown before. It took us nearly thirty minutes to reach the spot I had left, so warily did we proceed.

Then I glimpsed my stag. I drew the attention of H. R. H. to it. He reached for his glasses at once. I had not carried mine on this occasion, nor had I had them when I had first been out.

He focused them upon the object I had pointed out. Then with a snort of disgust he turned to me and declared, "Hang it, Brooks, can't you tell a tree from a stag? Your enthusiasm, if not your eyesight, does you credit. Come! Have a look at your magnificent stag!"

I took the glasses he proffered, and by their aid saw that what I had mistaken for an animal was no more than part of a fallen tree, the rip-torn roots of which did bear a remarkable resemblance to antlers.

He "roasted" me mercilessly about this, and it was a long time before the incident was finally closed.

I returned to England from this very pleasant holiday just in time to be appointed to a more responsible position, to gain which I relinquished my *Daily Graphic* post. Our present King, then Prince of Wales, was about to make the voyage to South Africa to perform the ceremony at the opening of the Union of Parliament, and I had the good fortune to be appointed Official Photographer.

King Edward's death intervened, and the visit of the Prince of Wales had to be canceled abruptly. The Duke of Connaught was deputed to make the journey and to perform the office. We sailed on the Balmoral Castle. I shall never forget that voyage, if only on account of the rough time I had on board at the hands of King Neptune's sea-dogs.

I had read and heard of the ceremony that took place during the "crossing of the line," and I was interested to gain first-hand knowledge. Incidentally, I thought I should be able to get a few good pictures.

The Duke and Duchess and Princess Patricia went through the ordeal calmly. The Duke was invested with the "Order of the Bloater," the Duchess with the "Order of the Tin-Opener," and the Princess with the "Order of The Bell-Push." King Neptune—in full deep-sea dress, carried out this preliminary investiture.

Then the real fun commenced, and the first of the personal staff to be ducked and shaved were, I remember, General Lowther, Captain Worthington, Sir Francis Hopwood (now Lord Southborough) and Major Arthur Bailey. They succumbed as graciously as one can in such circumstances, and I got some first-class pictures of the ceremony.

Every one on the ship who had not "crossed the line" previously knew that he or she was destined for a splash. Over two hundred people had been lathered with flour paste, shaved with a huge wooden razor, and ducked in a canvas tank, rigged up for the occasion, and I had been busy with my camera.

Suddenly the Duchess discovered me. "Mr. Brooks' turn next," she commanded with a merry sparkle in her eye, and, in enthusiastic obedience to the summons, three or four of Neptune's staff dashed at me, for they saw I meditated flight.

I was set astride a plank suspended over the water tank, while one of Neptune's men made successful lunges at my ears, my mouth, my nose and my eyes, with a flour-paste-laden brush.

My tormentor tired of this after less than half a dozen such lunges and stood back. I sensed that this was the point

at which I should be ducked. As the plank gave way beneath me, I threw out my arms in an endeavor to pull one of the party into the water with me.

My plan failed, and for my attempt to "disturb the harmony of the gathering," as King Neptune phrased it, I was ordered to be ducked six times instead of three. The tank was more like a bog than anything else; so much flour had been added to the water that it would have been almost impossible for any one to swim in it, even had the tank been of more suitable dimensions.

I felt like a fly in a paste-pot. The moment I plumped into this sticky mess, willing hands reached out to push me under. Each time I came to the surface I tried to plead for a short interval, for a "breather," but, ere I had uttered more than a couple of words, I was under again. Fortunately I have a good digestion and the dough I swallowed did me no harm. I was a ludicrous spectacle when I managed to clamber out, and my hasty retreat was followed by roars of laughter.

In my absence, a vote of thanks was proposed to Mr. Brooks "for his assistance in providing such a fitting conclusion to a time-honored ceremony and entertainment."

I enjoyed the tour in South Africa thoroughly. At the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi the Duke of Connaught was met by the King of the Basutos, King Lewanika. Presents changed hands on both sides as tokens of friendship. I remember King Lewanika was charmed with the gold-mounted walking-stick he received.

"King Lewanika to whom I presented my silk hat."

I shall never forget my first sight of the black monarch. He drove up in a gorgeous carriage which had been lent for the occasion, and, as he stepped out, I saw with a gasp that he was proudly wearing a blue state dress uniform, with gold braid trappings. At his side clanked a cavalry saber.

The uniform was rather the worse for wear, and its embellishments reminded me of those in a fourth-rate music hall, but there was no doubt that he was as happy as a woman wearing a fur cloak for the first time.

After the ceremony was over, and I had taken all the photographs I wanted, I approached King Lewanika and, tapping him on the shoulder to attract his attention, with a bow presented to him my silk hat.

Through the official interpreter he returned thanks for the kind gift. He stepped into his carriage, inspecting the shiny topper with bright eyes, clapped it on his head with a magnificent gesture, and drove off.

IN OCTOBER.

The Royal Photographer goes to India with King George and Queen Mary, then recently crowned. He was present during the pomp and gilded ceremony of the state functions and went tiger hunting with the Royal party.

HERBERT HOOVER

The Man Who Brought America To The World

By HERMAN BERNSTEIN

Author of "Celebrities of Our Time," etc.

Belgian children know Hoover as the man who "humanized" war.

THE cataclysm of the World War, which uprooted dynasties and unchained the passions of armies of discontent and revolt, brought forth a few legendary figures and leaders of men. New apostles and heroes came to save the world. Some of these "apostles" have already discredited themselves, for their doctrines and new panaceas have been tried and found wanting. Others have survived the tragedy of the war and the consequences of the peace and will long be remembered and esteemed by future generations for their boundless idealism, their great vision, and their invaluable service to civilization.

There is one man who has served America during the most stirring period of the world's history, who has served the world through America, and who is beloved to-day throughout the world —Herbert Hoover, the man who brought America to the world.

Herbert Hoover is unquestionably America's most popular hero abroad. He has saved millions of human beings, through his gigantic relief work during the war and after the armistice. He has saved millions of children in the countries of the Allies as well as of the Central Powers.

America participated in two interventions that saved Europe from destruction at most critical junctures. America saved the Allies from the triumph of Prussian militarism and its consequences by entering the war in April, 1917, shortly after the collapse of the Russian autocracy. There are many people who do not realize clearly what the world has gained by the outcome of the war, until they consider what would have happened if Prussian militarism had been victorious. During the war America came to the aid of Europe by sending her men to the battlefields, by giving all her resources and resourcefulness and experience to the cause of the Allies. America also came to the assistance of Belgium upon a huge scale. Herbert Hoover, who organized the humanitarian relief machinery in truly American spirit, saved Belgium from starvation.

Then, after the war was ended, came

America's second intervention in Europe. This was perhaps even a greater and more significant intervention than the first.

Europe was seething in unrest, in the agony of the war that shook the world. Russia was turned into an experimental bolshevist laboratory with the Russian people as the rabbits and guinea pigs. Bolshevism was hailed as the new world remedy for all social ills. The hosts of discontented, disgruntled, unsuccessful and downtrodden people everywhere looked upon the Russian experiment as the salvation of the world. The ghost of revolt and chaos, which rose as a protest to the Czarist tyranny, was stalking over Russia. The people were terrorized and starving. But the world outside knew little about this, and the epidemic of social revolution was about to break out all over Europe. The people were dissatisfied and unhappy. The war left in its wake millions of maimed and wounded, widows and orphans—a dislocated world, suffering dire distress and want.

Photo by Brown Bros.

Herbert Hoover. "I wish to feed Germany because I do not believe in kicking a man in the stomach after he is licked."

It was then that Herbert Hoover, through the Supreme Economic Council, representing America, stepped in and saved Europe from the epidemic of bolshevism. He checked the rising tide which would have engulfed Europe and destroyed its institutions of culture, and which might have reached across the Atlantic to our own shores. The progress of civilization would have been interrupted for a long time.

It was Mr. Hoover's vision and imagination, his Yankee grit and fearlessness, his vast knowledge of the world and of men, and, above all, his genius for organization, that saved the world from a still greater catastrophe than the World War.

The life story of Herbert Hoover is a romance of adventure, of hard work, of indomitable energy and courage, of real training and experience in the school of life in various parts of the world.

The son of a village blacksmith and a Quaker woman preacher, he was born fifty-one years ago at West Branch, Iowa. His father died when the boy was four years old, and three years later his mother died.

After the death of his parents, Herbert Hoover lived with his Uncle Laban Miles, U. S. Government Indian Agent for the Osage Tribe in the Indian Territory, one of the Quakers who dedicated their lives to the cause of the Indians at the time. There young Hoover spent several months and learned the ways of the original Americans.

He received his early training among his Quaker relatives in Iowa and at Newburg, Oregon. He stayed with them until he reached the age of thirteen, when he ran away, to make his own way in the world. Then commenced his life of work and study, of preparation for the task which was to fall to his lot—to make America understood and beloved by his unparalleled humanitarian service.

He worked as a gardener in the summer; then as an office boy and clerk in Oregon. He studied at the Pacific Academy at Newburg and attended the

Salem preparatory school, for the purpose of entering the then newly founded Stanford University at Palo Alto, California, at its opening in 1891. The accounts of the modern scientific institution had captured young Hoover's imagination.

Herbert Hoover had made up his mind to become a mining engineer. He worked his way through college. He worked and studied hard, but he did not distinguish himself particularly in his studies. He was strong in mathematics and weak in English. But he found ways of overcoming his deficiencies. His personality and his earnestness made him a favorite with the professors. To earn his livelihood while he was studying at the University, he displayed some of the characteristics that afterward made him famous. In a small way, he was even then a wonderful organizer and administrator. He organized a system of collecting and distributing the laundry of the students; he proved successful as an agent for various lecturers and musicians whom he brought from San Francisco to Stanford University. He brought about a reorganization of the system of conducting general student affairs, especially with regard to their finances.

Dr. John Casper Branner, the famous geologist, former professor and afterward president of Stanford University, discovered and helped the ambitious boy. He enabled him to earn some money by giving him work in the laboratory and office, and one summer he employed him to assist in making a large topographic model of Arkansas which was prepared under Dr. Branner's supervision.

Dr. Vernon Kellogg, Mr. Hoover's friend and biographer, relates an interesting estimate of young Hoover by Professor Branner when some of the other students referred to "Hoover's luck."

Professor Branner remarked:

"What do you mean by talking about Hoover's luck? He has not had luck; he has had reward. If you would work half as hard and half as intelligently as he does, you would have half his luck. If I tell any one of you to go and do a thing for me, I have to come around in half an hour to see if you have done it. But I can tell Hoover to do a thing and I never think of it again. I know it will be done. And he doesn't ask me how to do it, either. If I told him to start for Kamchatka to-morrow to bring me a walrus tooth, I'd never hear of it again until he came back with the tooth. And then I'd ask him how he had done it."

On receiving his degree in 1895, he found employment as a miner near Grass Valley in the Sierras. He worked both underground and on the surface of the mine. He wanted to study the life of the working people and to familiarize himself with all the processes of his chosen life-work.

Shortly afterward he secured employment with Louis Janin, one of the foremost mining engineers on the Coast. He started as a clerk at a salary of $50 per month. When he applied for a position, Mr. Janin informed him that there was no vacancy and that there was a long waiting list of young men who desired to become mining engineers. Mr. Janin remarked casually that he needed a typist. Young Hoover

Until the American Relief Commission was organized, the old and the young suffered most.

It is hard to understand a need so acute that a cup of broth and a cracker may save a life.

interrupted him, saying, "All right, I'll take the job. I can't come for a few days, but I'll be here next Tuesday."

Young Hoover needed the three days in order to learn typewriting. He found out the make of the machine used in Mr. Janin's office, and on his way home he stopped at a typewriter shop, rented a machine and learned to write on it by Tuesday.

And it was in Janin's office that this enterprising youth found his great opportunity for advancement. Hoover was transferred from place to place to make various mine examinations. He displayed not only a sound knowledge of his subject, but an unusually keen business sense. His reports were concise, direct, accurate and businesslike. He was sent to Nevada, Wyoming, Idaho, New Mexico and Arizona. Janin was deeply impressed with the remarkable ability shown by young Hoover during the two years of his service, and when an English firm asked Janin to suggest some capable mining engineer to go to West Australia where the mining boom was then in full swing, Janin cabled back, recommending Herbert Hoover. Hoover was ready to start for England for instructions.

On the eve of his departure, Janin caused him some uneasiness by saying: "Now look here, Hoover, I have cabled to London swearing to your full technical qualifications, and I am not afraid of your letting me down on that. But these conservative Londoners have stipulated that you should be thirty-five years old. I have wired that I was sorry to have to tell them that you were not quite thirty-three. Don't forget that my reputation depends on your looking thirty-three by the time you get to London."

Hoover was only twenty-three at the time, and he looked even younger. He began to grow a beard on his way across the continent.

He reported in London to the head of one of the greatest mining firms in the world. He looked at the youth and said rather bluntly: "How remarkable you Americans are. You have not yet learned to grow old, either individually or as a nation. Now, you do not look a day over twenty-five. How the devil do you do it?"

Hoover was sent to West Australia, to examine and report on mining properties. Afterward he managed the Orroya, Brown Hill, Sons of Gwalia, and other mines in Australia, where large mechanical and metallurgical works were erected under his direction.

In 1899 he returned to California and married Lou Henry, of Monterey—the girl he had known as a child and whom he met at the University as a student.

At the invitation of the Chinese government, Hoover went to China to assume charge of the government's bureau of mines. Accompanied by his bride, he started out to make extensive investigations of the coal and iron mines in the provinces of Shensi, Manchuria and Mongolia.

The Boxer uprising in 1900 found Hoover in Tientsin. There he displayed

his extraordinary talents for his first relief work. The foreign settlement was besieged by Chinese troops, and the foreigners' life and property were endangered. Hoover mobilized a considerable number of pro-foreign and Christian Chinese who had come to the foreign settlement for refuge. Under his direction they built barricades, they fought fires, they resisted the Boxers and helped to maintain order. The settlement was under fire for more than a month, and hundreds of people were killed or wounded. Hoover established his first food relief organization, feeding the Chinese refugees.

The Boxer uprising led to changes in the government of China, and the policy of the development of the mines was modified. Mr. Hoover was asked by British, Belgian and German bondholders of large coal mines and railway and shipping firms to look after their interests, as their property had been seized by various foreign powers. He examined the situation, presented his reports, and then returned to California. A year later he went back to China as general representative of these bondholders for the purpose of reorganizing the business. The reorganization of these properties was considered a remarkable feat. About 25,000 men were employed by him in the course of this work. He initiated the construction of a new harbor, Ching Wan Tow, on the China coast, which now serves as the only ice-free entry to Peking. And he distinguished himself in China not only for his enterprise, his efficiency and his genius for organizing, but also for his sense of fairness and justice. He insisted upon carrying out agreements and contracts, but, wherever there was any just grievance on the part of the foreigners or of the natives, he always sided with those who were wronged, and he fought their battles for them.

In 1902, Mr. Hoover became a partner in an international engineering firm, with offices in London, New York, San Francisco and Australia. Within a short time the firm suffered serious reverses through one of the partners who indulged in speculations without the knowledge of his associates. Mr. Hoover, though a junior partner of the concern, and though the firm was not legally responsible for the defalcations, without consulting his other partners announced that the firm would make good the losses to the public. Within a period of five years all these losses were covered. Then Mr. Hoover severed his connection with that firm and established his own offices, with headquarters in New York and San Francisco, and branch offices in London, Russia and elsewhere, and acted as consultant to large metallurgical railway and mining enterprises in various parts of the world. His activities extended from New South Wales to North Burma, from the Ural mountains to Mexico, Alaska, and Australia.

On the eve of the outbreak of the World War, the concern with which he was identified as executive engineer had about 175,000 men in its employ.

The outbreak of the World War in 1914 found Hoover in London, where he had gone to make arrangements with various European governments for their exhibitions at the Panama Pacific exposition to be held in San Francisco.

Mr. Hoover's genius for organization and humanitarian relief was put to the test in a serious crisis. Hosts of Americans were stranded. The banks ceased to function. Thousands of Americans were penniless, unable to secure transportation to return home. He organized a relief committee, of which he became chairman, enlisting the support of his numerous friends, and, on his personal guarantees and those of his friends, some of the banks advanced hundreds of thousands of dollars to the stranded Americans on their own checks. He arranged for the transportation of Americans to London from other parts of Europe; he secured hotel accommodations for them and finally arranged their transportation to the United States. It is estimated that about 160,000 Americans were thus aided through Hoover's impromptu relief organization.

But all his experiences, his knowledge of world affairs, his adventures and organization genius in various parts of the world, had merely served as a preparatory school for the enormous task which fell upon his shoulders when his services were requisitioned to provide food supplies first for the city of Brussels, and then for all starving Belgium.

Among the first organizers of Belgian relief were the American Minister Brand Whitlock, Millard Shaler, and Daniel Heineman, an American engineer from North Carolina, who has lived in Belgium for more than twenty years. Heineman has been described to me by Colonel House as one of the ablest and best informed men in Europe. It was Mr. Heineman who first suggested that Herbert Hoover head the Belgian Relief Committee. In the committee there were other distinguished Americans, Millard Shaler, William Hulse, and Hugh Gibson, then First Secretary of the American Legation, afterward American Minister to Poland, and now Minister to Switzerland.

The Hoover committee, with the aid of the late American Ambassador Walter H. Page, succeeded in securing permits to export foodstuffs from England through Holland into Belgium, under guarantees which Heineman's Belgian committee had secured before from Germany. It was agreed that each sack of grain was to be plainly marked, that the foodstuffs were to be distributed under American control exclusively among the civil population, and that no part of it was to go for the military. While the German government agreed to this arrangement and signed a contract to that effect, there were several violations, which Ambassador Gerard and Herbert Hoover succeeded in straightening out with difficulty. Mr. Hoover exerted his persuasive powers with the Germans to authorize him to go on with his relief work. It was a herculean task to convince them. But he succeeded. He showed them what an unfavorable impression their refusal would make on the neutral world, and he achieved a triumph of diplomacy by convincing them, thus securing permission to proceed with his relief work.

When Hoover was organizing Belgian relief, he had to win over not only the representatives of the German Government, but also the leaders of the Allied Governments who had feared that relief for the Belgian population might be requisitioned by the German military. Lloyd George was at first opposed to the relief plan because of what he regarded as military disadvantages to the Allies, but, after a brief conference with Mr. Hoover, he said to him:

"I am convinced. You have my permission to go ahead."

Not only did Hoover show his extraordinary resourcefulness, but his tact, diplomacy and sense of fairness in a most delicate and trying situa-

It was the sight of these refugees that made Hoover invent the Relief Commission.

tion won for him the full confidence of all—friends and foes.

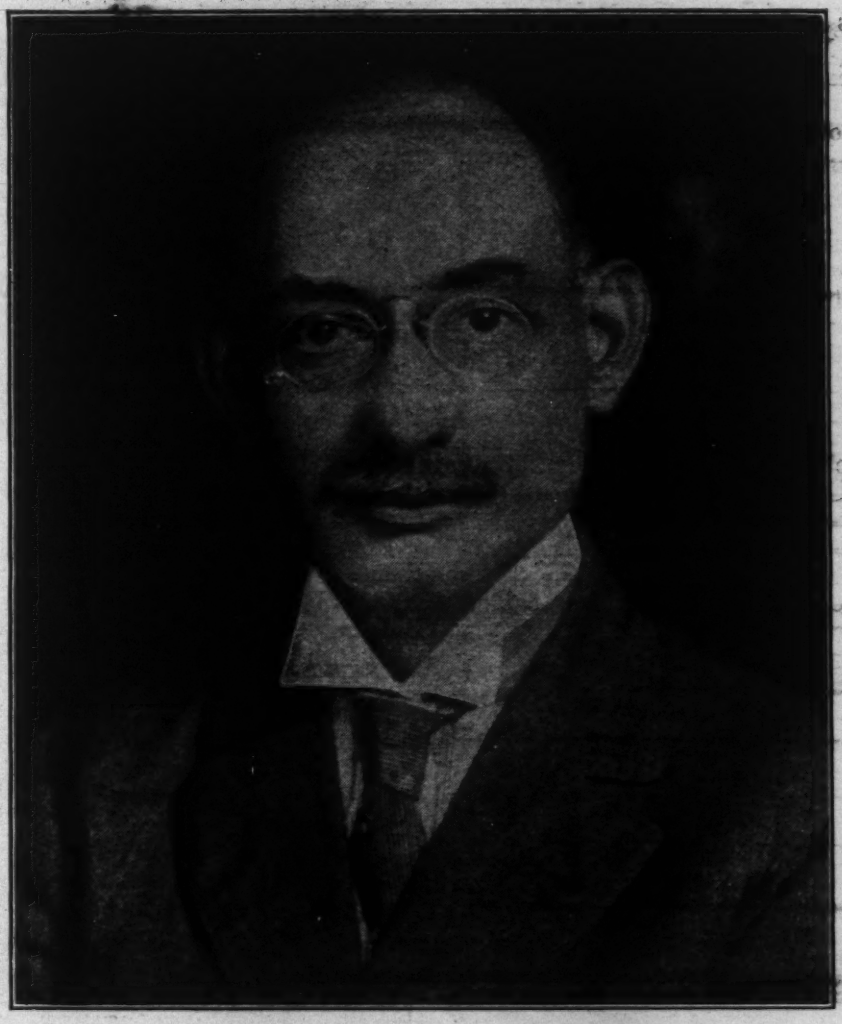
It was the most gigantic relief work ever attempted. Ten million people were supplied with food. And the manipulations to secure the necessary provisions—with the military machine of Germany close by—his plans to finance the relief work, to secure funds, to negotiate loans—all that revealed Hoover as an organizer, financier and diplomat of the very first rank. The budget of the American Commission for the Relief of Belgium reached the sum of $25,000,000 monthly. The loans Mr. Hoover negotiated for the Belgian relief work amounted to $900,000,000, and about $50,000,000 were secured by him through charitable contributions.

To carry out this relief work, the organization operated its own fleet of about two hundred ships, canal boats, railways, warehouses. It requisitioned flour mills, bakeries, factories, controlled food distributors, and determined the rations for every man, woman, and child in Belgium, to prevent discrimination. Those who could afford it were made to pay for their rations, while the needy received them free through communal committees. Mr. Hoover paid particular attention to the children. He ordered additional rations for the children when it was discovered that they were suffering from undernutrition. This has been one of Hoover's characteristics in all his relief work. The children have had his first care. And he has actually saved the lives of millions of babies and school children.

Amidst an atmosphere of suspicion and hate, of espionage and counter-espionage, Mr. Hoover won the confidence of all the belligerents. They knew that he was not playing politics, that he was not helping one side against the other. They knew that he was engaged exclusively in humanitarian work, in the greatest errand of mercy in history. He was permitted to travel freely, to cross frontiers at any time to carry on his work. He was fearless and courageous, he insisted upon his rights, and he won his victory for humanity. While Europe was a madhouse of slaughter, and the passions of hate were unchained, he kept performing his great work for humanity—the only bright and redeeming feature of the war.

When America entered the war in 1917, Mr. Hoover returned to the United States and was appointed by President Wilson as United States Food Administrator. He remained head of

An unbelievable situation arose; a whole nation became dependent on charity.



The Late Walter H. Page, who, as American Ambassador, secured permits to export foodstuffs from England, through Holland, into Belgium.

the Relief Commission for Belgium.

In this country he elaborated plans for the increase of production of food stuffs, for the restriction of consumption, the control of profiteering, and he succeeded in working out a system by which America was able to spare sufficient food supplies to enable him to feed the populations of the Allied countries. He devised ways and means of combating successfully speculation and profiteering, and of maintaining the cost of living upon a more or less stable level through the period of the war.

When President Wilson was contemplating sending an American Mission to Russia immediately after the revolution of March, 1917, and had practically decided on Mr. Elihu Root as head of that Mission, Colonel House submitted the suggestion that Theodore Roosevelt or Herbert Hoover be selected to head the American Mission to Russia because he believed that either of these men could render practical help to Russia to readjust herself at that critical period when the Provisional Government was being threatened by the monarchists on one side and the bolsheviki on the other. But President Wilson was determined to appoint Mr. Root.

One day in January, 1918, Hoover received the following message from the English Food Controller:

"Unless you are able to send the Allies at least 75,000,000 bushels of wheat over and above what you have exported up to January first, and in addition to the total exportable surplus from Canada, I cannot take the responsibility of assuring our people that there will be food enough to win the war. Imperative necessity compels me to cable you in this blunt way. No one knows better than I that the American people, regardless of national and individual sacrifice, have so far refused nothing that is needed for the war, but it now lies with America to decide whether or not the Allies in Europe shall have enough bread to hold out until the United States is able to throw its force into the field. . . ."

Mr. Hoover, fully realizing the gravity of the situation abroad, and the difficulty of the task at home, cabled back immediately:

"We will export every grain that the American people save from their normal consumption. We believe our people will not fail to meet the emergency."

This cable was followed by Mr. Hoover's appeal, and by President Wilson's proclamation to the people to conserve wheat. Hoover's prompt and energetic mobilization of foodstuffs was a most important factor in winning the war.

Hoover realized that the war was nearing its end, that Germany would be beaten, and that Europe would have to be saved from anarchy and further violence by rushing food supplies to the desperate, starving populations of Eastern and Central European countries. He perfected plans to meet this gigantic problem and presented his views to President Wilson, who gave his approval to the Hoover scheme of saving blockaded Europe.

A Chasseur, waiting for the First Battle of the Marne to begin.

Four days before the armistice, on November 7, 1918, President Wilson asked Mr. Hoover to undertake an extension of Belgian and other reconstruction work immediately after the armistice.

On the day following the armistice, President Wilson directed that "Mr. Hoover, as United States Food Administrator, will proceed at once to Europe to determine what action is required from the United States and what extensions of the Food Administration organization or otherwise are necessary in order to carry out the work of the participation of the United States Government in this matter, and to take such steps as are necessary in temporary relief."

The armistice negotiation contained the following provision:

"ARTICLE 26—Maintenance of the Blockade by the Allied and Associated Powers in its present form, German merchant ships found at sea liable to capture. The Allies and United States contemplate the provisioning of Germany during the armistice to the extent that this shall be found necessary."

The European situation after the armistice was growing ever more alarming. From various countries came reports of unrest and the spread of violence, caused by bolshevist propaganda which found sympathetic adherents among the starved and desperate masses. Germany, broken in spirit, disillusioned, was drifting to bolshevism.

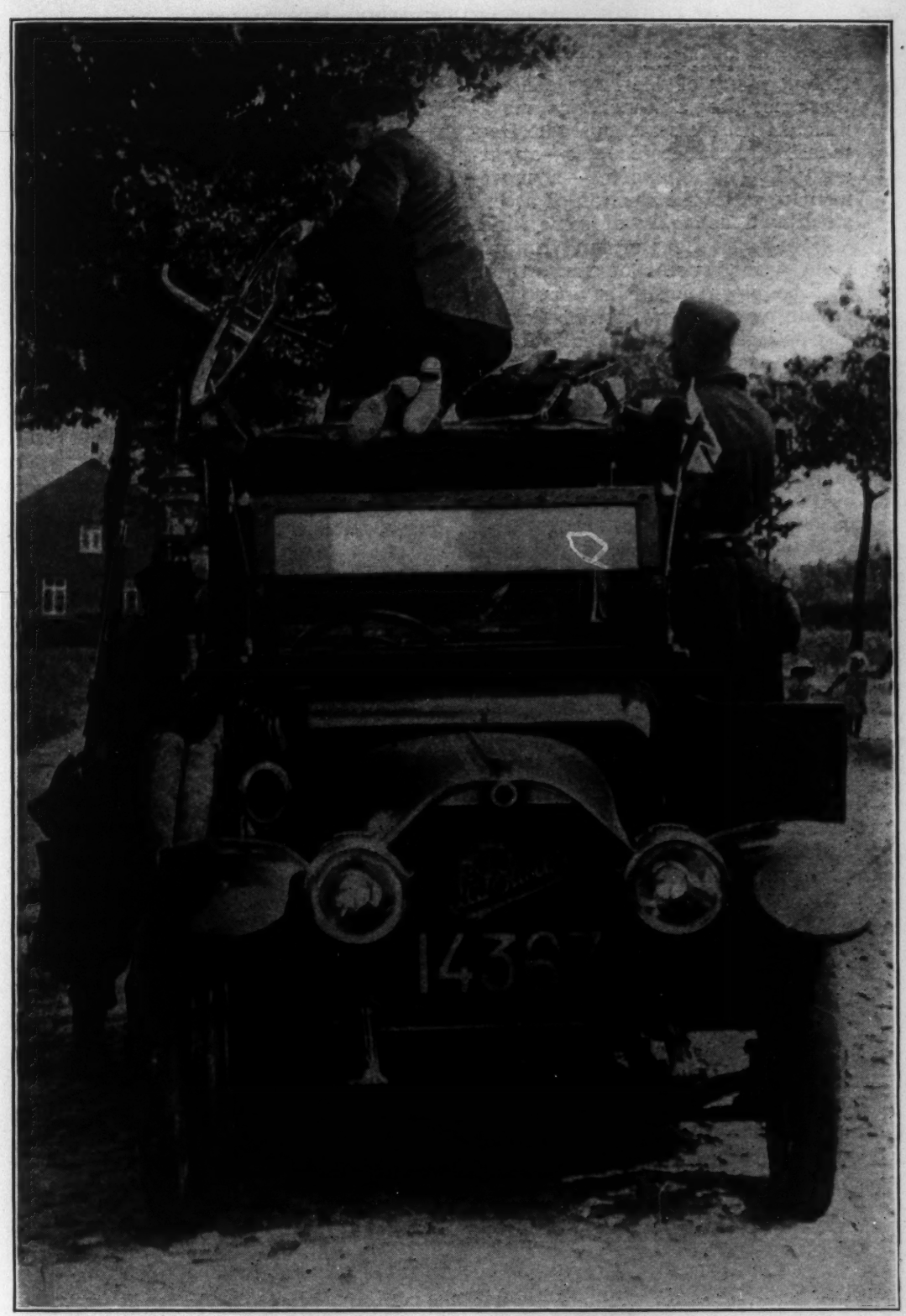
Mr. Hoover saw this clearly and understood that the menace could be warded off only by relieving the critical food situation. He outlined his views to President Wilson in the following letter:

"Paris, 19 *Dec.*, 1918.

"*Dear Mr. President:*

"I am strongly impressed that some immediate action needs to be taken with regard to internal conditions in Germany.

"As you are aware, there is in-



A photograph taken when to possess a camera invited the death penalty. Two French soldiers sent into action at the First Battle of the Marne, with the famous "taxicab army" that saved Paris, are assisting refugees to load their goods in the cab, and to escape from the danger zone.

cipient or practical Bolshevist control in many of the large centers: there is also a Separatist movement in progress amongst the German States; there is also—apparently largely supported—a movement towards the election of a constitutional assembly of some kind.

"Viewing the German Empire from a food point of view, there will be no hope of saving these people from starvation if Bolshevist activities extend over the Empire in a similar manner to Russia, with its sequent break-down in commercial distribution and in the control and distribution of existing food. The extremes to which such a situation can extend are well exemplified by the already practical depopulation of the cities of Moscow and Petrograd and such a situation would not be confined to two cities, as in Russia, but to thirty cities in Germany; and the saving of the German people would be absolutely hopeless if the normal commercial and distributive functions and food control should cease, as it certainly would under a Bolshevist regime.

"Again a political Separatist movement amongst the German States would produce the same situation that we have in the old Austrian Empire, where some sections of the Empire have a surplus of food and by practical embargoes are creating food debacles in other centers. We must maintain a liquidity of the existing food stocks in Germany over the whole Empire, or again the situation will become almost unsolvable.

"In order to visualize to you somewhat the problem, if we say that the normal consumption of the German people, without restraint, is 100, the German Empire within its old boundaries must possess to-day somewhere about 60% of this quantity. If there is distribution and control, the population can probably go through without starvation on something like 80% of normal, and therefore the problem is to find 20% by way of imports. If there is an extension of the Bolshevist movement or extension of the Separatist movement, so far as food is concerned, we shall have some localities consuming 100 (of normal) out of their local supplies and feeding any surplus to animals. The problem will be unsolvable by way of the available supplies in the world for import, because the total consumption under such conditions would run a great deal more than 80%, and all this aside from the almost impossible complication of dealing with distribution in the hands of such highly incompetent agencies as Bolshevist Committees.

"It would appear to me, therefore, that some announcement with regard to the food policies in Germany is critically necessary, and at once . . . ."

Mr. Hoover was opposed to the blockade. In January, 1919, he submitted a memorandum to President Wilson in which he declared that the raising of the blockade was far more important to the economic recovery of all Europe than its maintenance had been from a naval or military standpoint. He pointed out to the President that "the problem of maintaining order in enemy territories revolved primarily around the problem of food supplies, and secondarily around the gradual reestablishment of commercial life."

Mr. Hoover recommended that the northern neutrals be permitted to trade freely with the Western Hemisphere. This step toward the restoration of commercial life in Germany implied not only a relaxation of the absolute blockade measures to movement of commodities, but also to an extent liberating finance and credits, and permitting a certain movement of shipping. Mr. Hoover did not purpose the abandonment of blockade prior to peace, but he did urge opening the blockade to permit passage of certain agreed commodities for import and export, establishment of agreed avenues of credit operations, agreed channels of trade and communication, and the use of agreed enemy ocean ships.

The President was in accord with Mr. Hoover's proposal. But Mr. Hoover was determined to overcome the opposition of the Allies. Toward the end of

January he proposed to the Supreme Council "that Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Switzerland should be allowed to import unlimited amounts of foodstuffs and to be permitted to re-export foodstuffs to Germany subject to the control of the Associated Governments, the aggregate amount of such re-exports, with other imports of foodstuffs by Germany, not to exceed the amount of foodstuffs which the Supreme War Council may, from time to time, have agreed to permit to be imported into Germany . . . "

On January 31, 1919, Mr. Hoover wrote to President Wilson:

"I have been advocating these points now for nearly two months, and . . . we have yet no results, and I see no hope of attaining any such results except through strong intervention on your part . . .

"We have no justification in humanity or politics in debarring neutrals from buying all the food they wish for their consumption now that we have ample supplies.

"There is so much obstruction that I despair even getting it past the Supreme War Council unless some great world opinion is brought to bear . . ."

Four days later, he sent another note to the President in which he wrote:

"There is no right in the law of God or man that we should longer continue to starve neutrals now that we have a surplus of food . . ."

And on January, 1919, Mr. Hoover wrote to Food Ministers Boret, Clynes and Crespi as follows:

"Viewing the world's food situation as a whole, there is manifestly no surplus, even of American production, if the import of food into enemy, neutral, and liberated countries were released upon a normal scale. There would in fact, be a shortage of some commodities.

"This increase in food production in the United States . . . becomes the supply through which the very life of many countries must be sustained, and the American people wish it used in a sympathetic manner for these purposes. With literally hundreds of millions of underfed human beings in the world, the spoilage and waste of a large quantity of food in the United States cannot for a moment be entertained, either by the American public or by the Allies. Many of the American surpluses are of perishable character, and instant action is necessary to prevent waste as well as hunger . . .

"Therefore, I am directed to in-

The "Package From America," which saved countless lives and prevented incredible suffering.

quire if you will not recommend to your Governments:

"That you indicate as nearly as may be the amounts of these commodities which will safeguard your position from January 1st to the end of our crop year—July 1, 1919.

"That all restrictions upon neutral trading be at once removed in these commodities.

"That no objection be raised by the Allied Governments to direct or indirect sale and transportation to enemy countries or to the necessary financial transactions involved.

"It is our view that private trading will contribute materially to relieve the food situation in many parts of Europe, will relieve our various administrations of much responsibility, and effect its own solution of shipping and finance, and, as such trading must be the ultimate solution of all these problems, we should advance it as rapidly as possible."

A Madonna of the Relief Commission.

To make clear to the Allies as well as to the Americans why food had to be shipped to the German people without delay, and to emphasize the purpose of America's humanitarian service to the world, Mr. Hoover prepared the following remarkable memorandum, dated March 21, 1919:

"Why Are We Feeding Germany?

"From the point of view of my Western upbringing, I would say at once, because we do not kick a man in the stomach after we have licked him.

"From the point of view of an economist, I would say that it is because there are seventy millions of people who must either produce or die, that their production is essential to the world's future and that they cannot produce unless they are fed.

"From the point of view of a governor, I would say it is because famine breeds anarchy, anarchy is infectious, the infection of such a cesspool will jeopardize France and Great Britain, which will yet spread to the United States.

"From the point of view of a reconstructionist, I would say that unless the German people can have food, can maintain order and stable government and get back to production, there is no hope of their paying the damage they owe to the world.

"From the point of view of a humanitarian, I would say that we have not been fighting with women and children and we are not beginning now.

"From the point of view of our Secretary of War, I would say that I wish to return the American soldiers home, and that it is a good bargain to give food for passenger steamers on which our boys may arrive home four months earlier than will otherwise be the case.

"From the point of view of the American Treasurer, I would say that this is a good bargain because it saves the United States enormous expenditures in Europe in the support of idle men and allows these men to return to productivity in the United States.

"From the point of view of a negotiator of the Armistice, I would say that we are in honor bound to fulfill the implied terms of the

Armistice that Germany shall have food.

"Let us not befog our minds with the idea that we are feeding Germany out of charity. She is paying for her food. All that we have done for Germany is to lift the blockade to a degree that allows her to import food from any markets that she wishes, and in the initial state, in order to effect the above, we are allowing her to purchase emergency supplies from stocks in Europe, at full prices.

"Taking it by and large, our face is forward, not backward, on history. We and our children must live with these seventy millions of Germans. No matter how deeply we may feel at the present moment, our vision must stretch over the next hundred years, and we must write now into history such acts as will stand creditably in the minds of our grandchildren."

While Mr. Hoover was convinced that the United States should exert itself to the utmost to rehabilitate Europe, he nevertheless was unwilling to have American policies submerged in those of foreign governments. On the eve of President Wilson's final departure from Paris, Mr. Hoover outlined his views on Europe's problems, in part, as follows:

"I am deeply impressed with the necessity for coördinated action with the granting of private and public credits and in the supplying of raw material and food to various countries in Europe.

"It would seem to me to be a disaster if we allowed our merchants and bankers to expend either American private or public credits to governments in Europe who did not maintain stability, who did not cease hostilities, and who did not busy themselves with sound economic reconstruction and return to production.

"I would like to lay before you for consideration whether it would not be desirable to set up some sort of an economic committee in the United States representing the different departments of the Government and such other persons as you might select, who would, in a general way, pass upon the policies to be pursued by the American Government and people in these matters. Such a council could quite well have relations with similar councils set up in other countries and could no doubt effect a great deal of constructive order towards rehabilitation in Europe without submerging American policies in these matters in those of foreign governments. . . ."

Then, in a jointly signed cable to President Wilson, Mr. Hoover and Mr. J. F. Dulles, a member of the Supreme Economic Council, set forth their recommendations:

"That it is desirable that the U. S. Government should show no disinclination to join in any real world necessity.

"In order that coördinated, efficient,

"Les Etats Unis? I know them."

and disinterested action can be taken by the United States it is desirable that some sort of committee be created within the United States, comprised of the heads of departments bearing upon credits and foreign relations, such a committee to determine the broad policies to be pursued in economic assistance to Europe.

"We have the feeling that if these matters are left solely to an organization of bankers it will create distrust both at home and in Europe, and may be charged with economic exploitation no matter how wise its intentions. Such a governmental committee could coördinate our economic support so as to maintain political stability in Europe without stifling individual initiative . . ."

In April, 1919, when the world was shocked by the anti-Jewish excesses in Poland, Mr. Hoover was the first to help stop their recurrence.

Mr. Lewis L. Strauss, Mr. Hoover's personal assistant in Paris, relates the following episode:

"On April 11, 1919, a telegram from Warsaw came to the office of the American Relief Administration in Paris, giving the first news of the Pinsk affair. The telegram read as follows:

> "Saturday April 5 at Pinsk some 37 Jews were shot by order of Major in command Polish army at that place. There are conflicting reports as to cause of this shooting. The Jews give one version, Polish authorities another. There is possibility that the meeting considered by the Poles as a gathering of Communists was in reality a conference called to consider the distribution of Passover flour from America. At 5:30 Poles sent two soldiers to investigate meeting and by 7:30 37 of Jews had been lined up against wall and shot.

"I took the telegram to Mr. Hoover and as he read it his face seemed to grow suddenly older. At his order, I called up the Polish National Committee, headed by Mr. Dmowski. Did they know of the Pinsk affair? Yes. When? Three days since. What had they to say? Well, did we not know that it was simply an execution of bolsheviki? What if they were all Jews? Why, all Jews in Poland were bolsheviki, I was told.

"Mr. Hoover wrote at once to Premier Paderewski and that gentleman came up to our office. I was present at the interview. The Prime Minister delivered himself of assurances that nothing had occurred except a routine execution of bolsheviki. Mr. Hoover was in a most delicate position. With tact at which I shall always marvel, yet with a bluntness that carried conviction he told the Premier that, by way of fatherly advice to Poland and the new government, he wished to go on record that they would find it impossible and unwise to palliate such excesses as did occur by a blanket accusation of an entire section of their population.

"When M. Paderewski repeated, 'But you don't know the Jews in Poland; they're practically all bolsheviki,' Mr. Hoover answered, 'All? I can't believe it.'

"I shall always prefer to believe that the Polish Premier was sincere in his opinion, founded at that time upon reports sent him from Warsaw, although they were later proven false at their source by the American Mission of Investigation. When M. Paderewski left our office, he went back to his headquarters at the Hotel Wagram, and composed a letter to President Wilson, in which, at Mr. Hoover's suggestion, he asked for the appointment of an American Commission to investigate the reported anti-Jewish excesses in Poland."

Mr. Hoover's farsightedness was matched by his courage and his frankness. He dared to act quickly when speed was urgent, and he dared to tell the truth on every occasion when he believed America's position should be made clear both to American high officials and to Allied leaders.

On July 9, 1919, Mr. Hoover wrote to Lord Robert Cecil that there was a rather natural feeling in America that the Americans had intervened in Europe in the first instance from a military point of view in order to prevent a great disaster to civilization, that their intervention was the final weight which prevented this disaster, that they had tried to set up some great preventative against its repetition from a polit-

ical point of view with not altogether encouraging success, that they had also been called upon for a great effort in the prevention of the worst famine that Europe had seen since the Thirty Years War, and that in all these things they had sought no political or economic advantage but had expended an enormous national effort which comes home daily to every taxpayer.

Here follows Mr. Hoover's remarkable letter to Lord Robert Cecil, in full:

"9 *July*, 1919.

"*My dear Lord Robert:*

"I have been giving a great deal of thought to the question of international economic organization and I would like to express to you my own views as to one particular feature. I start with the assumption that not only is the economic strength of the United States needed for the recuperation of Europe but that its strength needs mobilization for its advantageous application, and that this assistance should be coördinated with the assistance that can be given by other countries in order to produce the maximum results at the least cost and risk. Furthermore, in the unstable state of many governments in Europe there needs to be some coördination of these matters to maintain stability.

"I feel that there is going to be a great difficulty in getting American support to organize this matter in the right way because of the present state of public opinion in the United States, in its lack of confidence in stability in many governments, the very natural reaction against risk and entanglements and the very considerable fear that such organizations are directed more with a view to bringing pressure on Americans to do more than their just share or to effect discriminations against the United States, or to stifle the proper recuperation of individual effort. It is an illusion in Europe to feel that the American people must find a market for their surplus commodities and therefore that they can be dictated to as to their method and terms.

"Beyond this again, the Americans who have been connected with international economic problems during the war are now practically without exception retiring from office and the control of these matters will in certain cases rest in the hands of men, who, while not lacking in sympathy, are to some extent lacking in experience with the necessities. There is no question that these economic relations during the next year will entail a great deal of risk upon the American people and there is a rather natural feeling that the United States belongs to another hemisphere, that they have intervened in Europe in the first instance from a military point of view in order to prevent a great disaster to civilization, that their intervention was the final weight which prevented this disaster, that they have tried to set up some great preventatives against its repetition from a political point of view with not altogether encouraging success, that they have also been called upon for a great effort in the prevention of the greatest famine that Europe has seen since the Thirty Years War, and that in all of these things they have sought no political or economic advantage but have expended an enormous national effort which comes home daily to every taxpayer.

"As I see it, if the real hope of the American people that the world is to be better is yet to mature, it can only be done at the risk of

their economic strength in provision for this recuperation and that the whole matter must be placed upon a plane of service if it is to have the right results. I know, from vivid experience, that the American people are capable of the most enormous sacrifice in the sense of service, if this sense is awakened to an emergency. It is precisely this awakening that I have in mind. It cannot be accomplished by any combination of bankers and manufacturers centered in Wall Street. That very operation would in the end tend towards the defeat of the objects which we all have in view. The representative of the ideals of the American people is not a combination of its banks or its merchants, and it is necessary to secure the realization of the American people through other sources than these.

"My concrete proposal is that the first meeting of the International Economic Council should be held in Washington, that it should be attended by European Ministers of the first importance. Its very meeting in the United States will emphasize the world importance of the problem and the men who should comprise it will constitute an enormous call to service of the American people.

"As a matter of practical fact, there is nothing much that can be constructively done between now and the first of September except the liquidation of the agencies that have been handling war problems. Treaties must be ratified. Commissions must be set up. It will be of the most profound importance that European officials of high place should meet the American problem face to face with American officials of equal position. Their combined conclusions will inspire confidence and mutual trust and the established intimate relationship will be the first guaranty of success.

"In reverse, if some international body is set up in Europe and attended by some American, no matter how important, it will not awaken the imagination in the American people and, whoever he may be, his authority will not extend beyond his powers of persuasion on other American officials. At the time when the United States went into the war it was thought proper to send to the United States great officials of the European Governments to present the necessities of the Allies. If this emergency is any less important than that of the Spring of 1917, then my view is that any international coöperation is unnecessary. Either it is worth putting on a sufficiently high plane or it is not worth doing at all, and any lower plane will immediately amass behind the effort oppositions of one hundred different varieties.

"Faithfully yours,
"HERBERT HOOVER."

In the next issue of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, Mr. Bernstein will tell of America's second intervention in Europe, of Mr. Hoover's relief work in the countries of the Allies as well as of the Central Powers, of the remarkable achievements of the American Relief Administration during the period of the Russian famine, of "Hoover's men" and of his reforms and innovations in the Department of Commerce.

The story of Herbert Hoover is the record of America's most constructive humanitarian contribution to the world.

"This is luck," said she. "I was afraid I'd have to drive the car home through all this traffic myself."

EMORY IN HIGH

By TALBERT JOSSELYN

Illustrated by John R. Neill

EMORY LUCAS stopped studying a shop window and glanced across the street at the yellow speedster. The twenty minutes that Charlie Pipp, owner of the rakish car, had promised to be gone, had grown to thirty and still no Charlie had appeared.

Emory was about to resume search for smartly reduced bargains among the displayed articles when the corner of his eye caught a glimpse of a khaki-clad figure approaching the canary speedster.

Bargains and thoughts of bargains vanished as the dismounted traffic officer, with his mount's reins in the crook of an arm, began attaching a tag to the steering wheel. Emory Lucas, interior decorator, dweller in a quiet seaside town, who had come to visit Charlie Pipp at the latter's insistence that he was vegetating and needed a change, crossed the street in an avalanche of traffic, his tall, slight figure gaining the far side in a series of leaping bounds, velours hat lifting higher and higher from his forehead.

As he bounded, his eyes sought the features of the missing Charlie Pipp on the sidewalk, in the building's entrance, in all its fifteen stories. Charlie Pipp might just as well have been in Tahiti.

Emory continued to meet the situation. He slid around the car and stepped aboard.

"I'll take care of that, officer," said he.

The awarder of tags turned sharply. Emory's smile expanded. Quizzically the officer studied this descender from the heavens, took in the lean, mobile features, the brown eyes, the high-jolted

hat, then returned the grin and reached for the card.

"You just saved your bacon that time," he rumbled. "Thirty minutes is the limit." He pulled his mount to one side and stood there, waiting.

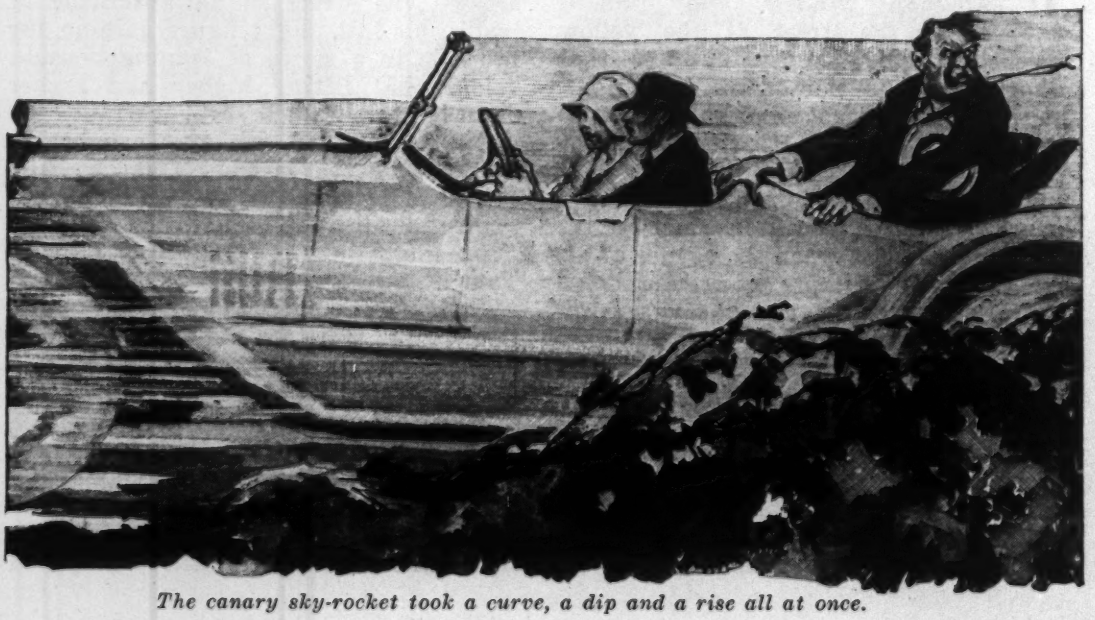
Emory whipped a desperate eye from officer to steering wheel to entrance of the building. No Charlie Pipp. The officer's gaze remained on him. With seeming nonchalance, Emory sought out the starter pedal and ran a questioning finger along the switches of the dash. The motor throbbed into life. Still with seeming nonchalance, he heaved at the wheel, warped the yellow bulk from the curb and steered into the roaring sea of traffic; steered into the busiest of busy traffic eight cylinders and eighty horsepower with which he had never had the slightest working acquaintance. And as he plunged into the ocean maelstrom, the impulse to prevent the canary car from being tagged by the police, which had so far buoyed him up, oozed out at his finger-tips.

The eye of the law, however, was still upon him; so was the wheel of a truck, burnishing his tail light. He bucked on. A taxi swerved aside and knifed in ahead, its driver raucous with inquiry; the truck continued to burnish the tail light. In dreadful lock-step the canary-colored roadster went down the street. Winging from the storehouse of memory came the reasons why he was downtown that day, of how Charlie Pipp had planned to take him to the Randall place to talk interior decorating, to revel in tones and tints. Tones and tints! He tugged at the wheel. More and more it became imperative that he get aside where he could think. A cross street appeared ahead. Into it he yanked the behemoth.

But this was narrowed to half its width by steel building material and proved no retreat for thought. The truck continued to play follow-the-leader. To a battery of pneumatic riveters, E. Lucas, eighty horsepower, and the life flow of a city pulsed through. At the next up and down street a uniformed arm signaled a halt. Without quite killing the motor, its driver burred into neutral, smacked on both sets of brakes, and snatched at plans as circus performers snatch at trapezes. If he lived, he would drive until a parking place presented itself; he would slam into the curb; he would leap out, flee, go back to the wonderful life of a pedestrian; and the minions of the law could tag the nightmarish bunch of junk a hundred times and he would not raise his little finger.

As a man who sees things in a fevered dream, so Emory sat tense and saw the world about him—a multitude of waiting machines ahead, beside him, behind him; a multitude of people on the sidewalk going by like a colorful river.

Detachedly he watched the varying



The canary sky-rocket took a curve, a dip and a rise all at once.

colors, saw a young woman in orange sweater and white skirt leave the stream and step into the street and come directly toward him; noted that she was pretty, that locks of hair, struggling out beneath a pulled-down hat were golden red. Detachment vanished as the young woman lifted a trim sport shoe and equally trim ankle above the running board and swung lightly into the seat beside him.

"This *is* luck," said she. "I was afraid I'd have to drive the car home through all this traffic myself."

Parted lips showed even, white teeth, a dimple appeared in the left cheek, the gray eyes disclosed mystifying pencils of light. All this Emory Lucas took in; yet he did not take it in; he was incapable of absorption. The strident horn of the car behind him nearly drained its battery before he heard it, before he saw the widening gap between him and the car ahead, before he saw the thrashing arm of the traffic officer commanding his advance.

Emory advanced. In a tumult that he had never before known, he sent the car forward. Staggeringly, as his elbow touched an elbow in orange silk, he whipped his brain into thought. The newspapers were full of such things; they were getting worse in every city—female bandits who robbed autoists in broad daylight, insane creatures with fancied wrongs who carried pistols in handbags, blackmailers, brazen young chits who hopped rides on bets. In frantic jumble he tried to catalogue the stepper-aboard; tried and failed.

He hauled the steering wheel hard over. Ages ago he had planned to go around and around the block until he found parking place; ages ago, when he had only himself and the car and the infernal Charlie Pipp to think of. Now——

"You must be one of the new salesmen," said the passenger.

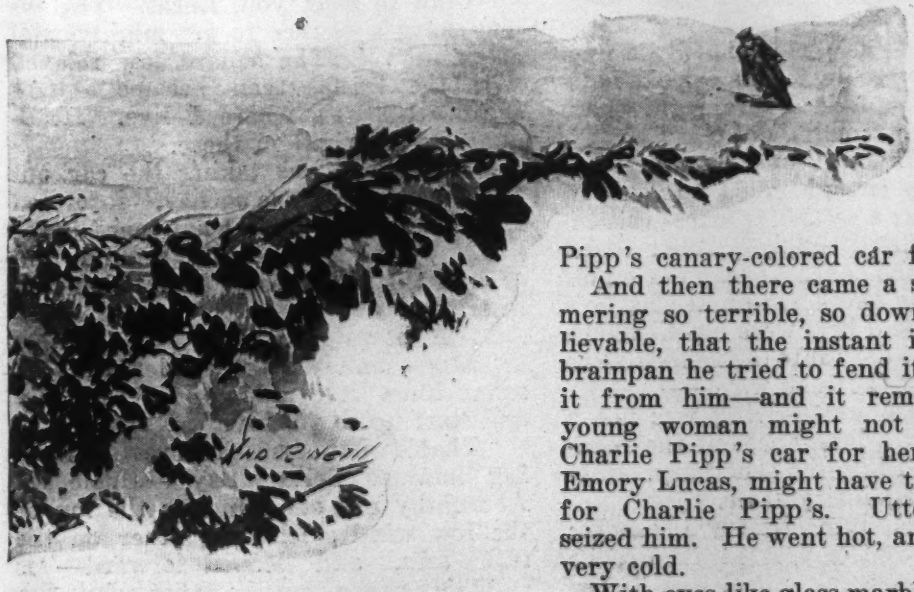
This was obviously a decoy statement. She carried a small hand-bag; one that could easily hold an effective automatic, and she now shifted it from one hand to another. Emory kept his eye on the bag.

"Sure I am," he parried, and tried to figure the best way to grab the lethal case.

"I didn't think I had seen you before at the factory agency. You must have put new life into them. We didn't expect the car to be ready until closing time, and I was to call for it."

The thin point of an appalling thought, like the thin point of a wedge, penetrated Emory Lucas' brain. He stopped looking at the hand-bag.

"It's such good fun to get one's own car again after it has been all tuned up." The wearer of the orange sweater contentedly stretched the trim shoes out on the floor board. "I like this old boat quite the best of any car we've ever had."



A half mile of asphalt leaped out from under the car.

Thought and wedge drove home. Mistaken identity! She had taken Charlie Pipp's canary-colored car for her own.

And then there came a second glimmering so terrible, so downright unbelievable, that the instant it struck his brainpan he tried to fend it off, to fling it from him—and it remained. The young woman might not have taken Charlie Pipp's car for her own. He, Emory Lucas, might have taken her car for Charlie Pipp's. Utter paralysis seized him. He went hot, and then very, very cold.

With eyes like glass marbles, he stared at steering wheel and dials on the dash.

Hope flared; numberless times had he studied selfsame wheel and dials from the passenger's seat. Hope died with realization that they were stock equipment, and would be on any car of that make. Fruitlessly he peered for identifying personal touches. There were none; Charlie hadn't believed in such things; he had spent enough money on the car. Possibly the young woman had also; there was no telling.

Final illumination fired him. The license card. It had been screwed against the base of the driver's seat at one's heel. Stiffly he pulled himself forward until his chin was against the steering wheel, then strove to look down. Simultaneously the girl cried out. The canary-colored roadster was near enough to the car ahead to have become welded to it. Emory did full duty with the brakes, and a second exclamation rose from his passenger. The welding process could now have been applied to the car in the rear.

This young interior decorator who had feared that he might vegetate if he stayed too long in his seaside town gave a sharp intake of breath and left off all endeavor to discover identifying marks. Breathing quickly, he applied himself to an attempt at driving. Again a cross street loomed, and again he turned into it. Whereat puzzled inquiry came from the wearer of the sport shoes.

"Round and round the block," mumbled Emory. "Trying—car out—in traffic."

"Oh," said the girl, "that'll be fine. Let's pick up my uncle; his office is halfway down this block. There, right where that machine is coming out."

"Sure we'll stop," said Emory.

A place big enough to get a bicycle in would do him; a section of curb wherein would have fitted snugly a roller skate. To make for the haven, to leap out under one pretext or another, to find Charlie's license card, and if it were not Charlie's license card to dash into the nearest store and escape by the back way——

The car that was leaving was not a large car, nor a long one, but the roadster dived full into the sanctuary. Rubber smacked against granite.

Color came into Emory's cheeks; flooded them. Compressed of lip, he gripped the steering wheel and threw a leg overboard.

"You see——" he began.

"But you won't have to go in," she protested, "there's uncle coming down the steps now."

Emory's escaping foot grew stiff in mid-air. The time that should have been employed in dropping it to the pavement went into twisting a startled head toward the building. He saw a ruddy, thick-set man with panama hat and heavy gray mustache step down, make his way across the sidewalk and put a foot on the running board. And over the archway above these steps were the words "Department of Police."

"Well, hello, Millicent," he greeted.

His lively blue eyes took in the figure of Miss Millicent, appraisingly and pleasedly, then shot to Emory Lucas and took him in, appraisingly.

"This is the new salesman at the agency," said Millicent. "Mr. ——"

Emory's throat squeezed shut.

"Mr. ——" continued Millicent.

"Lucas. Emory Lucas," wheezed Emory, and instantly wondered why he had not chosen Gorfingle or Smith or Salterberger.

"This is Uncle Ed Abernathy. You'll probably get to know him pretty well. He's Commissioner of Police."

A large hand, a thick-fingered hand, reached across the car and seized Emory's, which at that moment had as much gripping power as loose shoestrings.

"Glad to meet you, Lucas. Yes, we may have a chance to get mighty well acquainted." The square jaw relaxed with the smile, then became square again. "That's where I live. Headquarters are right in there."

"Mr. Lucas was taking the car out to the house from the agency," informed Miss Millicent, "when I happened to see him. We've been going around and around the block seeing how it handled in traffic."

"And how does it?"

"Stops and starts wonderfully. I never knew it could stop so suddenly and start up so quickly."

"That's what comes from really knowing how to drive. Say"—Uncle Ed Abernathy put one hand on the top of the low wind shield, the other on the seat arm, and leaned forward—"is she all tuned up so that she can go fast?"

The seven scraps of sentences which were being planned by Emory to get him out of the car and into the nearest store died under the quizzical stare. He swallowed. Never before had the eyes of a Commissioner of Police been fixed personally upon him. He swallowed again.

"Why, yes, I think so," said Emory.

The Commissioner beamed confidentially.

"If you can spare the time I'd like to have you take me out along West Avenue. I want to see just how much up to snuff my motorcycle police are. I've been getting reports that they haven't been showing any speed, but I believe in first-hand information. The bus ought to do eighty now, don't you think?"

"Oh," cried Millicent, "that'll be sport!"

She turned dancing eyes upon Emory, but to these eyes, close by him as they were, E. Lucas gave no human heed. The icy chill that had started at his heels raced to the top of his head, then made a roller-coaster of his spine. He put both hands on the wheel and pulled himself half upright, but got no further. It would do no good to run. Uncle Ed looked capable of vigorous pursuit; headquarters and its reserves were within whispering distance. He sank back into his seat as though he had manoeuvered merely to get set for coming speed.

Such seemed to be Commissioner Abernathy's impression. With an agile swing of the leg he dropped into the rumble seat and hauled down his hat.

Emory's teeth came together with a click; for his freedom he would have to run the gauntlet. Like other gauntlet-runners, now that he had come to the mark, a wild surge of here-goes-nothing went through him. He tossed his head, slammed at the gears and sent eighty horsepower into reverse.

"Hey," cried the supreme dignitary of law and order, thrusting hands violently against the back of the front seat to keep from being tossed over it. "Don't start that speed stuff until we get out of town."

A chorus of horns, supplemented by a street car gong, echoed the commissioner's request; an echo that was infinitely repeated in the next congested mile, during which taut time Miss Millicent sat in a rather upright position and the holder of the rumble seat leaned acutely forward. As for the driver, having nothing but his thoughts and the steering wheel to cling to, he clung to them and his seething thoughts were not the best things to steady one's self with.

"Well," commented the Commis-

Alternating between macadam and air the comet continued.

sioner, "I never was quite so close to riding in other people's cars at the same time that I rode in my own. You must believe in cultivating narrow spaces."

Miss Millicent bestowed a smile on the driver that involved the dimple and the even white teeth; one having in it such a quality of admiring approval that Emory felt a tingle of life creep back into his frame. The wearer of the orange sweater and the pulled-down hat was decidedly a charming young woman. It came to him for the first time how thoroughly acceptable it was to have gray eyes look out at one in approbation under a pulled-down crash hat. He couldn't remember ever before having had the experience; interior decoration had never exactly been the thing that wildly interested young women. He went into a rosy haze, from which the Commissioner of Police yanked him.

"Now you can kind of step on the gas. There ought to be a man somewhere along here all ready to pounce out, if he hasn't gone to sleep in somebody's rose garden. I don't mind speed—real speed; it's that downtown traffic which you young blades seem to delight in getting all snarled up with that I don't care a rap for. Out here on the avenue"— Uncle Abernathy gestured at the long stretch of asphalt flanked by trees—"and in the open country I don't care how heavy your foot is."

"The other drivers had no reason to glare and to squawk their horns just because Mr. Lucas came a little near to them," protested Millicent. "They ought to get used to close driving like that if they're going to live in a real city. Perhaps they drive with a bit more zip where Mr. Lucas come from."

"Maybe so," grunted Uncle Abernathy. "Where you from?"

Emory pondered. There would be no harm in answering this—in generalities.

"Northern part of the state. Bay region," he added.

"So? That's interesting. The speed cop who's got this section was just up there on vacation. He dropped in at your factory branch; said he met all of you boys and that you certainly drove fast. Jerry McCarty. Say, he'll be glad to see you again, after he overtakes us and finds out who you are."

The hair on the nape of Emory Lucas' neck rose; became bristles. The speed doubled within a car length. He had walked right into it. To have Officer McCarty draw up alongside and deny all knowledge of the man at the wheel; this, and other complications —— The driver's ears flattened themselves against his head.

"That's right," commended Uncle Abernathy. "If he's anywhere along here this'll bring him out." He began to check off the driveways. "Nope—not up there. Not up that one, either. H'm; that looked like a good one. I wonder where he can be? Hi! Nope, fool boy coming out on a bicycle. Why, now, usually he—there he is! He was behind that hedge." The discoverer twisted from shouting at the front seat and stared mightily behind. "Yep—here he comes! It's Jerry McCarty."

The next instant the panama hat started to leave his head. He threw out both hands. The canary sky-rocket took a curve, a dip and a rise all at once. He flung down hands; then shot out one set of fingers and again caught at the hat.

"Crimineу!" said the Commissioner.

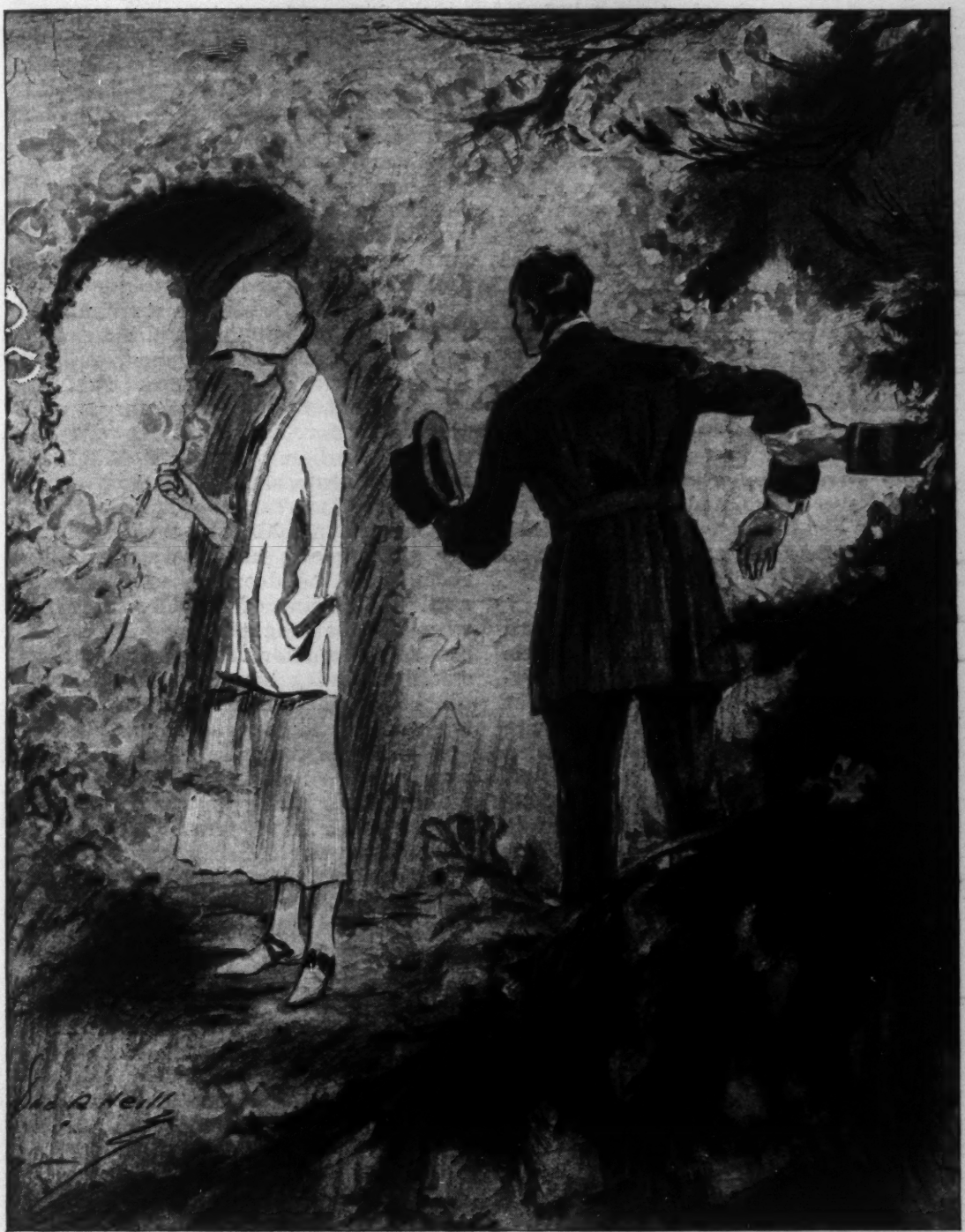
A half mile—a mile of asphalt leaped out from under the car as if it had been yanked. The distance that had taken Uncle Ed Abernathy a dusty ten minutes in the good old horse and phaeton days snapped past in seemingly as many seconds. Down a cyclone-passing wall of trees the figure of Officer Jerry McCarty more and more took on the appearance of one seen through a diminishing glass. The avenue swung around a hill, another hill, dropped down and spread into three tree-flanked tributaries. Into the leafiest of the three, the narrowest and the most winding, the canary comet dived unerringly. Two wheels on and two wheels off, alternating between macadam and air, turns and reverse turns, the comet continued. Officer Jerry McCarty did not.

"Crimineу!" repeated the Commissioner.

"Oh!" breathed a star-eyed Miss Millicent.

In a new, country-edge addition given over to shrubbery, circles and squares, the comet slowed down, and speech climbed out of the Commissioner's throat.

"Young man! That's the finest imitation of somebody trying to get away I ever saw. You chaps upstate—phew!" Hat clutched in hand, mustache at all



He spoke, his voice low and vibrantly harsh. "All right then!" but it was evident that things were the opposite of all right.

angles, he shook a tousled head. "Huh, I see where Jerry gets a new bike."

The eyes of the feminine passenger continued to shine. She turned to her uncle.

"I just know that Mr. Lucas has been a racer! Haven't you, Mr. Lucas?"

Mr. Lucas pried a hand from the steering wheel, opened it slowly, flexed it, did the same with the other hand. He bent the ramrod out of his back,

stretched a tentative foot, stretched the other. He tugged the velours hat from off the bridge of his nose and looked about, and in the glowing eyes, now wholly revealed, there was the look of a new man; stiff though he might be outwardly, there was nothing glacial about the inner quality of E. Lucas.

Miss Millicent's continued gaze was worthy of his best effort.

"Maybe I have been a racer," said Emory.

"I knew it!"

"Well, it's some relief to know that you had the car under control," grudgingly came from the rumble seat.

"Now, let's go after some more speed cops," suggested Miss Millicent.

Momentary stiffening returned to Emory's frame, but it was only momentary. Never before had a young woman looked at him in the way that Miss Millicent had, never had one urged him to do things in quite her tone of voice.

"Show me the way," said Emory.

The way was shown. Back toward town, not five minutes later, motorcycle number two was descried busily approaching up a side street, and on sight the approach instantly quickened. Once more Commissioner Abernathy divided attention between pursuer, panama hat and the problem of keeping himself attached to the rumble seat. Once more the world flicked by. But it was evident that while some one else on the force needed a new bike, he did not need it half so badly as Jerry McCarty. The pursuit clung like tar to a bare heel; not until the supposititious racing driver slewed into some one's hedge-lined side driveway, after taking two turns in a maze of parkway with wheels hanging in air much longer than wheels ought to hang, did he rub off the pursuit. It was heard whizzing by outside.

"That's enough!" The Commissioner of all police tugged his hat from off his ears and put his head first on one side and then on the other. The slewing into the driveway had been on a par with straightaway and taking of turns. "That's more'n enough. You've shown me and my force all the speed I want to see. Millicent, point out to this young fiend the way home."

"Ho, ho!" bubbled Millicent. "And you said you liked speed. Why, mother would have enjoyed it more than you have. I wish she could have come." The radiant Millicent turned in explanation to Emory. "She had to stay home this afternoon because some old long-haired artist was coming to make a call. I wish such people would keep away."

Emory came back to earth. Like the long-haired artist, he, too, had once intended to make a call. The Randall job was probably lost, but he'd get others; from now on he was going to dig in and work. But, first, several things remained to be done. He would drive the canary car into the Abernathy yard, get out leisurely with the remark that he guessed that would be all they would want him for, and stroll toward the nearest car line. Out of sight of the house, he would break into a busy man's run; aboard the car, he would pray that the motorman make no stops until the car got opposite his hotel; within his room, with the door locked, he would await the coming of one Charley Pipp, whenever that might be; and if Charlie, sent to reconnoiter, learned of anything startling having happened to a factory branch salesman, he would take the first train north and go into hiding.

Then, when things had blown over, he would drop a note to Miss Millicent explaining everything; if she refused to see the affair in its true light, why, of course that would be an end to everything and serve him right, and undoubtedly there were a dozen and fifteen men ahead of him, anyway, even if there wasn't any ring on her hand that he could see; but if there weren't——

The voice of Uncle Ed Abernathy roused him like water on a sleeping cat.

"Here we are. Turn right in at this drive."

Back from the future Emory Lucas plumped. He made the turn, elbow touching the orange-clad elbow for the last time. On his lips hung the words, "Well, it certainly has been a pleasant afternoon, and now I'll just be——"

The words got no further than that.

An identical yellow car stood in the driveway ahead. A big, canary-colored car—a sport roadster. As much like the car in which he sat as one twin to another.

Momentary silence, hour-long, held over the driveway. The other occupants of the late meteor seemed as completely

affected as a parachute-descending Emory Lucas. It was the voice from the rumble seat that first boomed.

"What the—— Say, what in blazes did ——" A cry from the front seat followed. Then the rumble seat continued. "Three-two-one-seven—that's *our* number. Why, that's our——"

A red-faced Commissioner of Police sprang down and made swift survey, then strode back beside the one-time racing driver. Also, there descended from the front seat a young woman over whose clear-cut and now pink-suffused features swept a number of destructive emotions, with consternation based on a guessing at the truth going fast in the lead.

Emory Lucas, with wreck of worlds about him, retained just enough of his reason to read the growing surmise in startled gray eyes. To the Commissioner's third demand of, "Whose car is *this?*" punctuated by rapping, he made reply.

"Why, you see—you see, this car is a new one sent down from the northern factory branch, and what more natural than that Miss Millicent——"

The roaring sputter of a motorcycle took the lead in speech. A grim-jowled figure in khaki and puttees swept up alongside the roadster.

"Well, I got you."

Uncle Ed Abernathy's face turned three shades redder.

"Now, that's all right, McCarty."

Officer McCarty swung about and became aware of his superior's presence. His jaw sagged.

"Why, Commissioner!"

"We won't argue about speed this time," continued Uncle Abernathy. "Salesman from the northern branch. You met him when you were up there. But what I want to know is——"

"I never met him," said McCarty.

"What?" snapped the Commissioner.

"Nope."

Further elucidation on the part of J. McCarty was cut short by the poppity-pop of motorcycle number two sweeping into the driveway, and its rider darting out a large hand and catching E. Lucas by the wrist.

"Well, my buck, for all your twisting and turning, I got you."

Unable to become any redder, the Commissioner went back the other way in color, with white spots about his nostrils.

"That's all right, Shaughnessy! Forget about that speed. What I want to know is——"

"Huh, I ain't wantin' this bird for speed! I'm after him for stealing this bus. Coolest thing you ever heard of. Downtown. Owner hadn't been gone five minutes. Half the mounted force is out looking for it."

Uncle Abernathy thrust hand against fender and leaned heavily upon it. Miss Millicent gave a little cry. Uncle Abernathy first recovered speech—with a snorting, roaring explosion. He heaved himself upright and darted a fist under Emory's nose.

"I might have known it! I might have suspected it all the time! No wonder he tried to get away from you fellows! No wonder he drove the way he did." The Commissioner smacked a hand upon the fender crown; memory came surging back. "Why—why, my godfrey! Keep a good grip on him, Shaughnessy; he's the worst the city ever had! Stole the car, enticed my niece aboard under the impression it was her own, hoodwinked me, parroted about being a salesman and a racing driver, got us out into the country—— Why"—and the hand beat smacking tattoos—"I'll prefer charges; I'll prefer *forty* charges! Get him down to the station house before I start something with him right now."

Emory continued to stare at Miss Millicent. She raised her eyes; gray eyes that looked him through and through, scornfully, challengingly—hopefully. Still down-dropping, Emory plucked at speech in the pit of his stomach, and Officer Shaughnessy, searching busily about the front compartment of the car, gave a delighted bellow.

"Yep—here it is! Name of the man who reported the theft. Charles Pipp."

"Oh!" said Millicent, and turned swiftly away.

For a full moment Emory Lucas watched the retreating figure; then snapped back his head, spots of color flaming in his cheeks and his eyes going hard. He spoke, as though to himself, his voice low and vibrantly harsh. "All right, then!" but it was evident that things were the opposite of all right. He switched his eyes from Miss Millicent and fixed them on Officer Shaughnessy.

"You bet this is Charlie Pipp's car! Thanks for reminding me of it or I

might have forgotten it again. If I'd had the gumption to remember it in the first place, I'd have been a blamed sight better off." He swiveled his attention upon Uncle Abernathy. "Sure—go ahead and lock me up on forty counts. I've got it coming to me. Any man that's fool enough to try and save a fat-headed friend's bus from getting tagged, and is so witless that he doesn't know enough to contradict a good-looking young woman when she thinks it's hers, and is so backboneless that he lets an old man tell him about speed when he hardly knows the gear shift from the brake lever, and then goes out and drives in a way that would make a real racer's hair curl up ready for a mattress, and keeps on driving that way when all the time if the buzz-brained Charlie Pipp was along he'd be talking interior decorating at the Randall place—— When a man does all that——" Emory Lucas fought for breath and glowered at Uncle Abernathy.

Uncle Abernathy's eyes fairly protruded as Emory uttered the last phrase. With face an apoplectic carmine, and snapping his fingers, he launched into a counter-outburst.

"You infernal young whelp! Interior decorating at the Randall place, eh? Well, I've heard some liars in my time—you take cake, candles and frosting. But you've played your hand a little too hard. Before you go to decorate the interior of a jail let me tell you one thing: *this* is the Randall place, *I* am Mrs. Randall's brother. Now, boys, get him away, and get him away quick."

So much having already been said, there seemed nothing to comment on as the boys made ready; which enabled all and sundry to hear distinctly two voices that now arose on the far side of a hedge of flowering broom that masked a part of the Randall house.

"How do you do, Mrs. Randall! I rang and rang the front bell, but no one seemed to answer——"

"Oh, I'm so sorry. There appears to be some sort of disturbance in the rear drive, and I think that——"

"Well, I'm Charlie Pipp, and was to have brought out a friend with me to talk interior decorating, as you may remember, but a number of things have happened all at once. My car has been stolen and my friend has completely disappeared, so in hunting for the car I thought if I came by this way and explained——"

A clarion voice interrupted.

"You just come through that hedge and you won't have a thing to explain."

Charlie Pipp came, bringing part of the hedge with him. Pop-eyed, he took in Emory, Uncle Abernathy, Officers McCarty and Shaughnessy, Miss Millicent Randall, two roadsters, and Emory again—a grinning, radiant Emory, who looked as if he had vaulted into a ready-made heaven and life everlasting.

"Emory!" roared Charlie Pipp.

Emory shook his head.

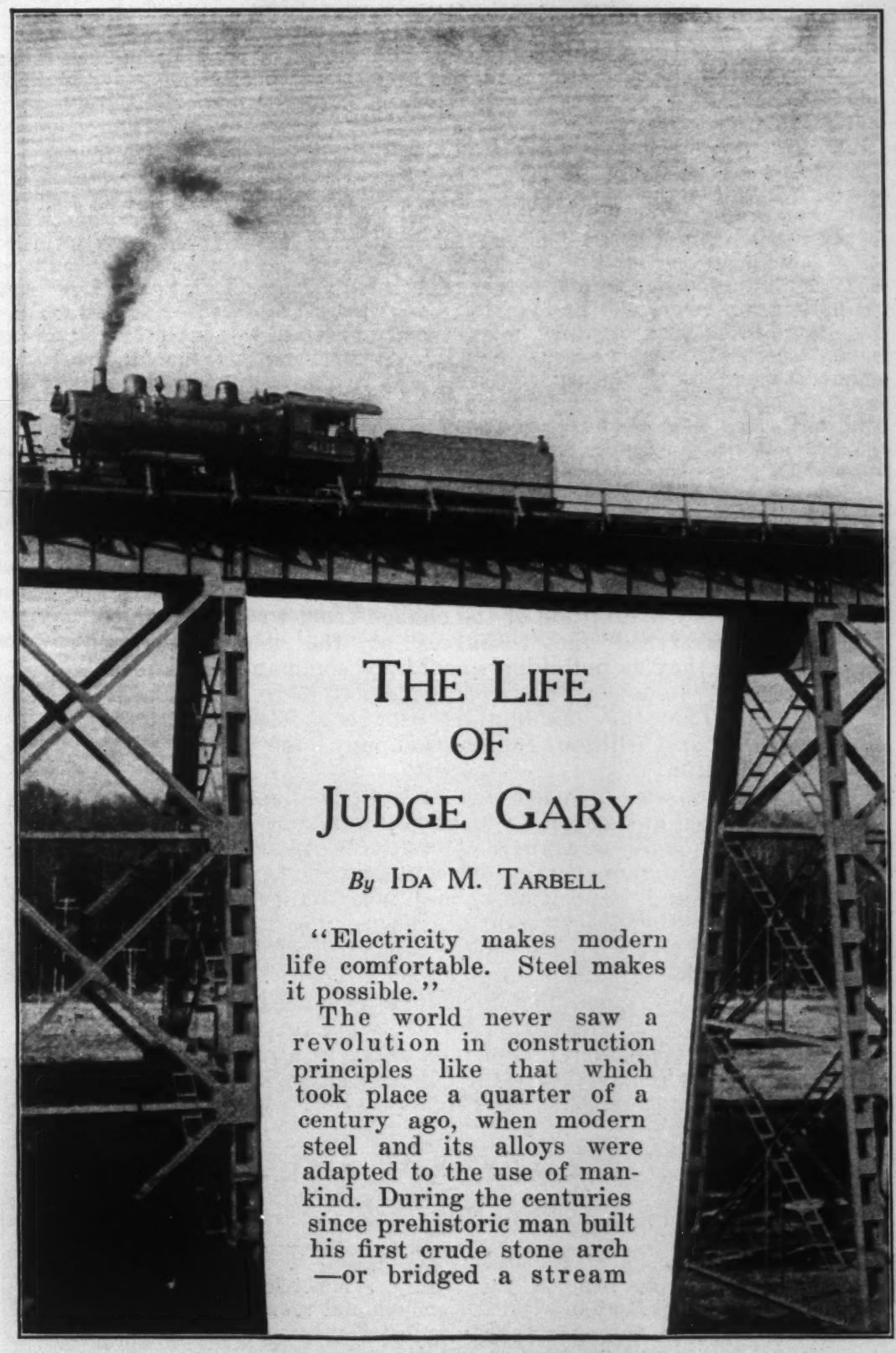
"Now, don't be too sure. It's been an afternoon of jumping at conclusions, and you'd better not get mixed up in it."

Whereupon the driveway for the next five minutes crackled with self-expression. Getting less than nowhere, the self-expressionists suddenly broke off, and Miss Millicent Randall, who had heretofore said nothing, was able to make a suggestion.

"Uncle, don't you think it time that Officers McCarty and Shaughnessy were back on their beats, and that you gave them a little something as a reward before they went? And wouldn't it be a better idea for the rest of us to discuss cars and interior decorators somewhere else than out here in the driveway?"

Uncle Abernathy gave a final and furious twist to an overly-twisted mustache. Miss Millicent was pointedly regarding a weather-vane on the roof of the garage, while Emory Lucas peered fixedly at the top of a brake lever. But before the inspection had begun, a glance had passed between the two, having its origin with Miss Millicent—a glance that held the summing up of all things; one which, being intercepted by Uncle Abernathy, had winged that rumpled veteran back thirty years.

"Well, I'll be——" said Uncle Abernathy. He started on the mustache again, but stopped. His keen eyes gleamed; a ghost of a smile played around his mouth. "All right, Millicent, you go in and get the tea things together. And if young Mr. Lucas is willing to come down to chauffering a tea wagon, how about letting him help you?"



THE LIFE OF JUDGE GARY

By IDA M. TARBELL

"Electricity makes modern life comfortable. Steel makes it possible."

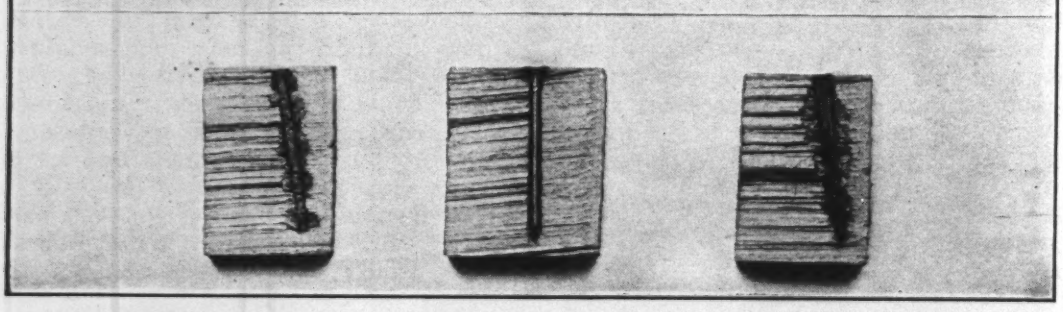
The world never saw a revolution in construction principles like that which took place a quarter of a century ago, when modern steel and its alloys were adapted to the use of mankind. During the centuries since prehistoric man built his first crude stone arch —or bridged a stream

The Cellini of the Twentieth Century works with Steel.

Wire Nail vs Cut Nail

Sections of wood blocks showing both cut nails and wire nails, driven to demonstrate their relative tearing effects on the wood fiber. Test made in the early '80's, when the wire nail was still struggling for a fair trial as against the long established and more expensive cut nail.

Donated in 1913 by Mr. Ernst Boley.



with a single tree trunk — no such innovation had been dreamed possible.

The very magnitude of the change from wrought iron to steel paralyzed the resources of the manufacturers. Because they as individuals could not command the capital necessary to convert their plants into steel mills, they combined. Then the combinations were consolidated into the world's first Billion Dollar Company, the U. S. Steel Corporation.

Morgan, who financed this colossal business amalgamation, placed at its head a Chicago lawyer, Judge Gary. And the story of Judge Gary's life is the real story of steel.

Born in a pioneer Illinois community, he rose rapidly to a commanding position in the Cook County courts. His reputation for honesty, shrewdness, and a rigid integrity of thought and purpose came to Morgan's attention. Then followed the invitation to go to New York.

In an age of questionable business practices, Gary firmly held to his principle that " to survive, a corporation must be good." This installment tells of the gradual adaptation of the Gary principles by the officers of the Steel Corporation.

CHAPTER VI

Who Shall Rule?

BOLDNESS in assuming responsibility explains no little of the power J. Pierpont Morgan wielded in the financial world throughout his active life. What he undertook he directed. When he made up his mind in 1901 that the only method by which it was possible to create in this country a truly symmetrical steel business—big enough and rounded enough to lead the industry throughout the world—he neither concealed his purpose nor shirked the obligations of his sponsorship. "The entire plan of organization

and management" of the United States Steel Corporation was to be determined by J. Pierpont Morgan & Company, he announced.

Visualize, if you can, this United States Steel Corporation which on April 1, 1901, began business under Mr. Morgan's plan. At its head there was a board of twenty-four Directors—picked by him. They came from banks—his own and his friend's, George F. Baker's—from the Law—the Stock Exchange—and from the boards of iron and steel companies which had been gathered into the Corporation. They included many a name famous in the business annals of the period—John D. Rockefeller, Henry Phipps, H. C. Frick, Marshall Field, Abram S. Hewitt, C. A. Griscom, W. E. Dodge, P. A. B. Widener.

The first task asked of the Directors was to appoint from their number executive and financial committees. Mr. Morgan had been so impressed by the success of the Standard Oil Company in handling its vast affairs through an executive committee which met regularly every day and which had, so to speak, the whole oil industry, not only of the United States but of the world, daily, even hourly, under its eye, he had decided that that was the way to run the Steel Corporation. Accordingly the by-laws drawn up by the Board created such an executive committee, empowered to direct the Corporation. The Chairman of this Committee had all its powers when it was not in session, and the Chairman whom Mr. Morgan chose for this important position was Judge Gary.

At the head of the Finance Committee was Mr. Morgan's favorite partner, Robert Bacon, a man beloved by everybody who knew him in the business world as well as in the world of diplomacy to which he was later transferred. Mr. Bacon was prepared for the position by his experience as one of the directors of the Federal Steel Company from its start, as well as by

Judge Gary on his farm.

liason work between his chief and Judge Gary when the latter was directing the organization of the Steel Corporation. Thus Mr. Morgan had closest to him in his gigantic enterprise two men who had been associated in his steel ventures for more than two years—men whom he trusted and who trusted one another.

This arrangement gave Judge Gary a powerful backing as Chairman of the Committee which was to run the Corporation. Whether it was strong enough, however, remained to be seen, for this Committee was no meek and truckling group. Six of its members, by order of the by-laws, were men who had had "personal experience in the conduct of one or the other branches of manufacture or mining or of transportation in which the company is interested;" and some of them at least had the practical man's doubt—if not contempt—of steel men trained in other schools—the law, for instance!

Most important officially among these practical men of the Committee was Charles M. Schwab, former president of the Carnegie Steel Company—the man who had taken Mr. Morgan up into a high mountain at a famous dinner in the previous December and given him such a realistic view of the iron and steel world of the future that he had gone out and done what he had repeatedly refused to do in the preceding two years—bought out Mr. Carnegie!

Mr. Schwab had been made president of the Corporation. His function, according to the by-laws, was to carry out in the subsidiaries the directions of the Executive Committee.

But what was the aggregation which the Board of Directors and the committees and officers it had created were to run? It is more difficult to visualize. As a matter of fact, it was the greatest medley of properties and plants and of what was quite as important—though less obviously so to the country—of industrial experiences, traditions, methods, attitudes of mind, that had ever been brought together in any previous undertaking. It was a corporation made up of corporations fully officered, nine of the eleven different companies in the combination being hardly out of their swaddling clothes, the oldest, the Federal Steel Company, less than three years old.

Into each of these several concerns had gone frequently scores of different plants; in the case of the Tin Plate Company it amounted to 265. Certain of the combinations had been going through a consolidating process for a good many years. Thus, into the American Steel and Wire Company of New Jersey there had gone not only twenty-seven independent companies but the big Illinois aggregation which, as we have already seen, Judge Gary had put together in 1898 and which had in turn included the Consolidated Wire Company which he had formed in 1892.

If many of the plants combined were young, many were old. In the wire concern was the powerful Worcester Works, dating back to 1833. The nucleus of the Illinois Steel Company was a little iron works erected in Chicago in 1857—the plant where, in 1864, the first American steel rail was made. For miles along the banks of the rivers which unite at Pittsburgh to make the Ohio—the

Youghiogheny, Allegheny and Monongahela — were scattered great steel and iron mills, grown from little forges set up years and years before in the back yard of some enterprising blacksmith. Philadelphia was another such nucleus—plants born of "forges with engines, besides other Buildings and Erections," as that in their neighborhood, into which the great-great-grandfather of Abraham Lincoln had bought in 1722, is described in the records of the day.

The United States Steel Corporation was a vast compilation—an encyclopedia, if you please, of industrial history.

But if the richest history in the industry went into the combination, so did the richest experience —experience in invention, in methods of manufacturing and marketing, experience in management, in handling labor, in meeting the demands of seemingly omnivorous consumers.

It was a great aggregation of trained men—men like Abram S. Hewitt, who had begun manufacturing spikes, bolts and rivets at Trenton, New Jersey, back in the 40's and whose pamphlet on "Iron and Steel in the United States," presented at the Paris Exposition of 1867, is one of the industrial masterpieces of the time. Mr. Hewitt at Mr. Morgan's personal solicitation had gone onto the Board and later sold his works to the Corporation —the Nestor of the iron and steel family, they called him. There were men like Percival Roberts, Jr., trained in the Pencoyd Iron Works, established by his grandfather in the 50's; men like Frank Baackes, whose father had helped start the first wire nail mill in the country—this was in Kentucky in the 70's; men like William Edenborn, who had learned wire-making in Germany, had built mills, joined each successive combination in the trade and had invented a succession of useful improvements in machinery and processes; men like F. C. Daniels, chief engineer of the American Steel and Wire Company —a man who when he died in 1913 had 151 patents to his credit.

The aggregation was not richer in trained managers than in experienced workers. It took in the great body of Carnegie iron and steel workers that had begun their training under Captain Billy Jones and whose loyalty and enthusiasm over him no union had ever been able to shake. There were the skilled rollers of Vandergrift—the pupils of George McMurtry—owners of their own homes, members of their town council, wardens of their churches and members of their school board. And there were men who knew how to make tin plate, to draw wire, to turn out every variety of structural steel. 168,000 of skilled and unskilled workers went into the United States Steel Corporation in 1901.

These men were strong as individuals: the plants they had created partook of their character-

istics; that is, no two of the plants were alike and none could be successful and happy unless its individualism was respected and a certain latitude in working out special problems and devolping special talents was allowed.

How could the New York head know this, or realize its importance? I have heard more than once some leader of a large and prosperous unit, which went into the aggregation, tell of his sinking of heart when he considered that probably he must henceforth submit decisions to a distant and, to him, impersonal authority. It was impossible they should understand, he said. Many a serious student looking on declared positively that no such aggregation could ever be united, that the most serious part of the problem was welding the human elements.

It could not be welded, said the critics, and it could not be floated—it was bound to sink in its own water. You will find this prophesied in the writing of more than one of the ablest financial commentators of the time. How about this water? What is "water" in the financial vocabulary? Its professed purpose is to increase capital quickly in order to cover expected larger earnings. It is a system of borrowing on the potentiality of a business. If we can get this money, the promoter tells the public, we can expand our business immediately, earning profits sufficient to make the stock or bonds you buy worth a hundred or more per cent on a dollar and pay you dividends—turn the "water" to gold.

In 1901 the country had seen too much watering of capital, done purely and simply for the purpose of speculating with the stocks created, not to have a grave suspicion of the proposed financing of the United States Steel Corporation. A capitalization of $1,100,000,000 and a bonded indebtedness over $300,000,000 were outrageously out of proportion to the real values—the tangible assets on which they were based—so said the public.

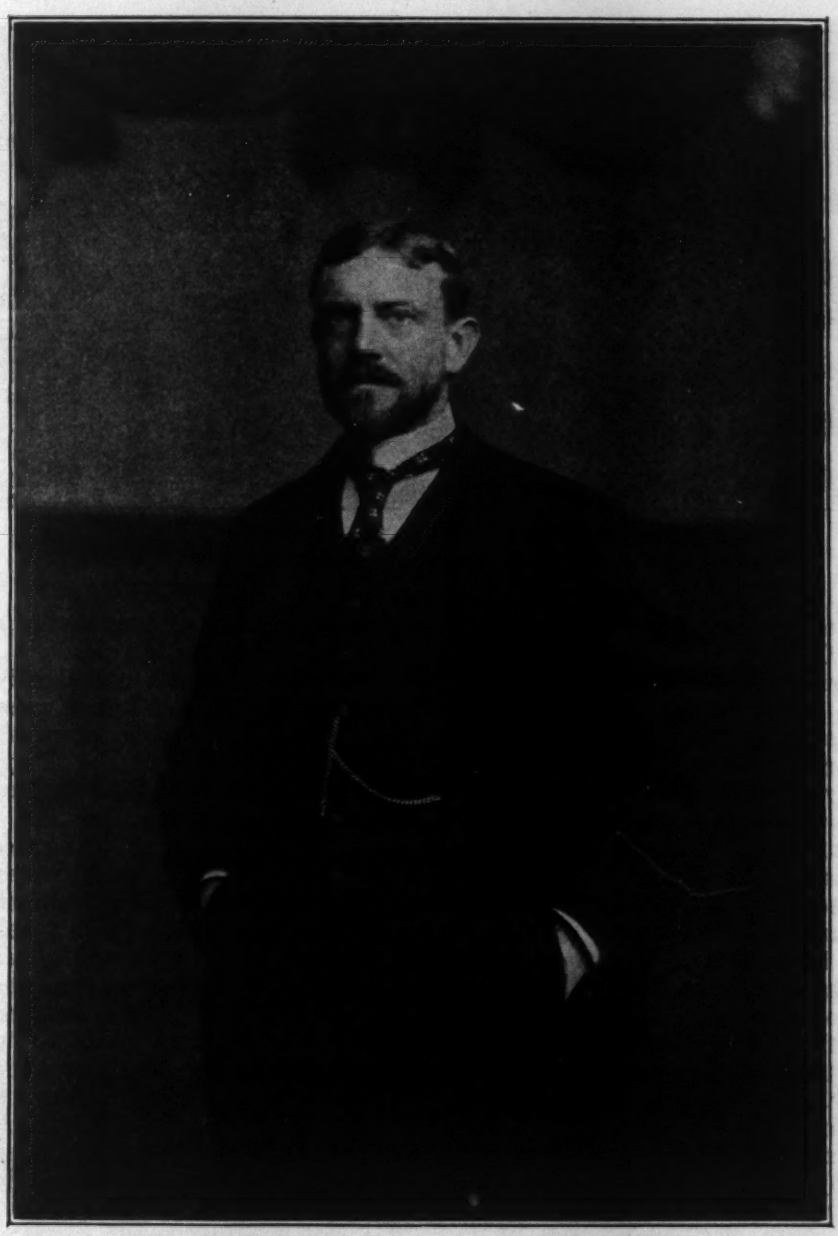
What were the "tangible assets" of the Steel Corporation in 1901? There has always been a contest on that point. You still hear able and shrewd business men declare heatedly that they were not a third of the billion dollar capitalization, and this was the opinion of more than one student of finance at the time.

At various periods since the incorporation of the Steel Corporation, government agencies have tried to estimate the value of the tangible property in 1901. The Bureau of Corporations in 1911 set it down as $682,053,385, but in making this estimate it put in ores and coke and coal fields at not far from the original cost. This left the intangible assets of the Corporation at $721,328,839. What were these "intangibles?"

In making its appraisements the Bureau of Corporations made no attempt to cover them. That is, it left out the deciding factor in watered capital, and that is the public demand for the production it is proposed to speed up, the brains—business, financial and scientific—the experience in affairs and operations, the code of business ethics, the definiteness and security of the conception of the undertaking in the minds of those who are launching it.

A more important question about the Steel Corporation in 1901 than the value of its tangible properties was the purpose of its founders. Was it primarily to do business? Or was it to unload on confiding investors great blocks of stock made up, as many critics contended, of pure water—not a pound of iron or steel in them? Was its purpose to build up a monopoly in iron and steel—stifling, one after another, the considerable number of good sized competitors that were outside the combination? Or was it as Judge Gary, "speaking on my own responsibility," had declared when in his judgment the first rumors of the aggregation made some expression necessary: "It is not intended to obtain control of any line of business, or to create any monopoly or trust, or in any way antagonize any principle or policy of the law."

One cannot study the varying elements which Mr. Morgan had brought together in the Board and in the Committees which were to establish the purpose and the policies of the new concern without realizing that there was considerable ground for the suspicion of the public; that there was a will both to speculation and to monopoly represented in the venture. More than one of the gentlemen on that Board had had the habit of joyfully participating in great stock market raids. As for monopoly, the



Yours truly
Percival Roberts

Percival Roberts, who resigned from the Executive Committee because "he could not harmonize his views with those of Mr. Schwab."

concern which had created and operated the most nearly perfect monopoly we have seen in the United States—the Standard Oil Company—was represented by its strongest leaders, Messieurs John D. Rockefeller, senior and junior, and H. H. Rogers; and as for stifling competition, the greatest advocate of that robust policy which ever operated, the Carnegie Company, was

The first cable drawn street car on a San Francisco hill. It belonged to the age of iron and wood that preceded the age of steel.

represented by Mr. Schwab, Mr. Frick, and Mr. Gayley. The only one of the twenty-four gentlemen of the Board of Directors of the Steel Corporation, so far as I can find from a search of the public prints, who had openly and repeatedly declared that the purpose of the concern was in no way antagonistic to the public good was its Chairman, Judge Gary. But Judge Gary was, we must remember, Mr. Morgan's chosen spokesman.

As we have seen above, the by-laws ordered the Executive Committee to run the Corporation, and the ranking officers of this Committee—that is, the chief executive officer—was Judge Gary, while Mr. Schwab, President of the Corporation, was to see that the orders of the Executive Committee were carried out by the subsidiaries—an operating head, he might be called.

It was natural, I think, that Mr. Schwab from the first should have mistrusted the form of organization which Mr. Morgan had chosen. His experience had been confined to the Carnegie concern in which the president was an all-powerful figure. He believed that Committee government was impracticable, said so—and acted so!

There were members of the Executive Committee who agreed with him, among them the majority of the practical men. Thus, at the very start of the attempt to bring unison into these hundreds of plants with their diversified experiences, prejudices, practices, talents, the governing body was divided on the essential point of, Who was to rule.

Mr. Schwab went confidently ahead, but it was not long before members of the Committee became alarmed by the powers he had assumed. They considered themselves responsible, under the plan of organization, for the way the Corporation was run. That meant that Mr. Schwab must take orders from them, not give orders independently; and when on the first of July he brought in a plan of operation which practically eliminated, as far as he was concerned, the work of the Executive Committee, there was a very frank discussion. Judge Gary remarked that this seemed to him a very different plan from that Mr. Morgan had in mind, and in this Mr. Percival Roberts, Jr., backed him up. Mr. Roberts said he had been considerably troubled over the matter. The by-laws had made the Committee responsible for duties which they were not performing. The question was, whether it was best to operate by a committee or directly by a chief executive officer as Mr. Schwab thought. If it was to be the latter, then the by-laws ought to be changed.

The discussion became so heated, veered so close to personalities, that Chairman Gary read them a lecture. It would be a bad thing for the Committee to go into a discussion, such as they apparently were having, before the Board of Directors, he said. They should avoid even the appearance of being per-

sonal in the conduct of affairs. There was trouble enough on hand (as indeed there was as we shall see later, the day of the discussion being the day that the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers precipitated the first strike with which the Corporation had to deal); they should take it to Mr. Morgan, he was responsible for the plan they were trying to execute, responsible for the concern. If the plan was to be changed it should be by his approval. The upshot of all this discussion was the proposal of a resolution which shows very well the state of affairs inside the Steel Corporation's governing body three months after it began to do business.

* * * * *

AND WHEREAS, the President has stated that in his judgment the business of the Company cannot be successfully conducted by complying with the requirements of the by-laws as above stated, and that therefore it is necessary for him to disregard the same, therefore

RESOLVED, That it is the sense of this Committee that unless the by-laws be amended by due and regular action as therein provided for, the President be and is hereby requested to furnish this Committee with full reports of the operations of the Company, and submit for their information and decision all matters requiring their supervision as set forth in the by-laws, or that a full statement of the differences of opinion now existing between the several members of the Executive Committee upon this subject be submitted to the Board of Directors for such action as they may deem advisable.

A dispute of this nature cannot be settled by resolution. It cannot be kept inside the disputing body, however desirable the good of an undertaking makes it. It is bound to spread, men are bound to take sides, and that is what now happened. The cleavage increased, imperiling what Judge Gary had from the start set forth as the most important business of the Corporation—set forth to Mr. Morgan before it went into action—and that was the necessity of demonstrating to the public that their intentions were good. If this was not done, he had warned Mr. Morgan, it was his judgment that the Government would not allow so large an amalgamation to live.

From the very first, at meetings of the Board of Directors, of Executive and Financial Committees, Judge Gary had seized opportunities to insist to his colleagues that this demonstration be their first thought. Now, how did he propose to demonstrate that their inten-

A battery of corporation seals.

tions were good? If we attempt to tabulate his points which, of course, came out gradually as events forced attention, it was by considering public opinion; by giving out frankly and honestly all the information asked about the way the Corporation was conducting its business; by being particularly cordial to stockholders; by no longer damning the Government any more than the public, but by trying to meet it half way, working with, not against; by instructing the operative body that all violations of the law, however advantageous and long continued, must be ended; by putting an end to the old methods of competition; by considering, not bludgeoning labor.

The lectures gradually took hold. Shortly there began to be heard inside business circles the term "Gary policies," uttered often with something which bordered on a sneer. One director who dropped out of Board meetings at the end of the first three months is said to have given as a reason that while he believed in Sunday School, he did not believe in turning a business into a Sunday School.

It was, of course, a novel, and to many of the gentlemen an amusing, if not irritating experience, to sit at a Board where the Chairman lectured them on primary ethics. What had ethics to do with business? It was obvious that from the point of view of Judge Gary they had everything to do with the future of the Steel Corporation. As a matter of fact, he was staking its life on whether or not it was possible to incorporate into its practices the teachings to which he was treating the gentlemen.

One of the first points on which Judge Gary came to a contest with his fellows was that of respect for public opinion. The classic attitude was the one so tersely expressed in Mr. Vanderbilt's famous phrase, "The public be damned." It had been generally, and often advantageously, observed by those who were directing large affairs. Now, Judge Gary had very definite ideas about the value of public opinion. He did not believe that any human undertaking could establish itself on a permanent basis without public confidence, and he realized that you could not long have public confidence unless you took the pains to talk frankly to the public through its established channels—the representatives of the press who came knocking at your door, the representatives of the government that called you before its investigating committees. Your business was to satisfy the doubts and enlighten the ignorance of the public. In the two years and more that he had been at the head of the Federal Steel Company, he had made that his practice. If one will look through the press records of that time, the reports of the industrial investigation which went on in 1899, he will find frequent and apparently frank expressions of opinions by Judge Gary on all sorts of matters concerning his own company, and steel and iron conditions in general. Indeed, in the Investigation of 1899, carried on by the Industrial Commission, he had emphasized in his examination his belief that the way to meet public criticism and possible dangers from large corporations was by full publicity.

What he had said is worth paraphrasing:

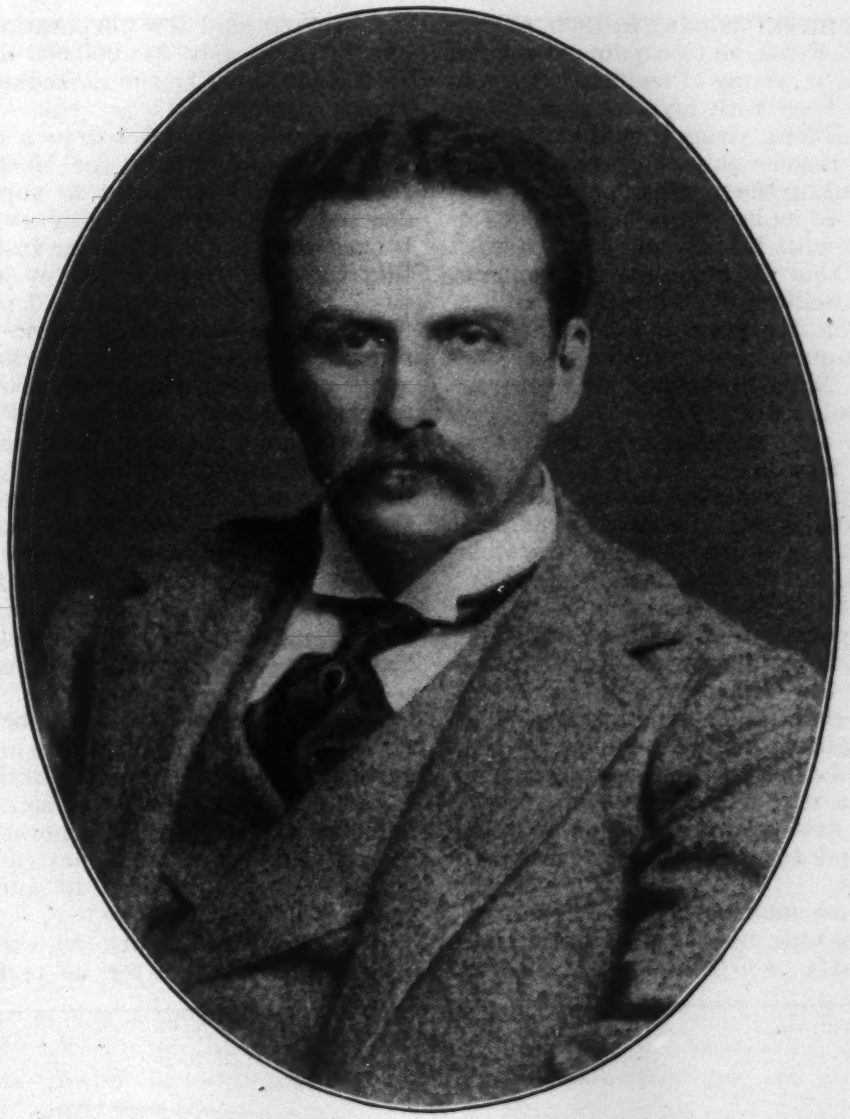
The affairs of a great corporation should not be kept secret.

The great benefit from such a Commission as this is that it gives an opportunity to ascertain fully facts over which the public mind is disturbed, to distribute information.

There are always two sides to great questions. Frequently it is the laboring man who is abused, frequently the corporation, and frequently it is the public. Laws governing corporations are sometimes too liberal, sometimes too harsh. What the public needs is knowledge of the facts.

People are not so dishonest that they will not do the fair thing if they have full information. People should be brought together. Laboring men and capital should be brought together. We should know all the facts, consider and decide these questions on evidence.

An example of his intention to hold to this policy came early in the life of the Corporation, when it began to be pointed out as an example of the extravagant management of the new concern, that Mr. Schwab was receiving a salary of $1,000,000. Mr. Schwab did not say no, and after two or three days Judge Gary took pains to tell the newspaper men that this was a mistake, that Mr.



Robert Bacon, "Mr. Morgan's favorite partner."

Schwab was receiving a salary of $100,000. The President of the Steel Corporation did not particularly enjoy this correction. He may have felt that the reputation of a million-dollar salary was not a bad thing in the gay, new world which he had entered on coming to New York. At any rate, if it was to be corrected, it was for him to do so. Now, the truth about the story, which was very widely spread, and which I have found people believing even to-day, seems to have been this:

When Mr. Carnegie reorganized the

Carnegie Steel Company in 1900, eliminating Mr. Frick, he took pains to reward handsomely young President Schwab, who had been both loyal and useful to him in his long struggle with a partner who had become obnoxious, particularly in persuading the younger partners generally to do as he was doing. It was in harmony with his lifelong custom with favorites that Carnegie made a contract with Mr. Schwab to give him five million dollars for five years. When the Carnegie Company went into the Steel Corporation, Mr. Schwab laid this contract before Judge Gary.

"What are you going to do about this, Judge?" he asked.

The answer was, "Nothing. Get rid of it—that is Mr. Carnegie's affair."

Mr. Carnegie did in some way take care of it, but the transaction crept out as a million-dollar salary paid by the Steel Corporation—a mistake that Judge Gary felt it was important for the reputation of the Corporation to correct at once. Perhaps the correction has never fully caught up with the rumor.

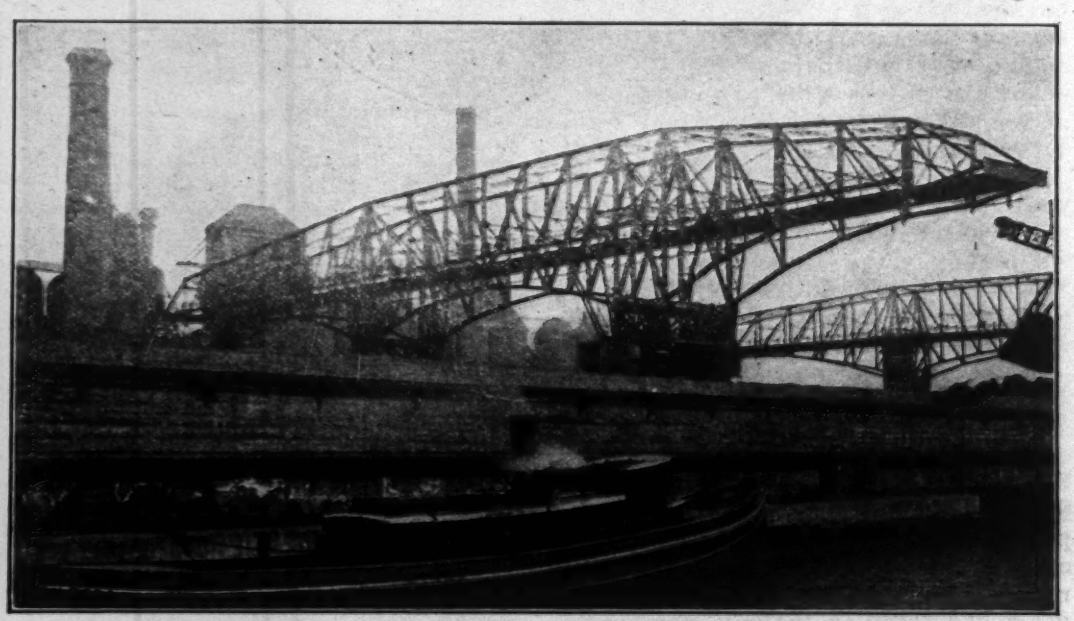
The question of publicity came up again in a new way at the end of 1901 when the first report was made to stockholders and aroused sharp discussion in the Board.

It was an amazing report. The earnings in the nine months of operation had been nearly $85,000,000—after dividends were paid the Corporation had a surplus of nearly $44,000,000 on hand. It did not look like the immediate bankruptcy prophesied!

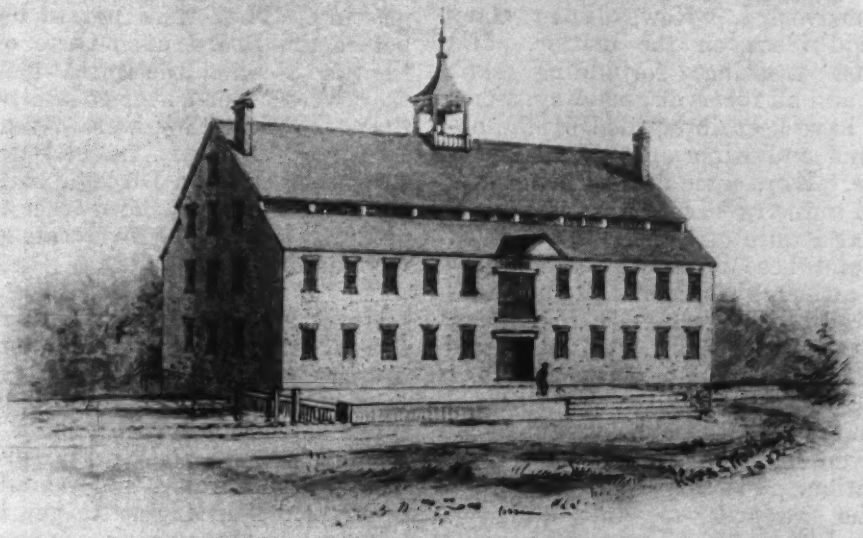
Moreover, the report drew a dazzling picture of the outlook for 1902—every facility would be taxed to supply the demand. Shipments of business actually booked were being called for faster than they could be supplied. Many products were sold nearly to the end of the year.

The most interesting point in this showing was that the profits had been made without an advance in price. The report emphasized this fact. Prices of iron and steel products could have been easily advanced, it claimed, so tremendous were the orders and so eager the consumers to have quick execution. There had been many offers of larger prices; but the Corporation had firmly held to the policy that existing ones were high enough to yield a fair return on capital and maintain the properties in satisfactory physical condition. In the long run everybody would be better served, not only the companies and their customers, but the general business of the country, if stability was maintained. It looked as if the Steel Corporation was beginning by an effort to flatten out the business cycle—prevent up and down peaks, if it could be done.

It was a fine report, so everybody agreed, but when, after its reading at



To found the U. S. Steel Corporation meant that it was necessary to control or own docks and transportation lines as well as ore fields and furnaces.



Original Building - Erected in 1834
Dimensions 40 by 100 feet

On the site of the present North Works of the American Steel & Wire Company, Grove Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

The building faced the south. The western or Grove Street half was occupied by Phelps & Bickford, loom makers; the eastern half (from which one looked across a narrow strip of pasture land to Prescott Street) contained in 1834, Ichabod Washburn's wire factory. Mr. Washburn had recently removed from Northville, 1 1/4 miles distant, where he and Benjamin Goddard began the manufacture of wire in 1831.

The above original drawing was made in 1882 by Mr. John C. Woodbury and donated by him to the Industrial Museum in 1910.

the meeting of the Board of Directors, Judge Gary announced that he proposed at once to give it to the public, there was some demurring. Henry Rogers of the Standard Oil Company was a member of the Board, and I have heard Judge Gary tell how, after the Board had disbanded, he came into his private office. "Such a handsome figure of a man," the Judge is sure to say—and in that he certainly is right.

"Judge Gary," he said, "do you mean that you are going to give out that report to the newspapers?"

"I do," he replied.

"Now, Judge, I am an older man than you; I have been longer in business. Some day you will have a poor report, what will you do then?"

"Give it out, Mr. Rogers, give it out."

Mr. Rogers straightened himself up, looked the Judge in the eye, and shaking his finger at him said, "You won't do it." But that, of course, remained to be seen.

Several of the members of the Board of Directors were outraged because they had not had a chance at the report before it was given out. That was the practice in more than one corporation with which

they had been connected, and this inside or advance information was useful to them in buying or selling on the stock market. Some of them had added handsome slices to their fortunes by this kind of manœuvering. Now, Judge Gary had rigid ideas on the matter. His Methodist training, forbidding card playing and all forms of gambling, seems only to have been intensified by the observations and experience of his business life. Ever since he had come into the steel industry he had been associated with that Prince of Gamblers, John W. Gates, and here on the Board of Directors, although Gates was absent, there were several of his peers—H. H. Rogers, N. B. Ream, H. C. Frick, P. A. B. Widener. They loved gaming, for big or little stakes. So strong was this instinct in these gentlemen that it asserted itself even in the Board Room of the Corporation. A twenty-dollar gold-piece was the reward for attending a Directors' meeting. There were usually a few absentees, and to Judge Gary's amazement he found that those present claimed the fees of those who were not. At first they divided them pro rata. (The Judge will tell you that he did not like it, though he confesses he took his share at first, not wanting to make them feel that he thought himself better than the rest of them!) Finally, Mr. Rogers suggested that they match for them, and this was done for some time. Judge Gary finally came out resolutely with a declaration that the performance was not becoming to the members of a Board of Directors.

"I told them," he says, "that I was brought up not to believe in gambling and I thought the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation should set a good example." They gave it up finally, but it took time. "I think H. H. Rogers was the only one that really listened to me and finally agreed to what I said. Frick finally came around to that point of view, but I don't think the rest ever did."

It is easy to see that there was an element of the Board of Directors that considered their Chairman a curiously pious fellow for such a position.

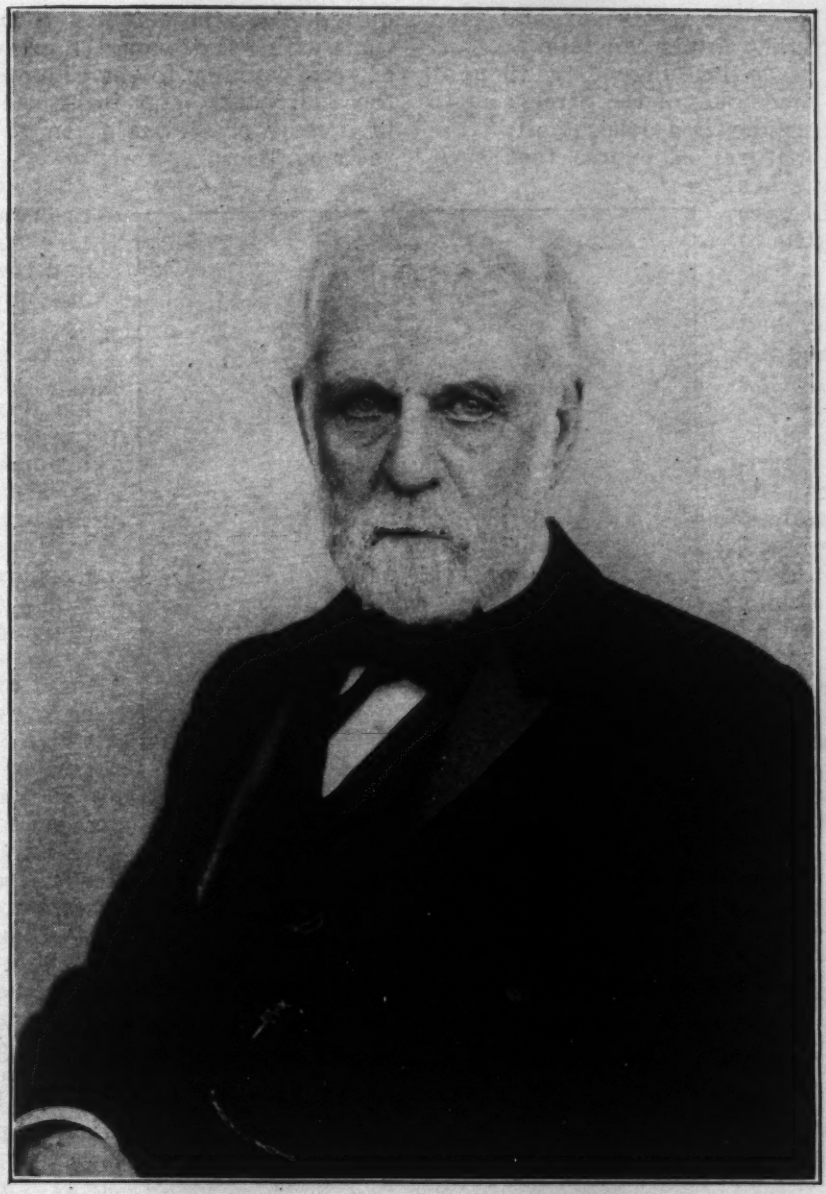
When it came to giving the Board the Steel Corporation report before the stockholders and the public had it, Gary was obdurate. The Corporation, he told them flatly, was not to be managed for the stock market. To prevent this he had issued an order that the comptroller give the figures to nobody, not even to himself, until the day of the Directors' meeting. They were not to be placed before the Board until three o'clock—the time at which the market closed, and they were turned over to the public at the same time they were given to the Directors. That is, he had devised a scheme by which a Director had no better opportunity on the market than the public at large. The inveterate gamblers were at first very angry.

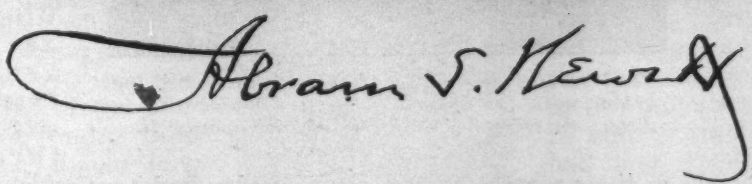
"As a matter of fact," insists Judge Gary, "I always thought this use of inside information by directors—very common at the time—was akin to robbery of their own stockholders, and I had no hesitation in making my disapproval of it so clear that everybody on the Board would understand. They finally gave up trying to get information from me, though in one case one of our Directors went to our treasurer or comptroller to get it. But I was able to stop that. It was wrong in principle and it set a bad example. How could we expect our officers and employees not to speculate if the members of the Board did it?"

Another Gary policy that irritated particularly his fellow lawyers was his insistence that the stockholders who came to annual meetings, as they had the right to, should not only be allowed to speak but should be invited to do so. An incident of the first meeting which found its way into the newspapers—largely because of its contrast with current practice—concerned the attempt of a visiting stockholder to speak to a motion. The man was on his feet when one of the lawyers present rose to a point of order.

"I cannot entertain it," the Judge said. There was an immediate protest from the legal representatives, but Judge Gary took occasion to read them one of his little lectures.

"This is our first meeting. We are establishing a precedent, and that precedent is that any stockholder that has anything to say shall be heard. I am not willing that this speaker be interrupted. Stockholders have a right to talk in a stockholders' meeting. We have announced that they shall be open





Abram S. Hewitt, "whose pamphlet 'Iron and Steel in the United States,' which was presented at the Paris Exposition in 1867, is one of the industrial masterpieces of that time."

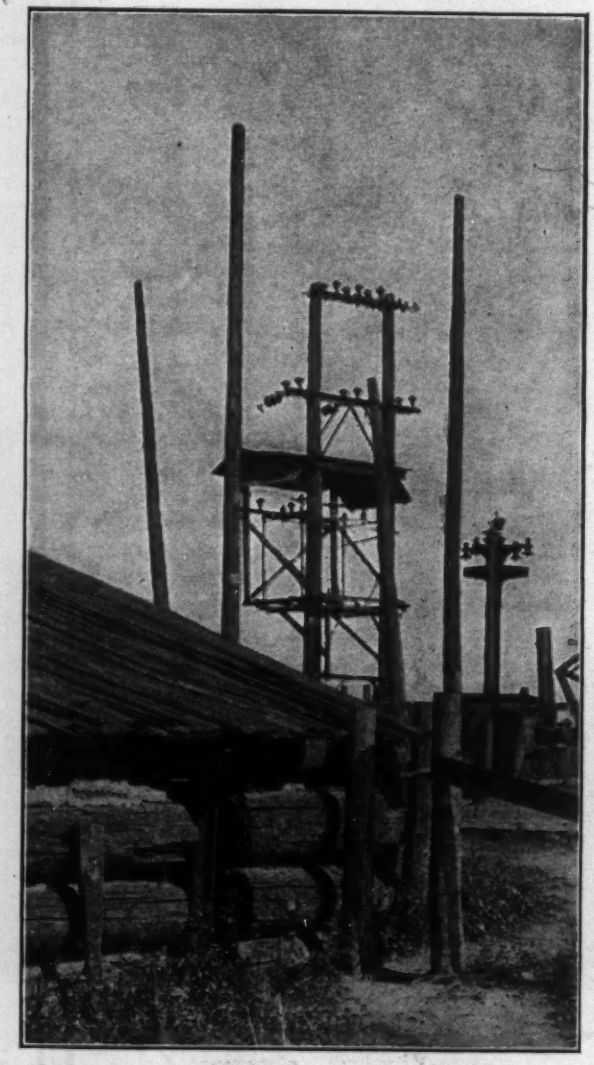
and free, and I mean that they shall be."

One reason for his insistence at that moment, probably was that stockholders' meetings had become a joke in New York. A current Wall Street story illustrates the attitude of corporation officers and lawyers toward them. P. A. B. Widener was presiding at a meeting—not of the Steel Corporation—when a stockholder rose to object to a resolution. "Hold on," called Widener,

"we will pass the resolution, and then everybody that wants can talk."

"This," says the Judge, "was thought astute, a good joke, in the Street; but I did not consider it a joke at all."

It was natural of course that such encounters as this should have done no little to intensify a feeling against Gary that had existed from the start in the legal profession of New York. It was inevitable that the distinguished lawyers grouped around Mr. Morgan should have felt a certain jealousy of the place they saw Gary steadily winning with their patron. What was he but a Western lawyer?—an interloper? And all this talk about right and fairness, what had it to do with the law? The law was a matter of intricate technicalities—a marvelous intellectual game. Why drag in moral homilies? That is, there was very much the same feeling among lawyers about his attitude in these matters that there was among business men.



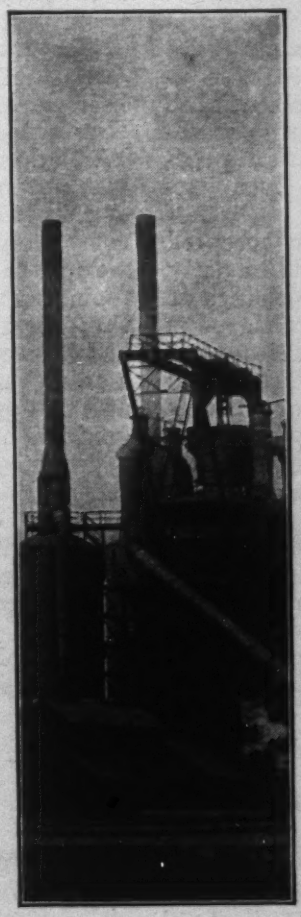
Steel carried civilization to the frontier. A log cabin with split pine shingles—beside it an American wire fence and an electric power line.

Secretary Hoover in a recent talk to the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, told them that the mile stone which marks the passage from a trade to a profession is the establishment of group ethics. He pointed out that in the law, medicine, engineering, it is not only training and skill which is required, it is the elevated code of relations with fellow men, the incorporation of responsibility to the community into the daily task, the insistence upon a high sense of service given, that marks their distinction. Twenty-five years ago Judge Gary was arousing both the irritation and the ridicule of powerful associates and running the risk of destroying his own opportunities in the business world insisting that the first business of the Corporation of which he was chairman should be this establishment of "group ethics," of which Secretary Hoover talks.

But all of this seemed to intensify the division as to who was to rule. The handling of every matter which came before the Executive Committee was soon affected by what was rapidly becoming a political cleavage. The situation became so acute that Percival Roberts, Jr., who through all the difficulty had been insisting that the by-laws must be obeyed until they were officially changed, resigned. The newspapers of the day report him as saying that he had resigned "because he could not harmonize his views on the general policy of the Steel Corporation with those of Mr. Schwab." I have heard Mr. Roberts say in talking of these difficulties: "The crowd naturally had dif-

ferent ideas of running the Corporation. There was a banker's idea and a stock-broker's idea. There were able men at the head of the subsidiary companies, but they had different points of view. There were only a few that regarded it not as a combination but as a consolidation. Gary had to handle a basket of cats and dogs, and, if he had not been a man of infinite patience, the clash of these different points of view would have been too much for him, as it was for me."

It was rumored at one time in the newspapers that it was becoming too much for Judge Gary; that he was "to leave" or "be ousted." It was not known at the time, and is not generally known now, I think, that it did come to such a point in this first year's struggle over policies that he considered resigning. Judge Gary knew—nobody better—that in the final analysis the policies of the Corporation depended upon Mr. Morgan's support, and in these early months he came to feel that Mr. Morgan was not heartily supporting him, that he was leaning toward the Carnegie methods as represented by Mr. Schwab, president of the Corporation. It looked to him, too, as if the majority of the Board was in favor of those policies. Now, it was but human that many of the men on the Board of the Steel Corporation should have lined themselves up with the leader whom they believed the stronger—with Mr. Morgan. It was natural that some of the Morgan partners, under these circumstances, should have leaned in the same way, for at the start it was pretty generally believed by them that Mr. Schwab was Mr. Morgan's favorite. It was he that had said the word which had finally induced the banker to go into a combination to which he had been urged for two years without effect. It was Mr. Schwab who, in the first months of the Steel Corporation, occupied the center of the picture. A dashing figure he was, too, with his tradition of power and a million-dollar salary, his tremendous buoyant joy in his new position and what it was bringing him. It was Mr. Schwab's movements and words that were chronicled at this time, not Judge Gary's; and when, early in the first months of 1902, President Schwab took a vacation and it was cabled back to New York that he was breaking the Bank at Monte Carlo, there was enormous public interest in his performance—though it was rumored that Mr. Morgan was disturbed, fearing the effect the publicity might have on steel stocks!



This could not go on, Judge Gary thought, and he finally went to the great banker.

"Mr. Morgan," he said, "I think that my day of usefulness in the Steel Corporation is over."

"Why? Why?" snapped Mr. Morgan. "What do you mean? You promised to stand by me, be my friend as well as my lawyer."

"Yes, I did, Mr. Morgan, but that implied that you would stand by me."

"And have I not done it?" Mr. Morgan asked. "I could not do a thing without you."

And then Judge Gary set down his notions. The Directors had not caught his idea; he was meeting continual opposition. This was not a personal question. It was a matter of the life of the Corporation. It it was to live and succeed, it must be run in the way that he had laid down. He went over again his idea of playing fairly and frankly with the public, of considering in all dealings only the good of the Corporation and its stockholders, not the good of its directors and officers; of keeping firmly to the original purpose of acquiring nothing which was not essential in completing their rounded proposition. Mr.

Morgan listened to the end of his talk.

"I didn't know that you felt this way, Judge Gary," he said. "Now, you go back and, from this time on, when you want me to do anything or say anything, all you have to do is to tell me. You needn't explain. Just say, 'Do so and so,' and I will do it." And I have heard Judge Gary in telling this story comment, "And he never broke his promise."

The Judge went back to his work. It was not only Mr. Morgan that influenced him, but his sense of responsibility to the stockholders of the concern. He was thoroughly convinced that the United States Steel Corporation could not live except by bringing itself into accord with the policies that he had in mind. He must do his part toward preventing the loss to individuals and the demoralization of business which its failure would cause. He must have shrunk from the long process of education which he realized was essential to convert his associates and then to establish throughout the Corporation practices which would harmonize even partially with his notions.

If he could not get his ideas accepted by the men with whom he was in daily contact, there was little or no chance of bringing the vast and scattered groups which made up the subsidiaries to a different attitude toward business methods. If ever a man in our industrial life undertook a difficult task, it was Judge Gary, after withdrawing the notice that he had given Mr. Morgan that he was thinking of quitting.

The friction at the top must first be stopped. It came from rivalries between committees and heads of committees, between chairman and president. The minutes of the Corporation show plainly the attempt that Judge Gary now made to help reorganize and readjust the management, for he was chairman of a special committee which greatly curtailed the importance of the Executive Committee—as a matter of fact, put it on the road to extinction. This Committee defined his own duties precisely as well of those of the President. Under the new arrangement it really became a matter of ability, character and attention to business which decided who was to rule.

The new plan went into effect at once, and a year later, in August of 1903, a second readjustment of the organization was made. This was done largely because Mr. Schwab resigned. He had been ill for many months. He also had become absorbed in affairs outside of the Corporation, like the United States Ship Building Trust. W. E. Corey, a Carnegie partner, took his place.

The Executive Committee now went out of existence, its functions having been largely assumed by the Finance Committee, of which by this time George W. Perkins was chairman. Judge Gary was now made Chairman of the Board of Directors. As Mr. Perkins had been completely won over to the new chairman by the spirit of accommodation and disinterestedness which he had shown throughout the stormy times that they had been seeing, it looked as if there was a fair chance now of as much harmony at the top as is possible in human organizations. The prospect was the more hopeful by August of 1903 because in the period which we have been following the organization had weathered among other things a severe attack on the part of organized labor, and it had also succeeded in deciding the difficult matter of whether or no it was to have a labor policy. It is to that story which we will now turn.

NEXT MONTH

Influential members of the Steel Corporation decided that in their judgment, the corporation was not an employer of labor. Its subsidiaries could deal with labor, each in its own way.

Judge Gary opposed this view, as did the Amalgamated Iron & Steel Workers. Then they went out on strike against the Trust, not its subsidiaries.

Photograph by Brown Bros.

"Penrod" was one of the most popular films ever released. Children particularly enjoyed Wesley Barry's acting.

JUNIOR MOVIES

The Producer's Attempt to meet a Juvenile Public

By KENNETH W. PAYNE

LAST year something over a million people visited the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. *Last night* a million people visited the motion picture theaters of the metropolis.

There you have the relative magnetism of art and the motion pictures.

Unless some modern Midas comes forward to endow them, the movies must continue to ignore art for art's sake, and to call themselves "the Industry," as they frankly do to-day.

Motion picture production is an in-

dustry that cannot prosper but by offering to a nation of film addicts those forms of entertainment that you and I and Neighbor Jones most eagerly demand.

Our demand, by a vast majority, is for pseudo-sophisticated films; for pictures that stir the average adult emotions. Yet probably a tenth of America's fifty million weekly movie goers are children.

What have the movies been doing for the children's entertainment? Hitherto next to nothing—and that next-to-nothing has been done in quite ineffectual ways. True enough, many of us may dismiss the average run of popular film fodder as being nothing if not childish. But even in their most puerile situations the movies deal principally in elements of adult appeal, handled childishly, if you will, but not *for* children. Moreover, insofar as they strive spasmodically for finer things, they must depart still further from the realm of childhood interests.

In the enjoyment of slapstick comedies and action thrillers, child and adult meet on common ground; but the child finds merely boresome those emotional situations which to the adult mind are most dramatic. In other words, at the theater he sits uncomprehending through passages which in a book too old for him he would simply skip.

Well, what matter? The matter is that the daily motion picture audiences of America include nearly a million children—a juvenile throng that would fill to overflowing two thousand average movie theaters. Every day! For the time and money spent within the theater—not to mention the eyestrain suffered—shouldn't these youthful fans have something more closely related to their own interests than the ordinary feature pictures, barely twenty-five per cent of which, the experts tell us, are really suitable to the child mind? The adult relates his vicarious experiences of the screen to life as he knows it. The child knows less of life; if the meretricious emotionalism of the movies affects him at all it can only be to mislead him.

Furthermore, the fact that every film play will be seen indiscriminately by children is a positive deterrent to the development of a truly adult screen art. Pictures are made to please grown-ups, yet not to offend the grown-up's notion of what children ought to see. No other powerful medium of artistic expression suffers the same handicap. Literature, music, and painting have their subdivisions of juvenile appeal, but flower in an atmosphere the child rarely enters. The movies share with Coney Island and the comic strip the distinction of endeavoring to appeal to all ages alike.

Photograph by Brown Bros.

Baby Peggy has a tremendous following; her pictures draw children and adults alike.

So the problem of childhood and the movies takes on a dual significance. Doubtless the children, for their own good, ought to have picture shows of their own; certainly for the good of the movies they should. Yet, in all its twenty-five-year history, the motion picture has never been successfully adapted to the child's own needs.

Never until now. This spring brought to fruition a significant effort by the organized motion picture producers to end the dilemma. A special set of children's movie programs, known as the Saturday Morning Movies, is now being put on trial before the American public. Assembled with infinite labor by the staff of the Will Hays office—the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America—these films represent fifty-two complete juvenile programs, each with a feature play starring Chaplin, Turpin, Mix, Meighan, Mary Pickford, Charles Ray, or some other

universal favorite, flanked by a striking one-reel scenic and a two-reel comedy.

A year was spent by the Hays forces in preparing these balanced juvenile programs and making them ready for exploitation in any community that will support them. In the process more than 3,100 reels of film were examined. The material from which the final selections were made would form an unbroken celluloid strip that would reach from the Woolworth Tower in Manhattan to the dome of the Capitol in Washington and back again.

Now the Saturday Morning Movies are complete. They have had their official opening at Rochester, New York, where the patronage augurs well for their national success. Between two thousand and four thousand of Rochester's young folks flocked to the magnificent Eastman Theater to witness the initial performances. The parents, teachers, public officials, and social organizations of the city rallied with unexpected enthusiasm to support the enterprise.

Word of this surprising community endorsedorsement of the Hays programs attracted attention in scores of other cities, and urgent requests for a set of the Saturday Morning Movies came to the Hays office promptly from theaters all over the country. This fact alone seems to dispel any doubts as to the widespread public demand for special children's films.

Photograph by Brown Bros.

Mary Pickford is at her best in "Hulda From Holland."

Photograph by Brown Bros.

Jackie and Charlie need no advertising.

Indeed, the demand has admittedly existed for years past. In many places, special morning movie showings for children have been previously tried. But all too often they have gone down to defeat before the hard economic facts that make the whole problem of better movies, whether for adults or children, seem so difficult.

It's the same old question of what the public really wants. Not so long ago two young men thought the public would take to a stirring picture based on Abraham Lincoln's life. The film was produced, but somehow or other the public didn't rise to it as expected. The Committee on Public Relations, of the Hays office, determined to call on all associated organizations, and on the exhibitors, to work energetically for the success of *Abraham Lincoln*, wherever shown, since it represented the type of artistic endeavor that deserved encouragement.

Perhaps you have seen this picture and know its merits. Now, here's an anecdote that comes from a western source. In a certain populous city, *Abraham Lincoln* found its way into the hands of an exhibitor who knew his public, who was zealous in his desire to promote the picture's success and, incidentally, to run no risk of empty seats as a result of his temerity in showing it.

So he advertised classic *Abraham Lincoln* in the local papers as follows:

A GREAT SMASHING ROMANCE BUILT TO THE SPEED OF EVERY FLAPPER IN TOWN!

It's a Collection of Heart Broadsides!
A Wallop in Emotion! A Tale of Love Adventure
Despite It's "High Brow" Title

That's

GOING TO HAND EVERY MAIDEN IN OUR CITY THE SHOCK OF HER SWEET YOUNG LIFE!

Don't ridicule that exhibitor. Grant with me that he knew his public better than you or I do. But take that incident as a sidelight on the movies' present quandary. On the one hand the vocal public is calling fervidly for "cleaner" movies; on the other hand the inarticulate public is patronizing most enthusiastically another kind. It flocks to see films based on what Will Hays with nice euphemism calls "the

prevalent type of play and book." It puts a premium on the throwing of "best-seller" plots and risqué situations into the movie director's hopper; when a gaudy but harmless hash, baited with enticing titles and sensational advertising, is turned out, the theater doors are mobbed, and the exhibitor can say in showman language, "that picture was a wow!" No wonder the exhibitor, recalling past instances of failure with the finer films and of box-office killings with the sensational ones, feels that he must boost even *Abraham Lincoln* in the jazziest lingo of the game, if he is to have a full house when he shows it.

Now a comparable situation may develop in the new children's movie enterprise, unless the child's own preferences are taken into account. The long and disheartening record of children's matinées that in the past have failed in countless places shows conclusively that youngsters will not always patronize the sort of pictures their elders may think they ought to like.

Take just one pertinent example—that of a certain New England city where juvenile matinées were recently tried. The first program started off well with an attendance of 600. But the children soon revolted at what they considered the sissified programs "of the Little Lord Fauntleroy sort" which were offered them. The attendance fell to 250. A woman wise in the likes of youngsters suggested a Bill Hart picture—which was tried, and attendance jumped again. But another faction put a spoke in the wheel of progress at this point, with the argument that Western thrillers, like dime novels of old, were bad for the youngsters even if they did like them—and the consequent dissension wrecked the whole project.

The evidence from many other places is conclusive that children at their own special programs don't want fairy stories or any kind of predigested sweetness-and-light pictures, but simply high-speed, present-day action stuff, modified in length and titling from the animal pictures, western and adventure films and Chaplin comedies that please their elders. They don't even like fantasies like *The Thief of Bagdad*, or *Peter Pan*, half so much as they do a baseball thriller or a Penrod story. They want pictures concerned with their own life interests.

And in some cases where these juvenile wants have been wisely recognized, children's movies have already been a striking success.

There is Albany, New York, for instance, where at the Strand Theater there has been a five-year record of unfailing popularity of 10-cent "Junior Movies." As many as 3,000 children have attended Saturday morning programs there, and the average attendance has been 2,300. The pictures shown are leading features from the regular daily program. The Junior Movies in Albany are under the patronage of the Mothers Club. With the coöperation of the newspapers, the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, the Rotary Club, and similar organizations, this enterprise has become an established community affair.

Year round children's matinées have been just as great a success in Jacksonville, Florida, at the Palace Theater, as they have been in Albany.

The interesting story of the Jacksonville movies is best told in the words of Charles Morrison, manager of the Palace Theater:

"Our first concern here was to get the children to realize that we took a personal interest in them. We asked them what kind of pictures they liked and assured them we would get them that kind. We found out they preferred pictures like *Black Beauty* and *Pollyanna*, and those with dogs such as Rin-Tin-Tin, or with horses as stars. They liked Charles Ray and boy and girl stars.

"Next we worked out a policy of civic coöperation among schools, mothers clubs, city officials, business houses, and members of the Better Films Committee. With this support for the children's movies, the attendance has grown from the 40 or so that we had at the start to a present average of 1,300 youngsters each Saturday morning.

"Before out matinées reached the high mark of attendance that we now have, the boys and girls would come to the regular shows and see pictures that we did not want them to, but of course we could not deny them admission.

Now they prefer their own matinées.

"It has been of benefit to us to lower the children's attendance at the regular shows, for we could fill up their seats —for which they paid 10 cents—with adults paying 35 and 40 cents.

"Are Children's Matinées profitable? Absolutely. We have, in addition to paying the Better Films Committee 50% of the net receipts, made a very fine profit. And the good will and pleasant public relations we have gained? Why, they cannot be figured in dollars and cents. Personally, I think a theater manager who refuses to show any interest in children's matinées is a very poor manager. If he gives them the personal attention which they should have, they cannot but result in much benefit to him as well as to his community."

Within the past two years Washington, D. C., has had a similar enterprise under way, at Harry Crandall's Tivoli Theater, under the energetic administration of Harriet Hawley Locher, who has devised a pretentious form of entertainment in which the Boy and Girl Scouts participate, patriotic songs are sung, and frequently a story is told by the children's favorite, Peggy Albion.

Pittsburg is still another city in which children's movies had begun to take root successfully before the Hays Saturday Morning Movies were available. Within two weeks from the first showing of a juvenile program in one of the Rowland and Clark theaters there, the idea had become a successful institution in four theaters operated by the same organization. Here also the women's clubs, the Child Conservation League and other organizations got behind the movement; Mayor Wm. A. Magee gave it his support, and a committee of mothers attended each showing as patronesses. The 10-cent price was sufficient to make the programs a financial success, and films starring Buster Keaton, Baby Peggy, Charles Ray and Wesley Barry were featured.

Yet additional encouragement to other communities where the children's movie idea may be tried, now that the Hays films are available, comes from Atlanta, Georgia, where the Howard Theater draws 2,000 youngsters every Saturday and, among several other places, from Asheville, North Carolina, where the Imperial Theater reports that the daily proportion of children in the regular audiences dwindled from 28% to 3% when the Saturday Matinées were instituted.

As has been clearly implied in the preceding instances of exceptional success, the prevailing causes of failure with children's movies have been either that suitable pictures for youngsters were not readily available or that there has been no sustained local public interest.

It is now over a year since Will Hays conceived the plan of tackling both problems; first assembling a complete year's supply of individual programs—52 distinct sets of finely balanced pictures—and secondly of sending his staff out to help organize each town to insure the success of the scheme, offering the exhibitor, and interested local women, assistance in rousing the community as a whole to support the undertaking.

The assembling of these programs was in itself an extraordinary task. It was assigned to Major Ward P. Wooldridge, who during the war had charge of selecting pictures for the A. E. F. training camps. The member companies of the Hays organization threw open their vaults where are treasured the original negatives of many of the best films produced in America. Preliminary selections of these pictures were cut, re-titled, examined and cut again, and finally put together into standard programs of identical length and quality, edited particularly for child appeal. In the process the equivalent of 390 average movie shows had been thrown on the screen in the Hays office projection room, and had been viewed by experts not once but over and over again. The cutting of one or two reels from each selected feature picture resulted in speeding up the film without hurting the story.

Among the features finally chosen are Charlie Chaplin in *The Idle Class* and *The Kid;* Mary Pickford in *Hulda from Holland* and *Captain Kidd, Jr.;* Baby Peggy in *The Darling of New York;* Charles Ray in *The Busher* and *Hayfoot, Strawfoot;* Betty Compson in *The Little Minister;* Douglas MacLean in *The Hottentot;* Wesley Barry in *Penrod* and *Dinty*—not to mention scores of

Photograph by Brown Bros.

"Snow White," with Marguerite Clark.

others. Each program runs an hour and a half—just the right length for the child's patience.

The admission price to the Saturday Morning Movies is to be 10 cents everywhere. The pictures are available through regular exchanges. The local exhibitor pays the exchange $5 for the program, and sends 25% of his receipts to be distributed among the original producers of the films; from the 75% remaining it is expected he may cover his expenses and have a reasonable margin of profit.

These Saturday Morning Movies are admittedly only a start. Doubtless they are not all they should be. But certainly they represent, in expert judgment, the best children's material actually available for national distribution in "canned program" form.

Some organizations, working for similar ends, maintain that children's movies can be most effectively presented if big features from among the current releases are used. Wherever the community and exhibitor are in close enough coöperation, and the civic leaders well enough informed, this method can still be followed. In the vast majority of American cities no such coöperation exists. And there the exhibitor can do almost nothing unless he decides to try the Hays Saturday Morning Movies.

If children's movies catch on nationally, if they become as popular as they have in H. C. Arthur's West Coast Theaters—in Los Angeles and San Francisco—where the youngsters actually prefer to go to their own Saturday morning shows rather than see the same picture the evening before—if, in other words, a nation-wide market for special children's programs can grow out of this enterprise, then perhaps one of the greatest problems affecting America's leading source of popular entertainment will be approaching solution.

Surely any influence that molds the dreams and ideals of youth has a sacred mission. If you think it incongruous to speak in this key of the commercial-

Photograph by Brown Bros.

A really remarkable child characterization achieved by Baby Peggy in "The Darling of New York."

Photograph by Brown Bros.

Betty Compson in Barrie's "The Little Minister."

ized, sensation-mongering movies, with their frequent exploitation of false emotions and cheap sentiment, remember that the motion pictures are in fact with us, are in fact working their nightly impressions upon the youthful mind, are in fact likely to impress the child more vividly than any other medium of expression. Listen to the children in any picture house and deny if you can that the movies, whether you wish it or not, are indeed unparalleled purveyors of unadulterated joy to youngsters. We must, therefore, hope that they may come to realize more fully their potential service to the child.

The new Saturday Morning Movies represent the first coöperative effort on the part of the organized motion picture industry to break out and pioneer along a new line; to step aside from existing channels of public demand and to draw the public with it in idealistic endeavor. The films themselves are fast moving and amusing. They have stood the test of actual showings before large juvenile audiences. Their potential market lies in 17,000 movie theaters; their patronage can be drawn from America's 20,000,000 children of school age. If these revamped films become an established institution, backed by popular support, is it too much to hope that later the special production annually of new pictures, exclusively for young folks, may develop? It is certain that if juvenile movies ever do become a distinct branch of production, the "Industry," freed from the necessity of playing down to the child mind, may have a better chance of becoming, occasionally, an art.

GETTING RID OF MACKLIN

By WILLIAM J. KIELAR

RUNNING nervous fingers through his shock of whitened hair, a sarcastic smile lurking at the corners of his hard mouth, the owner of the Humphrey Line hastily read the letter before him on the desk. When he finished reading it, he swept it into the waste-basket with an almost savage movement.

"Fool!" he snorted explosively. "Must think I'm running ships for my health. 'Now my dear Mr. Humphrey,'" he mocked derisively. "Rot!"

There were plenty of other captains: real men who would carry out his dictates with neither question, fear, or whimper; men with red blood in their veins—men who dared and would take chances. His success had not been built up by lending a sympathetic ear to ship masters whom he had found wanting, who were inefficient, according to his view. It was a waste of time to bother with them, no matter how earnestly they might plead for another chance. With a wave of his hand he dismissed the subject from his mind and busied himself with various papers on the desk.

A huge man physically, he made an impressive picture as he worked; a certain intensity and decisiveness in his manner as he sorted the array of papers, making a note here, filing this away, throwing that into the waste-basket—all at top speed—left no doubt that he actually bristled with energy and absolute assurance.

He gloated over his ability to make ships pay despite any adverse conditions. Running ships was a passion with him. When he bragged that he could take the most dilapidated hull of a ship and turn it into a money-maker no one challenged him. But if he was a power in shipping circles he was also an enigma. He did not encourage intimate friendships; no one understood him. Though all recognized that despite the fact he was a small ship owner, possessing some eight ships altogether, he was a force to be reckoned with.

The knowledge that his ships, composed in equal numbers of tankers and cargo vessels, were the most disreputable-looking on the Atlantic coast concerned him not at all. Why should it? He did not maintain his fleet of ships for holiday review purposes, did he? Well then! Perhaps, however, it was because of his methods in operating them that prompted not a few to believe that he recognized no human weakness or frailty.

The ceaseless shuffle of papers and scratch of his pen stopped suddenly. Some one had knocked on the door. He looked up, irritated. Before he could utter a sound, the door to his office opened and a feminine figure, clad in a gray suit and a neat little turban, walked in, a cheery smile on her face. All signs of irritation left Humphrey at once.

"Good morning! Are you awfully busy?" she asked brightly. She walked rapidly toward his desk as she spoke.

"Good morning, Joyce," he replied with a kind of smile. Smiling came hard to him; he was not accustomed to it. "Not so awfully," he went on, unconsciously adopting her language. "What is it this morning, child?" in what was meant to be tender solicitousness.

"Business," she answered with mock-gravity. "Have you decided who you are going to put on the Swan in old Ebbert's place yet?" she asked with just a trace of anxiety.

His niece's interest in his ships was nothing new to Humphrey and it usually pleased him. But her question this morning irritated him for some reason. A slight frown came to his face at the mention of the discharged captain's name. He set his features, looked at her searchingly, relaxed a little.

"No, not yet. Why?" He faced her squarely.

"Oh, I just wondered"—she pursed her lips—"wondered if you had——" She paused, uncertainly.

"Why—have you got some one you want to recommend for the place?" His tone mingled banter and curiosity.

She looked at him, then dropped her eyes. "Yes, I have—that is—I know some one that I think would be just the man for the Swan."

"Who?" The words were whipped out more roughly than he intended. "Who is it?" he asked in lower voice.

After a moment of silence she mustered courage and spoke a single word: "Macklin."

Why she should definitely suggest Macklin puzzled him. Macklin was the last man on earth he would ever put in command of one of his ships. Too cautious. No nerve. All right as a mate but as a captain . . . He scowled again, looked at her keenly.

"Why do you recommend him, Joyce?" He made an effort to be kind.

She did not look up. "Because I think you ought to give him a chance. He's been with you for over two years now. He has a master's license—I think he'll make good." She raised her eyelids.

"Macklin's all right where he is. Not quite the right type, you know. He'll never make a good captain, I'm afraid, Joyce. Of course there's lots of things to consider in choosing a ship master . . . You realize that?" he struggled on.

"Oh! I think you are unfair to him; you won't give him a chance to prove his worth!"

"I'm sorry. I'd like to give him a chance to show what he's good for, but it's no use. I've watched him for the past two years——"

"But as a mate," she interrupted. "You don't know what he'd do as a captain. He's never had a real chance—and now—when there is an opportunity you turn him down without a trial, without a hearing even. I—I had hoped—" she checked herself, blushed deeply. "I had thought you would consider Mr. Macklin for the place," she amended in confusion.

What was beneath her earnest desire to see Macklin get the place? He watched her, perplexed. Then his eyes lighted with understanding; he remembered that she had made a trip on the Swan sometime before, in company with her mother, and that she had waxed enthusiastic about Macklin at the time. But he had thought that it had all worn off; she had not spoken of him for weeks. As he eyed her now, however, he was filled with misgivings. Macklin—of all men! He spoke frankly:

"Surely you don't cherish any notions as to Macklin, Joyce? You don't care for him in a serious way?" His tone suggested that it was the most ridiculous thing imaginable.

"Well—I think he is a gentleman and—deserves to be given his chance." Her voice was unsteady. She dodged the questions entirely. "I'll always think you the most unfair man in the whole world if you ignore him—I know you want to be fair, but—but——" She hesitated, close to tears.

Although he was not a little disconcerted by her manner for a moment, a decisive look soon came into his face. The undesirable romance must be stopped at any cost. He would show Macklin up in his true colors to her, prove that he lacked the traits of hardy manhood she believed him to possess and liked him for, and then get rid of him for all time. Yes, he would do it . . .

"I'm willing to give Macklin a trial, Joyce. But you are going to be disappoint——"

"You are a darling. I'm *so* glad!" she burst forth, jumping to her feet and embracing him.

Patting her hand awkwardly, he continued:

"I'm going to let him take the Swan on a trial trip to Galveston and return. It's going to be squarely up to him; if he makes good—all right; if he does not he'll have to take the consequences. That's all. But I'm sure that he won't though."

"I know he'll more than decide your keeping him in command of the ship, on this trial trip. I just know he will." She straightened up and stood by his side for a moment. And then, with a hasty caress on his forehead, she started for the door.

"I really must be going," she said, turning her radiant face toward him. "Bye bye," she concluded, waving a hand at him playfully.

"G'bye," he called. Such a girl! he thought as he watched her walk to the

door. She brought more joy to his rather empty life than perhaps she would ever know. His face clouded a little. It had suddenly occurred to him that he would some day lose her; she would get married, and they would drift apart. But it would not be soon. She was still but a child . . . When she did marry eventually, however, it would be to some real he-man, of course; and not a welching half-man like Macklin. His face hardened at the mere thought of him. He started to turn his attention to his work, paused for an instant, then hastily scribbled a note to the mate of the Swan, now lying at dock. He pressed a button on his desk, a grim smile on his face.

"Give this to Mr. Macklin, personally," he told the undersized clerk who appeared in response to his ring, handing him the note.

Aboard the Swan, a tall, slender young man of perhaps thirty-two sat on the leather settee in his cabin, a morose look on his face. During the two years he had been with the Humphrey Line he had seen captains come and go on the Swan, while he remained steadily in his position as mate, despite the fact that he had a master's license. It was beyond him. And now old Ebbert was leaving. Doubtless another captain would be sent to command her and he would still continue as mate. He was bitter. The ambition to be a ship master burned fiercely in his breast. But it seemed so hopeless—so far away. He was a good mate; no less a man than Humphrey himself had curtly told him that, more than once, when he had hesitatingly asked if his work was satisfactory. No promise of promotion. A good mate! He had added incentive now, too; there was Joyce. She would not evince continued interest in a mere plodding mate. And what would he tell her when he called that night? That Captain Ebbert had left and, despite the fact he was the logical man for the place, he would probably remain as chief mate? Of course she would say nothing, but she would be certain to blame him for his stationary position. He was being discriminated against, taken advantage of somehow. It wasn't fair. There was no fairness in the shipping world——

A sharp knock on the door caused him to look up with a start.

"Come in," he called, listlessly, to the youth standing in the doorway.

"Message from the boss. Any answer?"

Macklin tore it open with a quick movement, pulses athrob. The message was brief, even terse. He re-read it:

> Mr. Macklin—Come to my office at once if you think you are qualified to command the Swan.
>
> A. B. Humphrey, Pres.

A feeling of exultation gripped him. He stuffed the message into his pocket and looked over at the youth who had been waiting patiently.

"Tell Mr. Humphrey I'll be right up," he told the clerk.

Dressing hurriedly, his head in a turmoil, he lost no time in presenting himself at the ship owner's office. The few minutes he was compelled to wait in the outer officer gave him time to think. He began to dread the interview. He knew that Humphrey would mince no words with him, being well aware that the austere owner was a hard man who not only expected but demanded much of his captains.

"The boss'll see you now," the clerk told him crisply, hanging up the telephone receiver.

Rising to his feet with a jump, Macklin pushed open the door that led to the ship owner's private office and strode in, outwardly calm, but inwardly seething. The figure that sat at the desk did not look up as he entered. He walked up to the desk, swallowed, and looked down at the huge man busily engaged with his work. He cleared his throat uncomfortably.

"I got your message—" he blurted out, taking a fresh grip on himself.

"Yes!" the other man snapped out, throwing the pen he held in his hand down on the desk with a savage gesture. Brushing a batch of papers to one side with the other hand, he growled, "Sit down!"

Macklin returned the other's look, as he sat down, making no attempt to speak. He was not afraid of the man, he told himself.

"So you think you can qualify as master of the Swan, eh?" The sarcasm was very thinly veiled.

"Yes, sir; I know I can."

"Know you can, eh?" the other mocked. "We'll see—we'll see about that. Here's something for you to think about: the Swan is and has been dead weight on my hands for a long time; she hasn't been making the profits she should for months. That's the reason I let Captain Ebbert go. I gave him a chance and he fell down completely. Simply navigating a ship as master and making a ship *pay* are two different things. Unless a captain can make good time and bring in big cargoes to *my* entire satisfaction, he's not worth a hang to me, and I won't have him around. You've been on the Swan long enough to know what you can do. If you think you can take over the tanker and do something with her, I'm willing to let you try—for one trip. But you must remember that unless you can show me some real *results* on your trial trip, your resignation will be asked for immediately when you return. That's all."

A feeling of resentment clawed in Macklin's chest. The ship was carrying all that she was good for now. It was reckless folly to push a ship too far, especially at this season of the year. It might lead to appalling disaster. He felt the blood leave his face. The opinion of his brother officers was right: Humphrey was merciless. Macklin was tempted to unburden himself in a tirade at the sneering ship owner and stalk out of the office. He closed his hand over his cap, crushing it in a fierce grip. He might not get another ship in years if he refused to go . . . He did want a ship of his own. And there was Joyce; she wouldn't understand if he turned the offer down. He opened his mouth to speak, moistened his lips, hesitated.

"The Swan can't carry much more cargo, sir; and I thought she was making good time now," he blurted out.

"Rot! Pure rot! She's not doing anywhere near what she can do. But I'm not arguing the matter with you. Do you refuse to accept?"

Gripping the arms of the chair tightly, Macklin returned the other's severe look unflinchingly. "No, sir; I accept," he flung back.

"All right," was the growled response. "Run to Galveston in ballast. Take cargo of crude there and proceed back to New York. Send your other instructions down to the ship to-night, before you sail." Turning away he began to study an abstract that lay on his desk.

"Yes, sir." Macklin looked at the energetic, burly figure seated at the desk, for a moment. No wishes of good luck, even mechanically expressed. No handshakes. No human qualities whatever. He gritted his teeth and strode out of the office. Evidently Humphrey thought he wouldn't make good. He would show him!

He walked along the corridor, determined to go at once back to the ship; but he decided to call up Joyce first, and, if she were at home, to tell her of the promotion. He entered a telephone booth.

Yes, she was at home, her mother informed him. Just a minute . . . It was fine to hear his voice again—Been given command of the Swan?—Splendid!—Oh, it was too bad that he was leaving so soon, but since he was, couldn't he come up for a little visit—right away? He would?—That would be lovely. She would be waiting for him . . .

Leaving the telephone booth he went directly to her home. She greeted him effusively.

"I'm so glad to hear of your promotion, *Captain* Macklin. It's a delightful surprise," she said naively.

"But it's only for a trial trip, Mr. Humphrey says; and I may not——"

"Oh, but I know you'll make good. I just know it," she insisted.

"I'm going to do my best. Mr. Humphrey is a hard man to please, though."

"Is he?" she asked in surprise. "I never thought so. He's really a dear when you get to know him. Of course I don't suppose I'd understand just what it is he expects of his captains; but whatever it is I do wish you would make an extra effort to please him this first trip. You're going to, aren't you?"

"I'm going to strain every nerve to make good, Joyce. I—I'm going to try to make a record!" Immediately after saying it he regretted it somehow. But it was what she expected him to say. He saw her face glow. She was more than casually interested in him, he decided!

"Do try, Robert—I know you will," she assured him.

"I will!" He was now fully determined to come up to her expectations of him. He hastily consulted his watch and rose regretfully.

"I really must be going. I must attend to some matters aboard—get things straightened out before we sail. We leave for Galveston in a few hours, you know." He stretched out his hand.

"You are going to Galveston?" She grasped his hand warmly. "Why, mother and I are going to Galveston at the end of the week. We may come back with you!"

"Fine!" he answered. "I'm going to look for you." He was genuinely pleased at the prospect, yet felt a strange sense of misgiving.

"Good luck," she called after him. "And *au revoir* until we see you in Galveston."

Walking up the gangplank and aboard the Swan with buoyant tread, he headed for his new cabin—the master's cabin.

Seating himself before the roll-top desk there, he decided to call the chief engineer and have a talk with him. He would not wait until after the ship had sailed, but would inform the chief at once precisely what he purposed to do. The chief could be of material assistance in making a good showing. He sent the third mate for the grumpy oldster who was the chief engineer on the Swan.

Barely five minutes had elapsed, during which time he had outlined in his mind just what he would tell the chief, when a slightly stooped, massive creature, clad in blue denim, appeared in the doorway. The chief was apparently scowling at him. But there was something interesting about that scowl: it was habitual.

"Send for me?" His deep tones were almost a growl.

"Yes, Chief. Come in. Sit down. Want to talk to you for a few minutes."

With a grunt the chief entered, drew up a chair, sat down.

Speedily Macklin told him about the promotion, and then plunged into the real object of sending for him:

"I'm going to put it squarely up to you, Chief. I want to make good on this ship and need your help. If I can make some kind of showing on this trip I'll be solid with Humphrey. I'm not going to waste words. You've known me for the past two years. Now, what I want to do is make a record. You know what I mean—a big cargo and a quick passage. Will you help?"

"Umph! I've known you for the last two years all right, and always thought you had some sense. I see you've gone crazy now. You know as well as I do, Macklin, that the Swan is doing all she's good for safely—right now." The chief was always blunt and direct.

"Leave the personalities out, Chief. And remember I'm captain of this ship now." He spoke with unexpected asperity. "She's not carrying all she's good for I tell you; and you know that. I counted on your willing coöperation and decided on this frank talk, but if you're going to take that attitude——"

"Umph! Can't give you any more revolutions on the wheel. Going the limit now. If you're fool enough, you can load her heavier. It's up to you, not me. What's come over you anyway, Mackl—uh—Captain?"

"How much more cargo than we've been carrying do you think the ship'll safely stand?"

"No more! Hang it man, you know she won't stand any more; but there's room for about eight thousand barrels more than we've been carrying lately. You know that. If you're thinking of overloading her just to make some fool record——"

"We're going to load to capacity this trip and in the future, I tell you, Chief. *I* say so. And I'm going to depend on you giving her all she's got for speed." He spoke with a snap.

"Up to you." The chief rose from his chair. "Do what I can. You don't realize what you're thinking of doing, I'll tell you that." He paused, looked at the other searchingly. "Ever hear of a ship buckling from the strain—tankers especially—when they've been overloaded and crowded to the limit, in a heavy sea?"

Macklin winced. The mere thought of such a disaster frightened him. It was the one thing he had always feared. True, it had not happened often; but there had been a number of instances of too heavily loaded tankers disappearing mysteriously. . . . The reason was obvious in most cases, though there had

never been definite proof. He tried to console himself with the thought that the Swan was a strong, well-made ship and that such a thing could never happen to it. The Swan was capable of taking on more cargo safely. Of course it was. . . . Still the thought stuck: the tragic horror might take place! He could load a safe cargo and come back, only to be discharged as a spineless ship master. Or he could take the chance and continue as master of his own ship. Joyce would be proud of him. . . . He set his jaws, looked over at the chief.

"Yes, I've heard of ships buckling from the strain, Chief. But there's never been any proof that they went down because of overloading. Besides, a ship of the size and strength of the Swan is a different matter. There's no danger whatever. We're going to carry larger cargoes."

"No proof, hah? Ho! ho! That's good. Think the lads who went down'd come back and tell you about it? Remember about the Hasselite that disappeared last year? She was a tanker, and bigger and stronger than this tub by a mile. I'll tell you one thing: if I was a younger man I wouldn't make the trip back with you for a million dollars—unless you changed your mind by then. Getting old," he rumbled on, "and 'tain't so easy for a man of my years to get another ship. Go ahead. Sink us. Won't make much difference to me. Haven't got far to go anyway now. I've had my day."

Macklin pondered the matter as calmly as he could. The chief was right in a way. There was danger from overloading. His ambition slowly oozed from his body; his buoyancy ebbed. He wasn't afraid of the sea, of the command, of anything, except that he knew it to be hazardous to press things too far. There were safe limits. For an instant he wished he was mate again with no large responsibilities. Fear gripped him. But there was no backing down now. His chance had come and he would make the most of it.

As the Swan was being tied up in Galveston, a feeling of elation came over him. He had succeeded in lopping one day off the schedule. Everything had played into his hands: the weather had been ideal, the sea reasonably smooth for December—even the old chief had apparently been doing his utmost in making the quick passage possible. Luck had been with him.

Looking down on the main deck, he noted, with further satisfaction, that the chief was standing by the huge gate valve with his men, ready to make the connection between the eight-inch hoses lying on the dock and the ship's main line pipe, through which the oil would pour under pressure into the various holds. There would be no loss of time. The chief was ready to connect up as soon as the men on the dock swung the hoses aboard. Evidently the chief was actually trying to help him all he could. He looked on approvingly. The ship would be ready to leave for the open sea by nightfall; certainly not more than eight or nine hours would be required to load the cargo of crude oil.

Busied with the many details, Macklin was not able to emerge from his cabin for more than an hour. There were the usual number of officials to be taken care of—port captain, company agent, quarantine officer, pilot, representatives of the oil concern, and the rest, and of course a batch of papers to be gone over carefully. His cabin had been a scene of great activity. Now it simply reeked with stale cigar and tobacco smoke. He was glad to be able to step out on the quarter deck for a breathing spell. Everything had been disposed of without a hitch. Now he wanted to relax from the tension, and take a breath of air.

From the quarter deck he allowed his gaze to wander out toward the dock. He saw two hoses, connected to the ship's mains, thrashing about like giant cobras, so great was the pressure of the oil flowing into them. For a moment he watched them, fascinated by the savage, ungainly movements. In his imagination those violently lashing hose-lines became enormous vipers, fastened head and tail, doing their utmost to free themselves. A terrifying thought came to his mind: supposing one or the other—or both—should suddenly break loose because of the extreme pressure put on them in order not to delay the ship? Some one would surely be killed. He recovered himself: they would not break; they were strong.

Crude oil flowed through those hose lines at the rate of eight thousand barrels an hour, he estimated in his mind. Fully that much, if not more. He continued to gaze at the hose-lines intently for a short interval more, then abruptly turned away: there was something about them that was unaccountably terrifying. "Too much high-pressure—too much speed," he mumbled, with eyes fixed straight ahead.

He sat down on a deck chair with a sigh. He was tired; that was the trouble. He relaxed in the chair.

Sometime later he heard voices engaged in spirited wrangling directly outside his cabin door. Swinging around in his chair he saw the chief engineer and the first mate arguing vehemently. He rose to his feet.

"What's this?" he asked with authority.

The mate spoke up first. "He's trying to tell me how much cargo to take aboard. You gave me orders, sir——"

"Go on with you—I'll explain it," the chief interrupted, sauntering into the cabin. Not to be put off, the mate followed him in.

"Well? What's it all about, mate?" He turned to the mate, ignoring the chief.

"You gave me orders, sir, to load to as close to 80,000 barrels as I could—all the ship would carry. The chief says he'll give the signal on the whistle for them to shut down the pumps ashore, and that he'll shut down the ship's pumps, as soon as we get 70,000 barrels aboard. That's what it's about, sir," the youthful mate replied.

"All right, mate. Go back to your duties. I'll talk with the chief."

"Yes, sir." The mate gave the chief a triumphant grin as he stepped through the door.

"Umph!" the chief exploded, eyeing the captain belligerently.

"It's my orders, Chief. There's no chance for an argument about it. What's the idea of your usurping the captain's authority?"

"I thought you had come to your senses by this time, that's all." He paused. "I've tried to help you all I could so far, Captain, but this is going too far. The ship won't stand it, man. Hang it, she won't stand it!"

"I know you've helped me, Chief. But my orders are for the 80,000 barrels—and 80,000 we'll take." He spoke with emphasis.

"Good heaven, Captain! You don't know what you are doing. I'm a crabbed old seadog, I know; but I've got a better idea what the structure of a ship like this one will stand than you have. Grant me that, Captain. I've kicked around the sea in a hundred ships in my time. I know machinery and metal. It's my business. And I tell you, Captain, it's dangerous to load this ship so heavy. You might get away with it this time—and you might not—I don't know. You might get away with it a good many times, but sooner or later something's going to snap. I'd like to see you make good and am willing to do all that's reasonable to help. I'm only saying this for your own good, sir——" He lowered his voice. "Of course it don't matter much to an old duffer like me, that's got so near to the end of his rope anyway; but how about yourself?"

This constant reiteration of impending danger, touching a tender spot, almost unnerved Macklin now. "Don't get excited, Chief. Nothing's going to happen," was all he was able to say.

At this reply the chief grunted something unintelligible. Then he went on: "Did all I could. Suit yourself. If we run into thick weather and she buckles from the strain, you'll be with the rest of us."

There it was again! Forecasting disaster of the most horrible sort. Buckling in a storm. Macklin could hardly control himself. His mouth felt dry. A captain had to carry large cargoes in order to hold his command. Other ship masters were doing it. . . . He glanced over at the chief who was eyeing him intently. Should he heed the chief's and his own subconscious warning? It meant failure! What would *she* think of him? She wouldn't understand. . . . He closed his fists tightly.

"We'll load to the 80,000, Chief." His voice was tense with emotion.

"Right." The chief spoke gruffly, moving toward the door.

Macklin slumped into a chair and would doubtlessly have struggled with vague apprehensions had not the pilot appeared almost as soon as he sat down.

It would be fully another hour before they were ready to sail, he told the pilot. He planned to take on a somewhat larger cargo than the old captain had been taking. The pilot was neither impressed nor surprized. He merely nodded.

Almost before Macklin realized it, everything was in readiness for the departure. Lines were cast off and the ship was headed for the open sea. Somehow, not until after the pilot had left the ship at the pilot station, and he was sailing along on his own, did he think of Joyce again. She had not come. And he, strangely, was not sorry that she had not. It was as well. Sometime later, perhaps. . . . But he did hope that she would be in New York when the ship arrived there.

He spent the early part of the evening on the bridge with his watch officer, going below to his cabin just as seven bells struck. Everything was going smoothly. He entered his cabin.

Not feeling the least sleepy, he drew up a chair before his desk and began filing away some papers strewn about on it. Hearing a knock on the door, he paused in his work.

"Come in!" he said, without turning his head.

"A message for you, sir," the radio man informed him.

Turning around, he reached for the message eagerly. He smiled a little as he read it. It ran:

Galveston Tex

Captain Macklin
SS Swan

You left too soon. Sorry. Mother and I going back on the Gull. Probably pass en route. Good luck to you.

Joyce.

"No answer yet," he told the waiting radio man. "I'll have one for you later—when the Gull clears Galveston. Probably just entering port now. Keep a sharp lookout for the Gull's call and let me know as soon as you hear it."

"Yes, sir."

He read the radiogram again. It pleased him. He could feel her very presence in the message. Well, he would come up to her expectations of him. He recalled that the Gull was a sister ship, a tanker also in the service of the Humphrey Line. As he did not remember seeing the vessel while passing out of port, or thus far, he wondered when the ship would dock, when it would leave port. But there was no worry about that. It was possible that the Gull had passed them earlier in the evening. The radio man would let him know later. . . . He would then send a little message to Joyce, and compute the time and day when the speedier vessel would pass. For of course it would pass—easily—before New York was reached. He rose from his desk and headed for his bunk to retire for the night.

It was late the following afternoon that the radio man informed him that the Gull had cleared Galveston at three P. M. and was destined for New York. He hastily scribbled off a message to Joyce. It read:

SS Swan

Joyce Humphrey
SS Gull

Sorry you missed the Swan but many thanks for good wishes. Going to watch sharply for the Gull. Will salute you and the ship when passing. Anxiously looking forward seeing you New York. Best wishes for pleasant voyage.

Robert.

"Get this off right away," he ordered.

Only a few minutes had elapsed when the radio man returned.

"The transmitter has broken down, sir. Transformer burned out and no repair parts. I just started calling the Gull when the transformer went up in smoke. The Gull heard me and is now trying to find out what ship called. I didn't have time to sign my call letters. I can't do a thing—there's no emergency set aboard——"

Macklin frowned deeply, feeling inclined to berate the youth, but thought better of it. He was sorry the message would not be delivered to the girl, but he could explain it to her later.

"All right, Sparks," he said. "Destroy the radiogram if your outfit has gone for keeps."

"I'm going to try to fix it, sir."

"All right. Do what you can with it.

Let me know when you get it fixed. Better keep the message then, if you think you can repair the breakdown. But let me know before you send it. I may want to change it."

As soon as the radio man had left Macklin began making computations as to when the Gull would pass. His figures showed that, taking into consideration the speed of the two vessels, making allowance for currents and all possible contingencies, the Gull would pass them at some point about one hundred miles southeast of Cape Hatteras. He gave orders to all of his watch officers to keep a constant lookout for the ship after the Swan passed through the Florida Straits.

In crossing the Gulf everything had been running along so smoothly, with calm seas and no mishaps of any sort that Macklin began to wonder why he had felt any misgivings at the outset. But the passage up the Atlantic coast was not going to be so uneventful, it appeared. Rough seas were encountered from the very first, and strong head winds persisted unabated.

It was not, however, until the Swan was nearly half way up the coast that the captain felt acute alarm. The wind had increased in force considerably and the sea became a thing to inspire actual fear. The waves rose high, leaving deep troughs into which the ship was plunged, only to be followed by mountains of water which flooded the decks. Macklin, standing on the bridge, was torn between a horrible dread that the ship would not stand the terrific strain it was being subjected to, and the strong impulse to relieve the stress on the vessel by emptying some of the cargo overboard. Steadying himself by hanging onto a stanchion, he was about to surrender his resolve to win recognition from Humphrey and enthusiastic praise from Joyce, by throwing some of the cargo into the sea, when he saw a ship bearing down upon them. He watched it. It might be the Gull. Closer and closer it crept up. He reached for his binoculars. It was the Gull! He reached for the whistle lever and closed his hand over it. He kept his eyes riveted to the ship. Now they were nearly abeam. He would salute the ship. Joyce would understand. It flashed across his mind that the Gull was carrying too much cargo. Terrific strain on a ship this weather. . . . He nearly lost his balance as a gigantic wave washed over with a loud crash. He steadied himself and looked again. They were abeam! Watching the Gull intently, he closed his hands over the whistle lever firmly and was about to swing it down smartly for the passing salute when he froze in his tracks, absolutely unable to move a muscle.

For before his horrified gaze he saw one end of the Gull lift sharply out of the water, accompanied by a deafening roar. Sounds of thick metal plates being ripped apart. A great explosion. A blinding tongue of flame. Noise of boiling water. A sharp hiss . . . And all that remained upon the surface of the turbulent ocean where once there was a ship was a wreath of thick black smoke mingled with clouds of steam. The whistle lever was pressed down by his nerveless hand, setting up a penetrating shriek. He wilted to the deck inert. Dimly he realized that some one had shut the whistle off. He struggled to his feet, his body covered with a cold sweat. Everything seemed strange. He felt weak. Hanging onto the rail in front of him, it seemed he would have to let go. When he felt strong arms take hold of him he was glad. He wanted to speak, but couldn't.

"You better go below, sir," he heard the mate say unsteadily.

"Below — below — yes," he gasped out.

Grasping hold of the rail in a fresh grip he made an effort to control himself. "All right—all right—Mate," he choked. "I'm all right—now." Then he shook off the mate's steadying hand and went gropingly down with the companion to his cabin.

Staggering inside, he sank into a chair and tried to collect himself. The enormity of the disaster gripped him. "Joyce!" he choked. "Gone—gone!"

The creaking and groaning of his own ship came to his ears. The noise of the rushing water and the great detonating smash as it hit the ship broadside again and again chilled him. His ship might be the next! With an agonized cry, he struggled to his feet and unhooked the telephone with trembling hands. He pressed the button that would bring the

chief to the telephone. Oh—the chief would never come. . . . A sharp click. A voice spoke to him through the receiver. He lost no time in saying:

"Get the pumps going, Chief—dump 10,000 barrels of the cargo into the sea—right away! Ship won't stand it—too much strain—hurry! Yes—yes . . . Oh—don't rub it in now—for heaven's sake get going!" He banged up the receiver-transmitter and walked swayingly back to his chair. It was done. He was finished as a ship master. But what did it matter now? He sat in his chair motionless, features drawn and colorless.

Feeling a hand on his shoulder, he looked up to see the tanned, wrinkled old face of the chief. He did not offer to speak to him—just gazed at the rough countenance that seemed to be working nervously. The chief apparently wanted to say something, for he opened his mouth as if to speak, but closed it again.

"I'm done for, Chief; but I don't care now," he said, breaking the silence. And then, with a shake in his voice: "I tried and failed, Chief——"

"I know—I know—I saw, Captain." He seemed to be having difficulty in speaking. "But if Humphrey fires you, Captain—I go too." He hesitated, as if ashamed of himself for some reason, then continued: "Come, Captain, buck up! Got the 10,000 'most all out, and the weather is moderating some, too."

"Yes—all right, Chief. It got me a little—it's all right now."

"Sure, everything's all right now, Captain." The chief spoke with feigned brusqueness. And then with a firm pat on the other's shoulder he withdrew.

There was a quick knock on the door. And before Macklin could say a word, the radio man rushed into the cabin, wearing a scared look.

"Radio set all fixed—after a fashion, sir. You said to see about that message before I sent it so I——"

"Bring that message to me here, Sparks," he interrupted, in a strange voice. Heavens! to be reminded of it so callously. The youth could not have known that it was the Gull that went down. He reached for a pad and began scribbling hastily.

"Here's a message for you to send," he choked out, finally, holding out a brief radiogram which read:

Humphrey
New York

Gull buckled and sank with explosion while abeam. Have lightened Swan 10,000 barrels on account severe strain due rough weather. Consider this my resignation. Have relief captain as soon as quarantine reached.

Macklin.

"Get it off right away," he directed.

Hours went by. The storm abated perceptibly. Still in the grip of the great shock and the crushing grief, prospect of better weather furnished him little satisfaction. As he was about to go up on the bridge, the radio man handed him a radiogram. A grim smile twitched at his mouth as he read:

Macklin
SS Swan

Message received. Say nothing about Gull when arriving port until you see me. Meet you quarantine. Acknowledge.

Humphrey.

His grim amusement at Humphrey's entreaty to say nothing, changed to horror when he realized that nothing had been said about Joyce. Did Humphrey hold her life as cheaply as that? It was uncanny.

"An answer, sir?"

"Yes. Write it out yourself, Sparks. Just say 'message received.'"

No sooner had the ship reached quarantine when Humphrey's launch steamed alongside. He lost no time in climbing up the Jacob's ladder that was lowered for him. Through the doorway of his cabin Macklin watched the ponderous figure of the owner come over the side. He saw him walk confidently toward the for'ard part of the ship.

He decided to have it over with Humphrey as quickly as possible. Failure as a ship master did not matter now. A lump came into his throat for a moment as thought of the tragic horror he had witnessed came again to his mind. Just then he saw Humphrey coming up at a brisk pace.

"Hello, Captain." Humphrey did not bother to extend his hand. "Want to talk to you. Close the door." The owner was all business at once.

Macklin closed the door with a quick movement and remained standing. He watched Humphrey draw up a chair and sit down.

"No use wasting time," the owner went on, in the crisp tone that was peculiarly his. "I don't want you going around talking about that ship buckling or saying that you dumped some of your cargo overboard. Can't do anything to me, but the newspapers might take it up and make a mess. Of course you're through as ship master, but——"

Macklin laughed harshly, terribly. It interrupted and disconcerted the owner. It struck Macklin as being fiendish. The man showed no interest in his own niece even, to say nothing of the lives of the others aboard the Gull. He was just afraid of the publicity. Even the loss of Joyce did not perturb this cold-blooded creature.

"Don't forget," he began, in a metallic voice, "that others saw the Gull buckle and go down besides me. The chief engineer and the mate saw it as well as I. Oh, I know you could get around it if the mate chose to say anything, which he hardly will; you'd say it was due to the storm and outside your control or the captain's—and you'd probably get away with it. As for the chief, you'd say the same thing, and if he spoke about the 10,000 barrels being emptied into the sea you'd probably say it was done to calm the seas—and get away with that too. But with what I saw and know it wouldn't be so easy. You figured it all out, I know," he went on cynically. "You might even be willing to pay me to keep quiet. If that was your intention in seeing me I'll save you a lot of trouble. I wouldn't take a cent of your rotten money. What kind of a man do you think I am? A blood-sucking hyena like you?

"I've watched you drive your captains and your ships to the limit for the past two years. It was drive—drive—drive without let-up. You know why the Gull went down as well as I do. Overloading! Go ahead, blacklist me—break me—smash me for what I've done and dared say to you. I expect it. But watch out for me!" He paused to catch his breath. Humphrey did not offer to speak.

"I have just started talking," he resumed. "But don't look so alarmed and worried: I'm not going to say much more to you. I'm nearly through—send along your captain to relieve me; the sooner he comes the better. You're going to hear more from me. Why—why—" He raised his voice in horror. "I never believed you were such a human snake. You—you don't even care that your niece was aboard and went down——" He could not go on.

Humphrey jumped out of his chair. "What's that, man? Speak! What's that? My niece? Joyce? What about her? Good heavens, man! Joyce on the Gull? Speak, man! Say something!" He grabbed at the other's arm.

Not a little taken aback, Macklin reached in his pocket for the radiogram he had received from her and handed it over.

There was a deathly silence as Humphrey read the wireless message feverishly.

"My God! Joyce—!" he gasped, and then sank into a chair, his jaw sagging, the radiogram clutched in his hand.

Macklin looked at him pityingly at first, then his face became set. A tense quiet settled in the cabin, broken only by the labored breathing of the two men. The ship swayed uneasily at anchor. A clock fussily ticking away the unheeded seconds obtruded itself in the scene like the steady pounding of a mighty sledge. Neither man moved a muscle. A shout from somewhere outside sounded as if from another world. And then came a rap—rap—rap on the door, not loud but imperative. Both men were startled by the suddenness of it. Humphrey straightened up with a jerk, his eyes still blank. Macklin went to the door in one jump, opened it, and fell back.

"Why, Captain Macklin! . . . And Uncle Albert! . . . Why—wha—what—Oh! this is terrible!" She turned toward Macklin: "Then you didn't find out—by wireless—that I didn't go—on the Gull. Oh! I thought you would . . . I only came to——" She began to cry.

"Our wireless broke down," Macklin found himself saying dazedly. And then: "Go to your uncle, Joyce; he needs you."

But the form in the chair had risen and was dashing across the cabin, wild-eyed. "Joyce! Joyce! Speak to me. My little girl." He gathered her in his arms, and, to Macklin's amazement, covered her face with caresses.

Macklin hastily slid out of the door and went below to the saloon, closing the door after him. He sat down by the table there and took his face in his hands. He felt a great heaviness on his chest. He could not think. Minutes slipped by . . . Vaguely he was aware of the door being opened and closed. He felt a hand upon his shoulder. He did not look up. A soft, tremulous voice began speaking to him. He listened intently.

"I'm awfully sorry—" it said.

He raised his head. "Tell me—tell me, Joyce, how you come to be here." It was hardly more than a whisper. He still seemed to think she was an apparition of some sort.

"Well—we changed our minds at the last minute—mother and I—and went to Houston instead of coming back on the Gull. Oh dear! Why didn't I let you know. Oh please forgive me—and then after getting back this afternoon I went to the office. There I heard about the Gull"—her voice broke—"so I thought I'd come right down just to make sure you didn't think—— But I thought you had found out I wasn't on ——Oh, it's all my fault. I should have sent you a radiogram letting you know, and wired poor uncle about my plans. I'm so sorry—but won't you forgive me?"

"It's easy to forgive you, Joyce. I'll gladly do that," he took hold of one of her hands unconsciously. "But I'm not the man—you thought—your uncle and I—" he broke off incoherently.

"What are you talking about?" She put her other arm around his neck. "You're not going to resign. We won't let you! He told me——"

"You wouldn't, Joyce, but your uncle and I have had an understanding. You may want me to continue, but it's too late to talk about that now. I've resigned." He couldn't tell her that he had been fired.

"He told me you said you were going to leave, and sent me down to get you. He wants to talk with you about it. He wants you to stay."

Macklin did not believe it. She might have prevailed upon her uncle, in his excitement, to retain him in the employ of the company possibly. After what had taken place, however, Humphrey and he would always be at odds. He had had enough of Humphrey and his methods. "I don't think he and I could come to terms, Joyce," he said.

The door to the saloon opened suddenly. Humphrey walked in. The little flurry of haste with which Joyce sprang away from Macklin did not seem to concern him. He seemed to be thinking carefully as he looked from her to Macklin.

"Will you reconsider your resignation, Captain?" he said, trying vainly to make his voice business-like.

Macklin merely shook his head.

Joyce became tearful as she looked from one to the other and seemed at a loss to understand.

Humphrey nodded stiffly, and then looked at Joyce as much as if to say: "I've done my part; what did I tell you?" Aloud, he said:

"Come, Joyce; let us be going." He slipped an arm through hers.

She stood obdurate, refused to move. "Why won't you reconsider your resignation, Captain Macklin?" she asked in pained tones.

Avoiding her eyes, Macklin turned toward Humphrey. Humphrey would have to answer that question; he would not. That the ship owner did not want him as a captain, or in any capacity, he subconsciously knew. He had broken down Humphrey's reserve. If he did continue as master it would be to run a ship as he thought best and not in accepting the owner's unreasonable mandates. Of course Humphrey knew that. And he knew the play thus far to get him to reconsider was done to please the girl. While he was looking for the ship owner to answer the girl's question, an awkward situation was saved by the timely appearance of the pilot.

"Ye'll havta hurry, Cap'n, if yer goin' to make the tide," the pilot blurted out unceremoniously.

Humphrey sprang into the breach. "The deuce with the tide; we dock in

the morning," he blazed, with a dash of his old fire.

"Right, sir."

Silence reigned in the saloon for a few seconds, and then the chief knocked on the door and strode in.

The chief, sizing up the unusual scene, thought that Humphrey was in the act of dismissing Macklin.

"Count me out too," he boomed, glaring at Humphrey. "I'm through, too. I go with Captain Macklin. Had enough of you and your ships."

Humphrey looked at Macklin with something akin to an unexpressed hope in his eyes—a hope that he would not re-open the story of the tragedy again, in the presence of the girl. Another awkward silence. The chief seemed nonplused.

"Stand by, Chief. I haven't left yet." Macklin found his voice. There would be no further scenes at any rate He owed that much to Joyce.

The chief blinked and cleared his throat with a kind of deep gurgle. "All right, sir; if you're staying it's all right."

As the chief left the room Humphrey's eyes lighted up with something like gratitude. But his face remained impassive. He started for the door.

"I'm going outside to see about my launch," he flung over his shoulder. "Back in a minute." The words were whipped out in a second and he was gone.

Macklin rose to his feet slowly. Joyce rushed to his side and grasped his arm impulsively.

"I'm awfully sorry about all this dreadful affair—about the Gull I mean—but it wasn't any one's fault, was it? It couldn't be helped, could it?"

"No—it couldn't be helped—no one's fault, Joyce." It was difficult to say it, but he could not tell her the truth.

"Oh—I've been wondering. I've had the silliest notion that you blamed Uncle Albert for it. Of course now that you say it was no one's fault I can't think that." She changed the subject. "You're not going to leave us, are you, Robert?"

He drew her close, put an arm around her and kissed her fervently.

"I had never dreamed you cared so much—until to-day. I've always loved you——"

"And I you, Robert." Then she shifted to the subject that seemed to concern her most deeply. "You're not going to leave us, are you?"

He said nothing for an interminable time. How could he answer her? She did not know the facts of the case. How could he tell her?

Hearing sounds of hurrying footsteps outside the door, they let go of each other. He had not answered.

Humphrey sauntered into the room. "Launch all ready," he said, in brisk tones, not in keeping with his drawn features. He looked at Joyce.

She rushed toward him. "You're not going to let Captain Macklin resign—he's not going to leave us, is he?"

Eyeing her steadily for a moment, Humphrey turned toward the sober figure standing beside the table, and said a trifle harshly, "It's all settled, Captain?"

Macklin studied his employer's eyes for an instant. Compressing his lips with determination, he nodded.

"I'm staying," he replied firmly.

No sooner had he said this than the girl beamed upon him through rapidly gathering tears, then quickly turned around and looked straight up into the face of the ship owner.

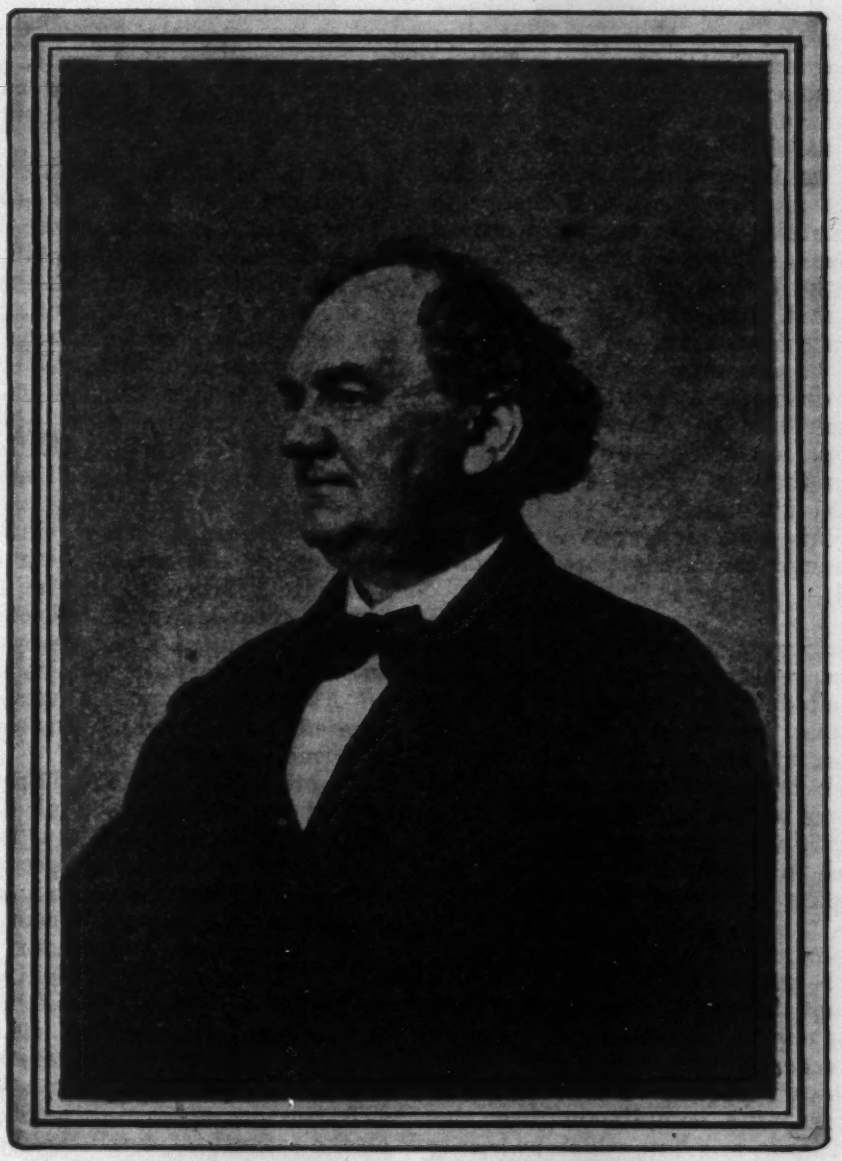
"Oh, I'm so glad Captain Macklin's not leaving, aren't you?" she asked, a little tremble in her voice.

"Yes," came the reluctant response. The fact that it was uttered through set jaws caused the girl no concern; she did not notice it. And, laying her head on his breast immediately after he had spoken, she did not know that in the next moment he directed an almost savage glance toward Macklin.

Just the faintest trace of a smile twitched at the corners of Macklin's mouth, slightly relieving the tenseness of his expression as he, returning the other's hostile stare for a second, walked quietly from the room.

When Barnum Was Mayor

By Harvey W. Root



P. T. Barnum, circus owner and Mayor of Bridgeport. (This photo, never before published, was made about the time of his election.)

FOR a term of one year, Barnum, the famous showman, was Mayor of Bridgeport, Connecticut, giving the city in which he chose to live, and where he had established the winter quarters of his circus, as picturesque and colorful an administration as ever fell to the lot of an American municipality. His unconventional methods of procedure, his wit, his sarcasm and ridicule, proved magnets which drew greater crowds to the sessions of the Common Council than have packed its chamber through any other period of

the town's somewhat hectic political career.

Although it is rather difficult to associate the popular conception of P. T. Barnum, as proprietor of museums and circuses, exploiter of freaks, fakes, near-fakes, and celebrities, with the serious rôle of mayor in a New England city, the incongruity is largely removed when one remembers the honest interest the great showman had in his home town, the extent to which he impressed his identity on Bridgeport, his love of the lime-light and applause, and the pride his community felt in having a citizen whose name was known in every household of the United States.

It is said that when the suggestion of running for mayor was first made to Barnum he threw up his hands and exclaimed dramatically:

"Thank Heaven, there is one man who would not accept any public office, not even that of United States President; and I am that man." Just how sincere this reluctance was is hard to say although the Bridgeport *Standard* declared:

> It was not until after he had been repeatedly interviewed, and solicited by individuals and committees, who urged upon him the necessity for a mayor who would work for the best interests of the people without strong partisan bias, that Mr. Barnum consented to sacrifice in some degree his peace and comfort for the public good.

But ten months later in a public lecture he made the statement that he would not take the office again with half the city included in the bargain, and this decision he never altered.

His elevation to the mayoralty was in the nature of a compliment from his fellow citizens, a tribute which he keenly enjoyed but which nevertheless left him in the uncomfortable position of being a Republican mayor in a town which was then strongly Democratic, and with a common council and board of aldermen in which the Democrats were in the majority. That his election was not altogether unanimous is indicated by the obviously exaggerated statement of the *Standard* which, after crediting him with "aiding" and "assisting" in the material growth of the city more than any other man and noting the personal compliment, says:

> We are pleased with the result, especially as the Democracy moved heaven and earth to encompass his defeat, appealed to every prejudice and passion that spite, envy, ingratitude, and malice could suggest, and yet failed to defeat him.

But if his election was a compliment he did not allow it to pass as an empty honor. On the contrary he was very much the mayor, asserting himself from the first and employing in the conduct of the office and the securing of his ends the same unique methods with which he was accustomed to attact attention and win success; nor did he hestitate to "lay on" vigorously at times, with scant regard for where the blows fell. This interest, however, did not prevent him from avoiding much of the routine, and to him unimportant, duties of the office, especially when these conflicted with his habits; so, in the drab and formal records which tell officially of the lively council meetings, we find frequently such cryptic entries as this:

"At this point Mayor Barnum vacated the chair which was assumed by Alderman Marsh."

In other words Mayor Barnum had opened the meeting scheduled for eight P. M. and presided until the clock struck nine, then, putting on his coat and hat and taking his cane, he had said to the councilmen with great formality:

"Gentlemen it is my hour for retiring. Alderman Marsh will take the chair. Good night." And bowing low to Council and spectators he went out to where his faithful coachman, Hugh Brady, was waiting to drive him home.

Barnum was sworn into office at noon on the seventh of April, 1875, following his election two days earlier after a campaign of only a week. So great was the interest in the first council meeting at which Barnum was to preside that, long before the hour for it to begin, the Council Chamber was packed to its limit and the crowd overflowed into the corridor. It was with considerable difficulty that the newly elected city fathers wedged their way in, while Barnum himself had to be brought in

Barnum's home, Waldemere, built in 1869.

through a side door. The opening paragraphs of his long inaugural address show a conscious effort to be more or less conventional in sentiment and phraseology; it contains such trite platitudes as:

"Entrusted as we are by the votes of our fellow citizens with the care and management of their interests, it behooves us to endeavor to merit the confidence reposed in us. We are sometimes called the 'fathers of the city.' Certainly our duty is, and our pleasure should be, to administer the municipal government as a good and wise father conducts his household, caring for all, partial to none. No personal feelings should dictate our official acts. We are not placed here to gratify personal or party resentment nor to extend personal or party favor in any manner that may in the remotest degree conflict with the best interests of the city.

"We are all acquainted with the great principles of Justice and Right; if we fail to work according to these eternal principles, we betray the confidence placed in us, and this one year of administration will be distinctly remembered with disapprobation and contempt.

"Let us bring to our duties careful judgment and comprehensive views with regard to expenditure, so that we may be neither parsimonious nor extravagant, but, like a prudent householder, ever careful that expenses be less than the income."

Barnum was an enthusiastic temperance advocate and frequently lectured on the subject. Even in those days he was "dry" enough to suit the most devout believer in the 18th Amendment; so it is not strange that he dwelt at length on the subject, emphasized the fact that the Chief of Police in his annual report credited liquor with the responsibility of at least 90 per cent of the arrests, and demanded as great an amount of restriction as the law allowed. He closed his reference to the subject with these words:

"Our laws license the sale of intoxicating drinks under certain restrictions on week days, but no man can claim the right under such license to cause mobs, riots, bloodshed or murder. Hence no man has, or can have, any right, by license or otherwise, to dispense liquor to intoxicated persons, nor to furnish sufficient liquor to cause intoxication. Our duty is therefore to see that the

"His Honor, P. T. Barnum, Mayor of Bridgeport, presiding at a meeting of the Common Council."

police aid in regulating to the extent of their legal powers a traffic which our laws do not wholly prohibit."

With this much off his mind his personality begins to assert itself.

"We should strive to exterminate gambling, prostitution, and other crimes which have not yet attained the dignity of a license.' "

He then recommends an innovation which has since been adopted, the selling of fruit and vegetables by weight, and he must have startled Bridgeport politicians by saying:

Reproduced from a sketch by Albert Bergaus in Leslie's Weekly, July 6, 1875.

"Every employee of the City should be strictly held to perform the duty assigned and to earn the money paid him. We should support no drones."

Coming to the question of unemployment, which was causing some trouble at the time, his remarks certainly have the real Barnum flavor.

"It is painful to the industrious and moral portions of our people to see so many loungers about the streets, and such a multitude whose highest aspiration seems to be to waste their time in idleness, or at baseball, billiards, etc.

"No person needs to be unemployed who is not overfastidious about the kind of occupation. There are too many soft hands (and heads) waiting for light work and heavy pay. Better work for half a loaf than beg or steal a whole one. Mother earth is always near by and ready to respond to reasonable drafts on her never failing treasury. A patch of potatoes raised 'on shares' is preferable to a poulticed pate earned in a whiskey scrimmage. Some modern Micawbers stand with folded hands waiting for the panic to pass, as the foolish man waited for the river to run dry and allow him to walk over.

"The soil is the foundation of American prosperity. When multitudes of our consumers become producers; when fashion teaches economy, instead of expending for a gaudy dress what would comfortably clothe the family; when people learn to walk before they learn to ride; when the poor man ceases to expend more for tobacco than for bread; when those who complain of panics learn that 'we cannot have our cake and keep it,' that a sieve will not hold water, that we must rely on our own exertions and earn before we expend, then will panics cease and prosperity return."

The fact of Barnum's being Mayor was widely noticed in the press, and Leslie's Weekly published a picture showing the Bridgeport Council in session with Barnum presiding. The Brooklyn *Times*, in commenting on his election, said:

> That P. T. Barnum is possessed of a level head none will deny who have perused his first message as Mayor of Bridgeport. It is a peculiar document, but its peculiarities are of the man. It is saturated with the sharp, sagacious and withal humorous philosophy which has guided the great showman to prosperity.

This statement is a fair sample of most of the editorial notices, although the *Danburian* took the opportunity to observe:

> The civilized world knows by this time that P. T. Barnum is Mayor of Bridgeport, yet seven-eighths of the civilized world could not tell you where Bridgeport is, nor spell it.

Less than a month after his election to the mayor's office, Barnum's great "Hippodrome Exhibition" showed in Bridgeport but neither his new honors nor the dignity of the office deterred him from being the chief feature of the show. As usual, Bridgeport turned out *en masse*, and when Mayor and Mrs. Barnum were recognized, as they made their way down the aisle to seats facing the center of the arena, they were greeted with a burst of handclapping and waving of handkerchiefs. A little later the performance was interrupted by loud calls for Barnum, who responded with a speech and rode around the track in an elegant four-in-hand, saying, as he entered the vehicle, that he threw himself in as a part of the show. Handkerchiefs were waved and cheers given as he passed around the course, and a New Haven paper in commenting on the affair the next day said:

> Barnum is as truly an American institution as Brother Jonathan, government currency, the chirography of Spinner or the Postmaster General. The people were as eager to see him as the great show he had created.

After this popular outburst Barnum found a seat for himself among the newspaper men and, as soon as the "Congress of Nations" spectacle began to move around the track, got out a notebook and made rapid notes as it was passing. Then, calling Manager Coup over to him, he began reading from his notebook various criticisms and directions such as the following:

"Change Queen Victoria; she is too young.——Trade off that lame Bishop with stogy boots.——Put white wings on the first two cardinals.——Put more burnt cork on the eunuchs in the Turkish harem.——Swap off Napoleon for a stouter man with a shorter neck.——Don't let Prussia follow Rome; it brings Emperor William close behind the Pope."

But in spite of his popularity Barnum soon began to experience the common fortune of all public servants. Be-

fore the month was out he had rushed into print to defend his policy of enforcing the liquor law on Sunday, denying that he was starting a "crusade" because of his personal belief, and insisting that he was only pursuing his "sworn duty" to enforce the law. He ended by saying:

"I depend upon my fellow-citizens, who, equally with myself, are interested in 'law and order,' to aid the authorities in vindicating the reputation of our city by the suppression of all wrongdoing."

Talk, however, was not to be silenced by any such easy method; and presently we have the amusing spectacle of a man who made use of publicity as no other man in his day, who early in his career had served thirty days in jail for flagrant and repeated libel as editor of a paper, complaining in print that he had been misquoted, that the statement attributed to him was a "malicious invention, totally and completely manufactured out of whole cloth," and then begging immunity by declaring:

"When men are appointed by the votes of a majority of citizens to labor for the best interests of the city, I claim that, while their actions are fair subject of criticism, it is not only impolitic but unjust to injure their usefulness by assailing them with false charges.

"It is high time that a stop was put to the libels of purblind politicians who slander public servants, and coin lies against men who have no prejudices to satisfy, who desire only to do their honest and impartial duty to that public which has entrusted them with its interest."

Fifty years ago, just as it is to-day, Bridgeport was wrestling with the two problems of municipal extravagance and the puzzle of where the city's money went. A committee known as the "Retrenchment Committee" was carrying on a more or less sincere investigation. There was considerable criticism of it through the summer, which increased to such an extent that early in September Barnum went to its defense with his favorite weapon, a letter to the papers. Not only is the letter full of caustic references fully understood at the time, but it also discloses Mayor Barnum's opinion of honesty in general.

Messrs. Editors: As a citizen having our common weal at heart, I am sorry to see that you and some others seem disposed to cast slurs upon the "Retrenchment Committee," a committee directed by the Common Council to investigate city affairs, expose any acts injurious to our common interests, and introduce retrenchment and reform wherever needed. Surely a city which annually runs into debt needs to adopt all reasonable measures to discover and remove the cause.

"Power is always stealing from the many to the few." Give any man or any set of men, or indeed any political party, continual power to be exercised without supervision, and the chances are that such power will be abused.

Those who own stock in corporations know how often the officers who have the handling of funds and the appointment of subordinates abuse their positions and ruin the stockholders. Checks and balances are placed around them and even then it is found that "eternal vigilance is the price of safety." In the nature of things it is almost impossible for a man to serve others as faithfully as he serves himself.

Now I by no means say or think that all men are dishonest, for I rejoice to believe that a great many are not so, but I do say that if men are honest, they are less liable to be tempted if they know that their actions are under continual *surveillance*.

Honest men do not fear investigations. I regard the appointment of a committee on retrenchment and reform as a real blessing to every honest citizen, and I hope it may become a fixed institution among us.

If criticisms and the constant unpleasantnesses incident to his office proved annoying and irksome to the great showman there were other demands on "the mayor" which must have brought him much pleasure and satisfaction. Such a one was his part in the "Butchers' Picnic" in Septem-

ber. This was one of the great events of the season, held in Pembroke Park, with games and prizes, an admission being asked and the proceeds going to the Orphan Asylum. The day began with a parade which a contemporary paper describes as a "novel and imposing procession." Whatever one's opinion of its impressiveness, novel it certainly must have been as it moved through Bridgeport's streets, led by a squad of police and the marshals of the day, followed by a big omnibus drawn by six yoke of oxen with their horns gaily decorated with ribbons. In the "handsomely trimmed" omnibus was a band from the neighboring city of Waterbury. Back of it was another omnibus with the butchers' children dressed in white; then Mayor Barnum's private carriage and with him "ex-Mayor Hawley and Captain John Brooks." After the Mayor came the veteran butchers in hacks followed by a hundred butchers dressed in white aprons and sleevelets and mounted on horses.

A few days later we find Mayor Barnum together with the Lieutenant Governor, the Secretary of State, the President of the New Haven Railroad, and a "company of prominent Bridgeport citizens" visiting the fair, or "cattle show," of the Fairfield County Agricultural Association, at Norwalk. Here a characteristic Barnum incident occurred. One of the first things to attract his attention as he entered the fair grounds was hearing his name bawled out loudly, and following the sound he discovered a side show with a great sign across the tent proclaiming it to be "Barnum's Exhibition." Pausing with his group he inquired of the noisy proprietor:

"What Barnum is it that owns this show?"

"P. T. Barnum," was the prompt reply.

"Are you sure it is P. T. Barnum?"

"Yes, sir, this is P. T. Barnum's show. Walk in, gentlemen, and see the greatest scientific curiosity of the day."

"Well, I didn't know I had a show here, but I'm P. T. Barnum and it's all right. Walk in, gentlemen," he said turning to his friends, "I won't charge you anything," and, before the chagrined impostor could gather himself together, the whole group of a dozen or so had gone inside.

Later, when Barnum entered the exhibition hall, the band played *Hail to the Chief*, as the Norwalk paper put it, "to the delight of the Prince and the joy of the crowd." This reception was acknowledged by a speech described as "humorous" and which "entertained and convulsed the crowd jammed into the hall."

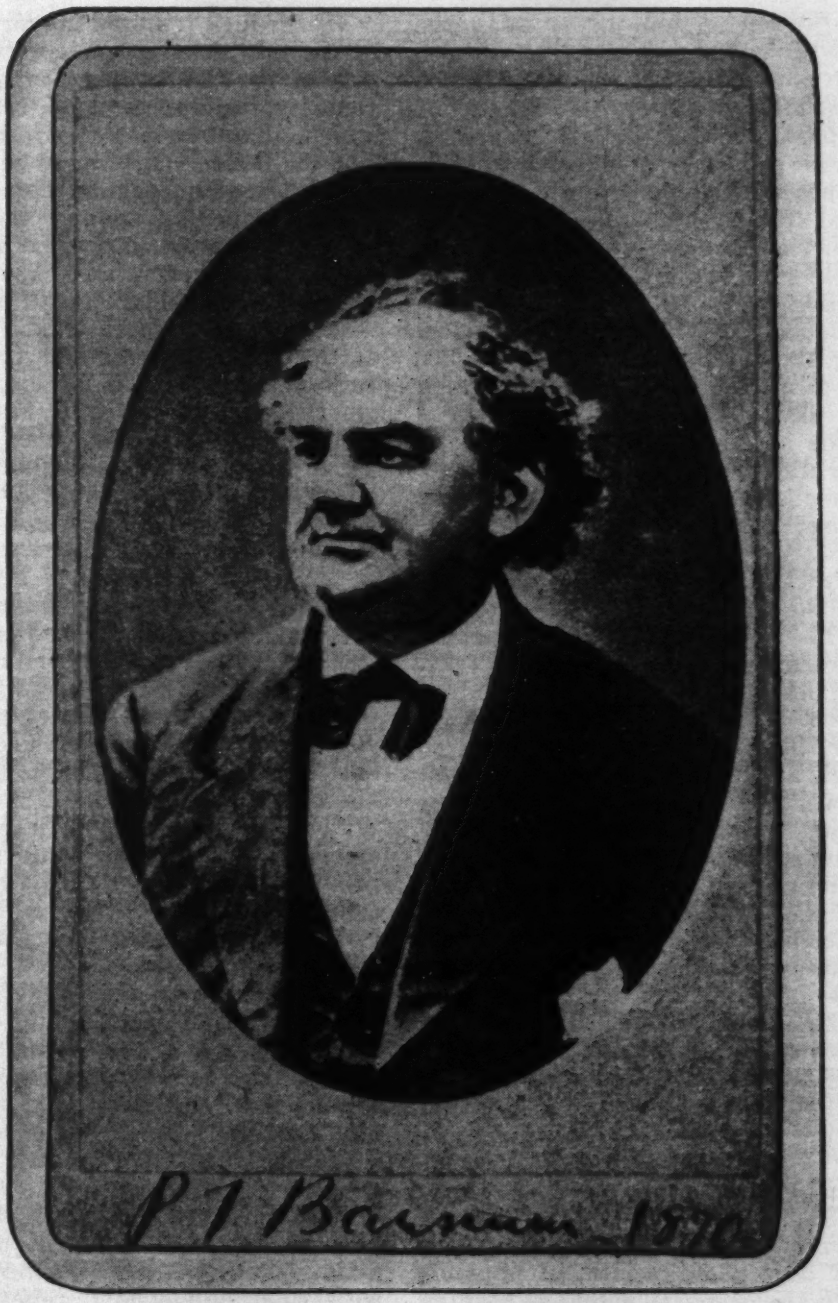
The colored people had a picnic in Pembroke Grove and Barnum drove there in his carriage and listened to the speechmaking. Then, being called on for a speech himself, he stood up in his carriage and told his hearers that he agreed with what the colored orator had said; that he was correct in his statements and complaint that the trade unions were keeping the colored men out, and said that in his opinion these societies were "wrong and contrary to the spirit of Republican institutions." In comparing the condition of the colored people with that of twelve years previous, he found "proof that the colored race was advancing." Then he advised the colored men to educate their children.

"Teach them to be economical, temperate, and virtuous. Don't teach them to follow the bad habits of the white men, such as drinking, smoking, etc. Not one of you looks as well behind a fifteen-cent piece of tobacco."

As he was leaving the grounds he stopped to compliment the Irish band which was furnishing the music for the occasion, telling them that he thought it was an "amazing circumstance for an Irish band to be playing at a colored picnic when only twelve years before Irishmen were hanging negroes to lamp-posts in New York City."

General Custer came to see Mayor Barnum and spent some hours with him and the mayor sent him away with the present of several dogs to use in his work on the plains. Social functions occurred frequently at which the mayor was in evidence and he went here and there, lecturing in various cities and towns, including the "Harvard University Course at Cambridge."

But even with a Barnum for mayor and in spite of his popularity, politics and intrigue went on. He confided to one of his councilmen that "before



Unpublished photo of Barnum. On his signature below, note the initial "T." This characteristic mark led his friends to call him "P. T. Barnum."

there can be any reform in Bridgeport there will have to be a few first-class funerals. I can see that." Even before October was past the Council passed an act to give a three-year contract for gas to the Bridgeport Gas Company at a rate higher than was being paid to the New England Gas Company. Barnum, in spite of the fact that many of his personal friends were involved in the matter, went after the deal in a long and vigorous veto in which he indirectly hinted at fraud, analyzed the proposal, and incidentally disclosed his idea of the responsibility of a city government. He declared that he withheld his approval from a "sense of duty" and that the proposed action was

"wasteful, partial, and unjust to a large class."

In a concluding paragraph Mayor Barnum apologized for the length of his statement and expressed his regret. The veto provoked a "heated discussion," but when it came to a vote it was overridden almost two to one, even with one member not voting because a stockholder in the Bridgeport Gaslight Company.

Not much more than a month passed before Mayor Barnum sent another long veto message to the Council which met the same fate. But a few weeks later one of his official papers met an entirely different response. Under date of December 30, 1875, he issued the following:

> Proclamation by the Mayor
> To the Citizens of Bridgeport:
>
> The experiment of a people governing themselves has been tried on this continent for a hundred years. During this period, and under this rule, we have grown to such a population, prosperity, and power as has never been attained in any century by any nation under monarchial government. As a nation we owe unbounded gratitude to the Fathers of the Republic who, by toil, sacrifice and blood, planted the seeds of this great and free nation.
>
> As citizens of one of the most prosperous and healthy cities in Puritan New England, I know you will rejoice to recognize in some befitting manner the beginning of the second century of our great and noble Republic.

Barnum could not have felt that there was any lack of enthusiasm in responding to this proclamation for, as soon as the fire bell rang midnight, all the bells in the city began their clangor, accompanied by a hundred rounds from each of four cannon, two of which were operated by the Grand Army, and two by the City Fire Department. Added to this was the noise from other cannon operated by private individuals, the blowing of horns and the explosion of fireworks, altogether creating a tumult which rattled the windows and stirred up the city till three in the morning.

Better luck followed Mayor Barnum's attempt in January to overrule the action of the Council. An amendment to the city ordinances had been passed which, if allowed to stand, would have put the Police Department at the mercy of the Councilmen. At the next session of the Common Council the chamber was packed with those who anticipated a spicy time over the expected veto. Barnum in a long, logical, and cogent veto message pointed out his objections to the act, declared that the Council had overstepped its powers, that the amendment was illegal, beside being "impolitic" and "at war with the spirit and letter of the charter." He left no doubt in the minds of the Councilmen as to what and whom he meant, at one point in his message saying:

"It would indeed be a serious misfortune if such an important part of the City Government, needing stability and experience in its conduct, should be put at the mercy of whim, local prejudice, or party. I need not remind you that bodies chosen as you are have not always proved exempt from such human failings.

"Not only sound policy, but the spirit of your charter in all it says and provides about the Police Department, counsels against action which would leave it to vere and blow about at the beck of your 'resolves.'"

In spite of the character of the matter in hand, Barnum could not resist the temptation to take advantage of an opportunity to get back at one of the Councilmen who had been opposed to him during the year and so, in the close of his message, we find this paragraph:

"I assure you gentlemen that I dislike to differ from you in your official actions, and you may possibly imagine with what diffidence I repeat an act which has been characterized by one of your members, whose modesty and experience I fully appreciate, as 'monotonous' and 'supremely ridiculous.' The monotony and absurdity may perhaps be less evident to that venerable and sagacious gentleman, when, as in the present instance, my opinion coincides with his."

There was no debate following the reading of the message. A motion to override the veto was lost by a heavy

majority, and the crowd went away without the expected fireworks.

On the 25th of January the Caledonian Club held its annual banquet in celebration of Burns' birthday. Barnum, as one of the guests of honor, was down on the program to respond to the eleventh toast, "Our Municipal Government," but as he "wished to retire early" this toast was moved up to sixth place. In responding he told the diners that the committee in selecting a subject for him had "hit on the one" which he "knew least about"; that he was only an apprentice in the line. In considering the fate of Brooklyn, New York and some other cities municipal government became "not only a delicate but a dangerous subject." The extensive machinery which governed Bridgeport reminded him of "a boy who had got on his grandfather's boots." He believed that for the size of the city "one, two, or three men" would be sufficient to handle its affairs, while as a matter of fact it had machinery sufficient to run one four or five times as large. He recommended that, for the Common Council, men of not only "intelligence," but also of "integrity" should be elected, and believed that they should be taxpayers, for they had a personal interest in governing well. He urged the men to go to Hartford to the Legislature and get the city's extensive municipal system reduced "because it would save expenses"; that expenses were heavy and there was little to show for the money. In closing he voiced his dislike of public office in the following words:

"Next April my term of office ends and no one can congratulate me on the event more heartily than I do myself. I shall not step down and out, but out and up to a showman's platform."

If those who attended the Council meeting in January, when the matter of amending the city ordinances came up, were disappointed, those present at a meeting a month later were treated to much more than the usual amount of spice as a result of a tilt between Mayor Barnum and Councilman Stevenson over the report of a committee appointed to assess benefits and damages resulting from the widening of Lewis Street.

The Councilman vigorously criticized the report and moved to refer it back to the committee. This brought the statement from the Mayor that Stevenson's action was an "electioneering dodge" and that he was "working for his clients." These and other comments of a like nature so incensed the councilman that after his motion had been voted down he rose to a question of privilege and after complaining of repeated instances of being interrupted in his remarks by the Mayor's undignified and insulting comments said:

"I now want it distinctly understood that I will not further submit to remarks made for a purpose by Your Honor that are beneath the dignity of the position you occupy. . . . I was elected to this body and am entitled to the same rights and privileges with Your Honor, and as long as I am here I propose to exercise those rights. Now, Mr. Mayor, after a repetition of those indignities, I must appeal to this Council to uphold one of its members against such a practice by the Mayor."

"Four weeks before election," was the complacent reply of Barnum.

The next day the Democratic *Farmer* attacked the Mayor editorially, charging him with being interested in the report and accused him of the "most shameful and disgraceful action on the part of a presiding officer imaginable," together with such unparliamentary procedure that there was "a grave doubt as to the validity" of much of the most important Council legislation of the year. The editorial concluded with this statement:

> His forte has been buffoonery and the undignified, unparliamentary, improper interjecting of personal remarks into the debates. But the citizens who have visited the Council Chamber know the facts as well as we.

Either Barnum was more sensitive to newspaper criticism than usual or else he saw an opportunity to futher some political object, for the following day the *Farmer* published the following letters in a conspicuous position:

> Editor of the *Farmer*—Sir: You or any other publisher are perfectly welcome to publish the

truth concerning any act of mine whenever you like, but when I am misrepresented I dissent. Your statement in last evening's *Farmer* needs some corrections. It is not true that I ever consciously "snubbed" any member of the Council. Nor have I the slightest ill will against Councilman Stevenson. I simply desire to keep him within reasonable bounds while the Council is in session. At the second meeting of the present Council, in April last, when a tie occurred, and as I am bound to do, I stated how I would give my casting vote; he exclaimed contemptuously, "I knew you would vote so." This unjustifiable remark elicited a laugh from the spectators in the rear, and ever since that night he has studiously insulted the chair and usually received an approving response from the same quarter. When he was called to order by a member of the Council for insulting the presiding officer I let it pass, for I cared nothing for his insults except so far as they trenched on the decorum of the Council. On one occasion he came to me before the Council opened and asked me that I would not take amiss any remarks that he should make, that he had a future, etc. I was not disposed to interfere with any "future" which was to be gained by his course of acting and I continued to pass over his eloquent statements in Council that my official actions were contemptible, supremely ridiculous, etc.

On a recent occasion in professing that the city should expend some thousands of dollars in providing for the poor, Councilman Stevenson made remarks about cutting coupons from bonds, etc., calculated to unjustly prejudice the poor against the rich. He then added that he desired by taking the yeas and nays to see who were the friends of the poor and who were not. I knew that members of the Council who paid taxes were really as anxious to provide labor for the poor as Councilman Stevenson who does not pay a farthing's tax could be, and also knew that the pay roll of one member of that body (viz. myself) for out of door labor was frequently greater than the pay roll of the city and therefore when the applause from the rear came in response to that gentleman's proposed liberality with other people's money I playfully remarked, "They have heard you." This remark touched a tender place and I have used a similar means since, as the most effective method of bringing him to order. A statement which he made Thursday night last, wherein he charged me with oppressing the poor by attempting to extort money from them, was incorrect in every detail. On the contrary, I had made a present of twelve hundred dollars to the parties in question and they had approved my action over their own signatures. But Councilman Stevenson's personal attack on me drew the customary applause from the same class, and after calling him to order without success, when I again

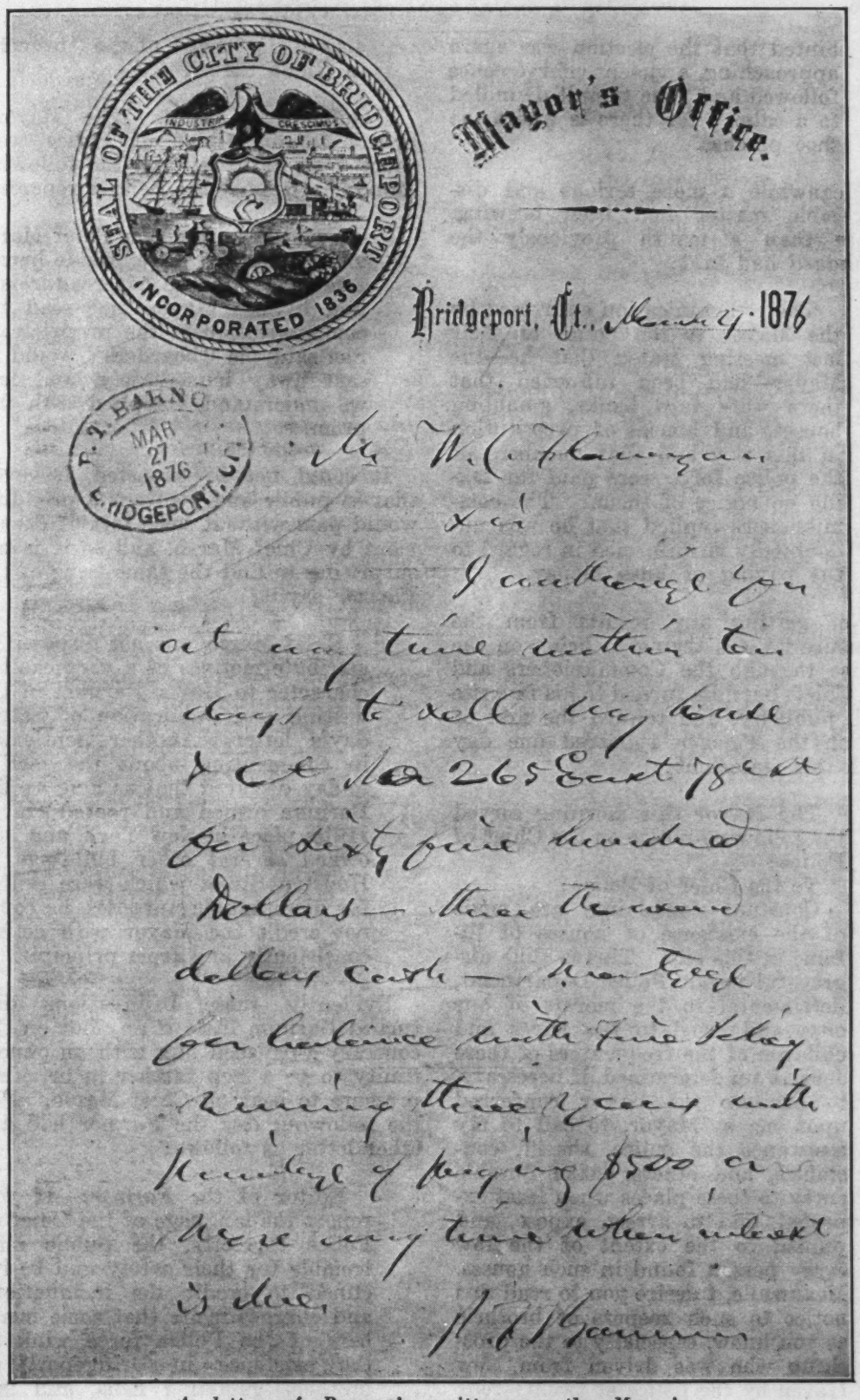
"Mayor's Office
Bridgeport, Ct., *March* 27, 1876.

Mr. W. C. Flannigan

Sir

I authorize you at any time within ten days to sell my house & lot at 265 East 78th St. for sixty-five hundred dollars—three thousand dollars cash—mortgage for balance with fire policy running three years with privilege of paying $500 or more any time when interest is due.

P. T. Barnum."



A letter of Barnum's written on the Mayor's stationery. Reproduced from the Houdini collection.

hinted that the election was again approaching, a violent effervescence followed and "the tumult dwindled to a calm," for there is where the shoe pinches.

Meanwhile a more serious and disagreeable matter had been brewing. More than a month previously the *Standard* had said:

> The communication addressed by the Mayor to the police at their last meeting stated that he—the Mayor—had been informed that there were faro banks, gambling houses, and houses of prostitution in this city and that members of the police force were paid for taking no notice of them. The commissioners replied that he was undoubtedly misinformed in regard to the paying of hush money.

Not getting any results from the pressure he was trying to bring on the police through the Commissioners and the Chief, Barnum turned to his favorite tool, publicity, and toward the first of March the *Farmer* appeared one day with this statement:

> The Mayor this morning served the following notice on the Chief of Police:
>
> To the Chief of Police:
>
> Constant complaints are made of the existence of houses of ill-fame in this city. This is alike disgraceful to our Police Department, detrimental to the morals of our city, and cruel to the wives and children of the frequenters of these dens. I am determined, if necessary, to exercise the power conferred upon me as Mayor, to call to my assistance the police, sheriff, constables, and others, make forcible entry to these places when least expected, and to arrest, expose, and punish to the extent of the law every person found in such houses. Meanwhile, I desire you to read this notice to such keepers of brothels as you know, especially to the prostitute who was driven from New Haven by the police at twenty-four hours notice and who now plies her trade back of the Post Office; and also to the keeper of the "branch" in Union Street.

Results were rapid. The Mayor's orders to his Chief of Police were printed on Saturday and the following Monday afternoon the *Farmer* reported:

> Saturday afternoon Chief Marsh visited the two disreputable houses referred to in the letter addressed him by the Mayor and read the communication to the proprietress. She said the "boarders" would be sent away immediately, and has, we understand, complied with this promise.

It could not be expected, however, that so public and vigorous a prodding would pass without some sort of resentment by Chief Marsh, and so it is not surprising to find the same issue of the *Farmer* saying:

> Chief Marsh was not disposed to attribute motives of a very exalted character to Mayor Barnum in the writing and publication of Saturday's letter. Another gentleman in commenting about the matter to-day declared that as long as Mr. Barnum owned and rented Harry Hill's place in New York, and also owned several other buildings in Houston Street which were rented for disreputable purposes, he could not credit the Mayor with acting consistently and from principle.

Evidently these insinuations disturbed Barnum little if any but on the contrary furnished him with an opportunity to go a step farther in bringing pressure to bear on Chief Marsh. For the following day the *Farmer* had another letter as follows:

> Editor of the *Farmer*:—If you report the language of the Chief of Police correctly, the public may tremble for their safety and be inclined to credit the insinuations and charges made that some members of the Police force wink at the existence in Bridgeport of brothels, gambling hells, and unlawful liquor selling. I hope this is incorrect, for any city is to be

> pitied when its police are bribed by criminals to let them pursue their unlawful vocations unmolested. No insinuations by the Chief of Police or anybody else that my "motives are not of a very exalted character" will swerve me from the course of duty.

Mayor Barnum denied the charge that he owned some disreputable houses. The next afternoon the *Farmer* reported:

> The writer interviewed Chief Marsh to-day in regard to the letter from Mayor Barnum which we published last evening, but he said he had no desire for a newspaper controversy and would express his opinion to the Mayor personally.

The last Council meeting of Barnum's term was the "most harmonious of the year," and he was obviously glad to be through with the office. The reporters and members of the Council found their desks "adorned with beautiful bouquets, presented with the compliments of the Mayor"; "a novelty" observed the *Farmer*, adding, "but then Mayor Barnum has made a name by the introduction of novelties." After the approval of the minutes the Mayor spoke briefly saying he was fond of episodes but had tried the one of being Mayor just long enough. In referring to the newspaper criticisms of his outbreaks of humor he contended that he should be "commended for the great quantity held back rather than for the lesser portion which came forth involuntarily."

Councilman Stevenson in a mood unnatural for its lack of belligerency proposed this resolution:

> *Resolved*, that the thanks of this Council be extended to the Mayor for the very able and impartial manner in which he has presided over the deliberations of this body during the past year.

And by a rising vote it was unanimously passed.

Mayor Barnum then presented a long message dealing with routine city affairs, included in which were occasional raps at those who had displeased or opposed him and of which there is little to interest one now except the statement:

"Laws are made to be obeyed and should be rigidly upheld by those whose sworn duty it is to enforce them. . . . It is an unwise policy to elect men to office whose chief study is how *not* to do their duty." And this statement in his closing paragraph:

"And now gentlemen, as we are about to close our labors in a harmonious spirit, and bid each other friendly farewell, we have, like the Arabs, only to 'fold our tents and silently steal away,' congratulating ourselves that this is the only stealing which has been performed by this Honorable Body."

A councilman moved adjournment *sine die* and the great showman ended his official duties as Mayor by declaring it carried, then added this *obiter dictum:*

"Now you are all dead cocks in the pit."

SONG

Ding-a-ling! The sun is high.
Ding-a-ding! The dragon-fly
  Wakes to dart about the stream.
Now is mortal morning come;
Let us find a bluebell dome
  And sleep and dream.

Belfries bluer than the sky
Shall intone a lullaby.
  Ring, ah! ring a drowsy song!
From this azure hollowed gloam,
Fays, why should we farther roam?
  Ding-a-ding, Ding-dong.
    Ding-dong!

— *Elizabeth MacKinstry*

MARY FISHER

By MOLLIE BEST

Even in war, moral power is to physical as three parts out of four.—*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

IN THE way of Quaker audacity Thomas Lurting might be supposed to have uttered the last word, a prerogative usually conceded to womankind. The Turks thrust themselves upon Thomas, and he was able to give a good account of himself; Mary Fisher, a Quaker girl, footed it across Europe alone to confront an army of fifty thousand of them, the Sultan himself in command.

Mary was the product of the policy of George Fox, to whom the modern women's movement, if indeed it is modern, has yet to make proper acknowledgment of a debt. The outstanding teaching of the Quaker heresy was the divine potentiality of every human soul, regardless of race, color or sex. If women manifested ability to minister to the growth of the divine life, let them minister, said Fox. Obviously the gifts of the spirit were impartially bestowed, and it was not for man to question the wisdom of his Maker, nor to bind what he had loosed.

Fox's radicalism went even further than the admission that women had spiritual gifts; he was willing to give them an equal chance with men for development: "I advised the setting up of a school for teaching boys; and also a women's school to be opened at Schacklewell for instructing girls and young maidens in whatsoever things were civil and useful in the creation."

In his stand for the rights of women, he was away beyond the spirit of his time, for he tells us he met "with a sort of people that held women have no souls, adding in a light manner, 'no more than a goose.' But I reproved them, and told them that was not right; for Mary said, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord.'" Some of his followers decided for schism rather than follow their leader in his advanced views: "We met with much opposition from some who set themselves against women's meetings; which I was moved of the Lord to recommend to Friends, for the benefit of the church of Christ, that faithful women being made partakers of the same precious faith, and heirs of the same everlasting gospel of life and salvation with men, might in like manner come into the possession and practice of the gospel order; so that all the family of God, women as well as men, might know, perform and discharge their offices and services in the house of God."

On this question Fox with his usual tenacity stood his ground, with his back to the wall, defending the principle of equality before the Lord. In their meetings for worship and the exchange of spiritual experience, every Quaker, old or young, man or woman, master or servant, was at liberty to rise and let the light shine. It was frequently necessary to exercise patience toward the faithful, and occasionally remonstrance or even discipline was necessary, but none were denied the right of expression. In due time one whose ministry proved edifying to his Meeting was given a certificate of ministry, and as the ability to edify was the gift of God's free grace, the possessor looked for no other reward than the approval of the Giver.

A minister who was moved to carry his message further afield laid his "concern" before the Meeting; if it met with their approval he was given a certificate to other Meetings, and such a one was received gladly by Friends everywhere, who provided for his entertainment. The clergy, trained in the schools of theology, were scandalized when untrained and unpaid men presumed to invade their province; when the women followed, the scandal became insupportable; vituperation was poured out on the "she preachers." Neither comeliness, nor youth, nor extreme age, saved the women from the roughest

usage; nor did rough usage save the clergy from their missionary zeal. Fox had no reason to regret his championship of the women; they proved the most adventurous and enduring of his fighters. Now, after three centuries, the wisdom of his policy is dawning on civil governments.

Mary Fisher, "a religious maiden," entertained the ambitious idea of carrying the Christian gospel of peace and good will to the embattled Turks at Adrianople; no adventure was too daring to be rejected by the Quaker mind. Like the apostles, they believed in the imminence of God's universal Kingdom upon earth. Fearlessness and trust was the slogan of their band; as they believed themselves to be under the command and direction of omnipotence, they recognized no finite barrier to their activity.

It was their strategy to attack the powers of darkness in their strongest positions, and throughout Europe the reputation of the Turks was of the blackest; of all heathen powers they were the most obnoxious, for in addition to being heathen, they possessed a very efficient military organization, with the will and skill to use it. Already Europe was glaring with covetous eyes at the wealth of the East; already the Turk was a problem, and all Christian countries maintained a propaganda against him.

It is one of the staggering curiosities of history that in France where seventy thousand Huguenots were put to the sword over night, and forty thousand more fled, leaving all their worldly goods behind, in their haste to escape indiscriminate slaughter; and in Spain, where for some slight deviation from the accepted creed men were tortured, and impaled on spikes to prolong their dying agonies, the popular imagination could always be fired by the tales of the heathen cruelties of the Turk, and Christian armies raised to exterminate them.

Mary Fisher no doubt believed the worst of these tales, a belief which decided her to do something about it. Her scheme met with the approval of the Society of Friends. For, although a young woman, and, as we infer from the casual remark of the experienced Turkish Emperor, with no small degree of feminine charm, Mary was a veteran who might have worn the Distinguished Service Medal, if her sect had countenanced such vain and worldly honor. A year and a half of her youth had been passed in a Yorkshire jail, and in her time a sentence to prison too often amounted to a sentence to death. Her survival implied the necessary qualifications for hard service.

Persecution only hardened Mary's moral fiber; she left prison determined to attack that most impregnable fortress of learning and tradition, Cambridge University. Accompanied by a sober woman of fifty, Mary endeavored to direct the attention of the students to the disparity between their unseemly behavior and the conduct becoming to professing Christians.

"Whereupon the Scholars began to mock and deride them. The women, observing the Froth and Levity of their Behavior, told them they were antichrist, and that their College was a cage of Unclean Birds and the synagogue of Satan. Such severe Reprehensions are usually most offensive to those who most deserve them."

The reprehensions were very offensive to the students, who complained to the Mayor of their outspoken critics, and the women were jailed. The Mayor himself was not above using plain language and calling a spade by name when occasion required. "He demanded their Husbands' Names. They told him they had no Husband but Jesus Christ, and He sent them. Upon this the Mayor grew angry and called them Whores, and issued a warrant to the Constable to whip them at the Market-Cross till the Blood ran down their Bodies. The Executioner commanded them to put off their clothes, which they refused. Then he stripped them naked to the Waist, and put their Arms into the Whipping post, and executed the Mayor's Warrant far more cruelly than is usually done to the worst Malefactors."

Beaten and bloody though they were, they were by no means deprived of the use of speech, nor frightened into silence. "As they were led back to the Town, they exhorted the People to fear God, not Man, telling them that this was but the beginning of the Sufferings of the People of God. They were thrust

out of the Town, no Man daring to show them any Countenance, or give them any Relief, for though many did secretly commiserate their Case, yet none had the Courage to oppose the Current of popular Prejudice, and the misapplied Power of the Magistrate."

Mary had the courage which is nourished on opposition; her thoughts now turned to New England, where the pious Puritans were reveling in misapplied power, and exhibiting to the world an excellent imitation of the tyranny which had driven them out of England. There were no Quakers in New England when Mary invaded the sacred pale of Puritanism, then under the sway of the vindictive and implacable Governor Endicott; there were, however, some who held views not unlike the Quaker principles. Anne Hutchinson had already been driven out of the colony for expressing opinions disapproved by the ruling theocracy, leaving behind her many intimidated sympathizers, a condition of affairs which attracted the Quakers.

In company with Anne Austin, Mary landed in New England, but that was as far as she got; before their feet touched the Land of the Free they were taken into custody and hustled off to prison. The window of their cell was boarded up that none might be contaminated by speaking to them; heavy penalties were imposed on any who so much as attempted it. Although they had been arrested on board the ship that brought them, before they had an opportunity to utter a word, they were charged with holding "dangerous, heretical and blasphemous opinions," so extremely dangerous in fact, that the custodians of the New England conscience ordered: "That the said Anne and Mary be kept in close Prison, and none admitted to Communication with them without Leave from the Governor .... to prevent their spreading their corrupt Opinions until such Time as they be delivered aboard some vessel to be transported out of the Country."

Meantime, pending deportation, certain officials had leave to be admitted, who stripped the women quite naked, and searched for marks of witchcraft with such indecency "that modesty forbids to mention it." It was their good fortune, however, that Governor Endicott had gone off on a journey to Salem, an absence he much regretted, for, said he, "If I had been there, I would have had them well whipped." Alas for Endicott, there was thundering in England and the lightning was soon to strike him.

According to the Body of the Liberties of the Colony: "No man's life shall be taken away, no man's honor or good name shall be stained, no man's person shall be arrested, restrained, banished, dismembered, nor any ways punished; . . . no man's goods or estate shall be taken away from him, nor any way indamaged under color of law or countenance of authority, unless it be by virtue or equity of some express law of the country warranting the same, established by the General Court . . . or, in case of the defect of a law in any particular case, BY THE WORD OF GOD."

The Mosaic law, the word of God, allowed its Puritan interpreters a wide margin for severity.

An order in council was issued as a warning to ship captains: "Whereas there are several laws, long since made and published in this Jurisdiction, bearing Testimony against Heretics and erroneous Persons, yet notwithstanding Simon Kemthorn, of Charles-Town, Master of the ship Swallow of Boston, hath brough into this Jurisdiction . . . two women . . . Anne, the Wife of one Austin, and Mary Fisher, being the Sort of People commonly known by the Name of Quakers, who upon Examination are found not only to be Transgressors of the former Laws, but do hold very dangerous, heretical and blasphemous Opinions, and they do also acknowledge that they came here purposely to propagate their said Errors and Heresies, bringing with them, and spreading here sundry Books, wherein are contained most corrupt, heretical and blasphemous Doctrines, contrary to the Truth of the Gospel professed among us.

"The Council therefore, tendring the Preservation of the Peace and Truth enjoyed and professed among the Churches of Christ in this Country, do hereby order,

"First, That all such corrupt Books . . . be forthwith burned and destroyed by the common Executioner.

"Secondly, That the said Anne and Mary be kept in close Prison and none admitted to Communication with them . . . until such Time as they be delivered aboard some Vessel to be Transported out of the Country.

"Thirdly, That the said Simon Kemthorn is hereby enjoined, speedily and directly to transport . . . the said Persons from hence. . . . he defraying all the Charges of their Imprisonment, and for the effectual Performance hereof, he is to give Security in a Bond of one Hundred Pounds Sterling, and on his refusal to give such Security he is to be committed to Prison till he do it." This order in Council was effective, in so far as it related to ship captains; no Quaker would deny his religion, and no captain would carry one who acknowledged it. The Quakers were obliged to land far to the south and walk up to Massachusetts.

In the background of the Quaker stories, we usually find some courageous figure, hazily sketched in. In this case one Nicholas Upshall, "an old inhabitant of Boston, and a member of their church there," was the untrammeled spirit who braved old Endicott's rage, and slipped the jailer five shillings a week, for the privilege of getting enough food in to the prisoners to ward off starvation.

The first outgoing vessel carried the blasphemous heretics back to England, via Barbados, minus their personal effects, which the jailer retained for his fees. Only for the moment was the theological purity of New England safeguarded from Quaker error; within the week after the deportation of the women, nine others landed to carry on.

Forced to relinquish to others the task of overcoming Puritan reluctance to the Light, Mary now turned to the darkness of the Near East. Her experience with the tender mercies of the righteous may have made the Turkish terror seem rather faded. An any rate, the indefatigable young woman now heard the call of God, or as Sewel cautionsly puts it, "so she believed," to deliver to the Turks the Divine message so scornfully rejected by the Christians. In her former campaigns Mary had the support of a companion; on this most venturesome of all she went alone.

Less than a year after Mary had been shipped out of Boston, we find her at Zante with a party of three men and three women. The divisions of their forces is unexplained, and may have been due to consular interference, for the missionary enterprise of the Quakers made that branch of the English government an active service in the Orient, if we may judge by the wails of the embassy at Constantinople: "Nor are all our troubles from without us; some are, as I may say, from amongst and within us, occasioned by a generation of people crept in unawares called Quakers, three whereof not long since arrived here from Zante by way of Morea. I friendly warned them to return, which the two women did quietly, but John Buckley refusing, I was constrained to ship him hence upon the Lewis."

Whatever the reason, Mary started off alone for an interview with the Sultan. Her onward march as a Christian soldier was rudely interrupted at Smyrna by the vigilance of the English consul, who regarded with extreme disfavor conferences between religious maidens and heathen potentates; consuls in heathen lands had no intention of adding the quibbles of Christianity to the perplexities of diplomacy. Mary was led to a ship headed west, and went quietly; as he wished her bon voyage, the consul washed his hands of the affair with a sense of duty well performed.

He had incorrectly taken the measure of the docile Quaker lady. Cut off in her approach by sea, Mary decided to execute a flank movement by land, and persuaded the captain to set her ashore at the first port he touched. From this point it was six hundred miles to Adrianople where Sultan Mahomet IV lay encamped with his great army; six hundred miles over the mountains and wild lands of Greece and Macedonia! Distance and obstacles could not stay a messenger of the Most High, before whose faith mountains at command must be removed into the midst of the sea.

Alone and afoot, without a word of the language, Mary blithely started off. Unfortunately there is not a line in the voluminous Quaker records relating to the adventures of that journey. Mary

was under orders, she carried them out and made a safe return, to the glory of God; further details were superfluous. As the records are usually Histories of Sufferings, it may be assumed that her journey was uneventful in that respect.

Mahomet IV was in the field with the army, but that luxurious potentate was not roughing it; surrounded by his great nobles and councillors, he was camping in Oriental splendor. Mary tried to persuade some of the citizens of Adrianople to keep her company to the camp of the Sultan, but found none with sufficient courage to venture. She was obliged to go alone, "and procured information to be made to the Grand Vizier's tent, that there was an Englishwoman who had something to declare from the Great God to the Sultan, who sent her word that she should speak with him the next morning."

The Grand Vizier was renowned for his opposition to petticoat influence in the affairs of his master; the petticoats to which he objected being no doubt of another color. There is no explanation of Mary's mysteriously quick conquest of the great man's prejudices; all we learn is that a religious maiden carrying a message from the Lord met with much gentler treatment from the Turks than from the New England Christians. The girl with a lingering memory of the Christian courtesies of Massachusetts, her body still scarred from the wounds inflicted by the students in the Battle of Cambridge, must have been overcome with astonishment at the kindness and respect shown her by the infidels.

One would like to know how Mary managed to make a presentable appearance at that splendid court after six hundred miles of rather rough travel. We do know that, fresh and alert after her long tramp, the Quaker girl came into the imperial presence, and was received by the Sultan with all the ceremony accorded to an ambassador of a king, all the Turkish nobility in attendance.

"The Sultan asked her, Whether it was so as he had heard, that she had a message from the Lord? She answered, Yea. Then he bade her speak on (having three interpreters by him) and when she stood silent a little, waiting on the Lord when to speak, he, supposing she might be fearful to utter her mind before them all, asked her, Whether she desired that any of them might go out before she spake? She answered, Nay."

The young woman who had so often stared death out of countenance was not at all abashed in the presence of the mighty Sultan. The scriptural frugality of her speech, which he so mistakenly attributed to the natural timidity of her sex, was merely the mental poise of the Quaker before the verbal leap; once started Mary held her high record for volubility.

"Then the Sultan bade her speak the word of the Lord to them, and not to fear, for they had good hearts and could bear it, and strictly charged her to speak the word she had from the Lord, neither more nor less, for they were willing to hear it, be it what it would."

Quaker missionaries spreading their unwelcome doctrines over the world were always prepared for the worst. The pleasant surprise of a reception so free from suspicion and these agreeable encouragements doubtless limbered up her tongue, and evoked her most effective oratory. Before the assembled magnificence of the Turkish Empire she spoke, and "all gave diligent attention with much gravity and seriousness till she had done, and then the Sultan asked her, Whether she had anything more to say. She asked, Whether he had understood what she said. He replied, Yes, every word, adding that it was the truth, and desired her to stay in that country, saying that they could not but respect such a one as had taken so much pains to come to them so far as from England with a message from the Lord."

When Mary had fully unburdened herself, the Turks were given a chance, and questioned her as to what she thought of their prophet Mahomet. Judging by the treatment she had received from his followers, it is likely that she suddenly thought better of him; certainly she could not meet such unaccustomed courtesy with rudeness. "She answered warily that she knew him not, but Christ that enlightened every man who came into the world, Him she knew . . . And concerning Mahomet she said, they might judge him to be false,

or true according to the words and prophecies which he spake. The Turks confessed this to be true." Mary was a diplomat as well as a soldier.

Her mission so successfully accomplished, it was her desire to be off to Constantinople, and the Sultan ordered a military escort to conduct her on her journey, "which she not accepting, but trusting to the arm of the Lord, who had brought her safe hither, to conduct her back again, he told her it was dangerous traveling, especially for such a one as she, and he wondered she had passed safe so far as she had, saying it was with respect and kindness to her that he offered her a guard, and that he would not for anything she should come to hurt in his dominions."

Nor did she, for "having performed her mission, she departed from the camp to Constantinople, without a guard, whither she came without the least hurt or scoff, the Turks in this behalf receiving her message with far more respect and civility than she had often met with from those who covered themselves with a profession of Christianity. And so she returned to England."

It is interesting to note that in Quaker biographies the Turks appear at no moral disadvantage in comparison with the Christians of their time. Generally speaking, the Quakers seem to have fared better in heathen than in Christian lands, which no doubt confirmed their belief that there was no darkness where the light had not penetrated.

We should like to follow Mary's subsequent career, but the details of her later life are meager; it seems to have been one of approved domesticity, varied by persecution, in which her husband shared. On her return to England she married William Bayley, a seafaring man, and a Quaker preacher of her own stripe. Bayley accompanied George Fox on his missionary tour of the American colonies, and while her husband went forth battling for the Lord, Mary busied herself with her young brood.

Bayley died at sea, desiring those about him "to remember my love to my dear wife; she will be a sorrowful widow. But let her not mourn too much for it is well with me." Not for long did Mary remain a sorrowful widow; some years later she became the happy wife of John Crosse, and with husband and children emigrated to America. Others of her sect had meanwhile brought the New England theocracy to terms, and Mary was "clear" to settle down in peace in South Carolina. Notwithstanding the extreme hardships they endured, many of the Quaker Amazons lived to a great age; Mary was seventy-four when she was gathered to her reward. It is supposed that her mortal remains rest in the Quaker cemetery at Charleston; it is to be hoped that in her descendants the unconquerable spirit goes marching on.

CHERRY VALLEY

From the Mountainy Singer

In Cherry Valley the cherries blow:
The valley paths are white as snow.

And in their time with clusters red
The scented boughs are crimsoned.

Even now the moon is looking through
The glimmer of the honey dew.

A petal trembles to the grass,
The feet of fairies pass and pass.

By *them,* I know, all beauty comes
To me, a habitant of slums.

I sing no rune, I say no line:
The gift of second sight is mine!

Seosamh MacCathmhaoil

AN ENEMY BY COMMAND

By NELL HANSON

"LAST night they dhrew the lots, Delia. I couldn't tell ye before." Micky Hanrahan groaned, covering his face.

"An' it fell to you!" Bedelia O'Callaghan's voice was weighted with horror. She drew a little away from him, leaning against the side of the cliff.

"I've been all day thryin' to get used to it," said the boy dully.

"I've prayed night an' day ye'd escape it." She pressed her hands together feverishly. "Who—who is it?" She scarcely breathed the question.

Micky turned wretched eyes on her as she pressed away from him, against a jutting wall of rock. "It's the R. M., God help me!" he whispered, turning away his face quickly that he might not see the added horror in Delia's eyes.

The Resident Magistrate! She raised her hands to her throat with a little choking cry. Her knees shook. Trembling she sank to the ground, leaning against the cliff.

The boy leaned towards her, putting out a hand to draw her to him; then drew back sharply, looking strangely at his hand. Blood! In such a little while, in less than twenty-four hours, there would be blood on his hands—warm, sticky, ineffaceable blood of a man who loved him. Small wonder that Delia cowered away from him, covering her eyes to shut out the swiftly imagined horror that stalked between them.

A wide reef of rocks, sea-weed strewn, stretched before them, sheltering the little bay of Kilbray. From beyond the rocks came the dull thunder of the Atlantic, the spray tossing whitely in a fitful moonlight. Above them the wind whistled, beating against the black cliffs, carrying salt spray from the faraway breakers. But Micky's staring, miserable eye saw nothing but the spare, trim form and kind blue eyes of Major Gerald Massy—the little man who had been his benefactor as long as he could remember anything, the little man who was resident magistrate for the County of Clare.

"It's to be to-morrow, an' him dhrivin' back from Dunmally petty sessions," he whispered. "Tom Healy that's his man is one of us, an' he gave us the information about the time an' all. I can't tell ye annything more, Delia. I oughtn't to have tould ye that, only I trust you."

"Couldn't ye warn him, Micky?" Delia leaned forward, sudden hope in her voice.

Micky shook his head. "I thaht of that, but it would be aginst me sworn vows for wan thing," he said.

"Then I can do it meself," she said.

"No, no! Ye mustn't Delia, I'm tellin' ye! They'd find out—they find out everything," he said bitterly, "an' they'd murdher you in cold blood. Ye *mustn't,* Delia! Swear to me ye'll do nothing to prevent it." He turned to her with frightened entreaty in his eyes, an imperative note in his voice, born of his fear for her.

Delia stared at him, thinking hard. If she warned Major Massy, he would be prepared to shoot, and then . . . . it would be Micky's slight, gentle face and curly black hair that she would be pressing lifeless against her aching breast. Realization sharply closed the door of escape.

"I swear, Micky," she said, a little breathlessly.

"I've thaht an' thaht," he whispered, glancing apprehensively about him as if the very cliffs might hear. "If I tould him meself, they'd know an' shoot me for an informer. It wouldn't matter if I thaht they'd be lavin' you alone, Delia darlin'. But they wouldn't. They know well what ye've said about the other killin's. Ye'd not have a chance at all, an' me not there to defend ye even."

Delia sat silent, despairing, confronted by that dreadful vision of

Micky, whitefaced and lifeless, in her arms.

"An' if I killed meself. . . .if I'd get the courage to do it . . . without a warning to him it wudn't be anny good. They'd have some one else would be doin' it in two days."

"Whisht, Micky," she moaned.

"If it was anny wan but him," went on the boy, speaking in broken hurried sentences, as if he must unburden his mind of some of the hideous nightmare that had haunted him all that bitter night and day. "An' him so good to me always. D'ye remember him pullin' me out of the pool yondher, an' me near bein' drownded?" He pointed to one of the deep pools that gleamed amongst the sea-weed in the moonlight. "An' when me father died, if it hadn't a been for him, comin' to see us—that kind that he'd make ye talk an' tell him things before ye knew what ye were doin'——Shure he knew in no time that we hadn't annything, an' me mother sick—— D'ye remember, Delia, he paid the rint two years then, and wouldn't let me mother sell the pig?"

"Och whisht, Micky, can't ye!" she pleaded. "It's only makin' it worse, rememberin' things."

"I know, but I can't help meself. It's goin' over an over itself in me mind. An' it was him got me me last job that I've kep' these three years now—— An' it was him tould me—laughin' he was, but serious undherneath"—a little shudder went through the boy's frame—"'Faint heart never won fair lady, Micky,' says he. 'Go an' ask her, be George!' An' so it was him gave me the courage to spake to yerself, Delia."

"I know! I know!" moaned the girl, wringing her hands.

Micky was silent for some time. Then he began again. "D'ye think, Delia—I've been thinkin' of this a lot—d'ye think will ye ever be able to marry me—afterwards?" He said the word with an effort. "Or will it be there, between us, forever?"

The desolate note in his voice wrung the girl's heart. Impulsively she moved close to him. "Whisht, darlin,' whisht! Ye mustn't! We'll forget—by an' by." She jerked the words out, putting her arms round his neck as she spóke.

Eagerly Micky's arms closed about her, but numb desolation settled down on his heart as he felt her slight body tremble and shudder beneath the caress of his feverish hands. But she tightened her arms round his neck, and drew his white face close to her own.

"I love ye! I love ye, Micky!" she whispered desperately, as though the force of her love must blot out the thing he was to do. "It's not your fault, avick. It's *not!* It's—it's for Ireland." Vainly she sought for help for him. "It's—it's war, Micky!" What could she say to lighten his intolerable darkness?

"War! Ireland! God help us!" he muttered fiercely. "War maybe, shootin' soldiers an' police, an' people ye hate, Delia. Maybe that's war. *Maybe,*" he repeated with emphasis. "But it's not war, killin' a man ye've known all yer life, that's been more than mortal kind to ye. It's—a blaggardly thing, so it is, God help me."

To cover his stricken face with tender, passionate kisses was the only comfort Delia had to offer.

After a time she gently drew herself out of his clinging arms, and stood up. "It's late. I must be goin', Micky."

"All right. I'll wait here a bit. I'll not be shleepin' annyway, an' I must think a while. If—if it's all over an' safe, I'll be here to-morrow night, Delia."

She looked at him bravely, hoping the darkness would hide from him the horror that must stand in her eyes. "I'll be here," she said. "Keep thinkin' it's for Ireland, Micky. It's—it's all ye can do." She tried to smile at him; then turned swiftly and made her way up the path that led to the village.

Micky sat on, staring stonily before him, tortured by fevered imaginings, calling up vision after vision of what had been and what was to be, haunted relentlessly by the kind eyes of the man whom to-morrow, in the name of patriotism, he must kill.

The priest had said to the young men last Sunday—had said it from the Altar itself: "Ye mustn't soil yer hands with blood." "It's aisy for him to talk," thought the boy bitterly, "an' they not darin' to touch him nor his if he should lift a finger against them. What does he know about what it means to the like of Delia an' me?"

Across the moon the flying clouds chased madly, piling themselves in confusion of hurry, driven before the inexorable Atlantic gale. Here and there among the rocks and sea-weed the peeping moonlight glimmered on the rippling surface of a pool. Micky knew the pools well. Pink-lined, treasure-laden, they were. The sheen of them caught and held his wandering thought, adding a sharper memory to his intolerable burden of gratitude. He wished to God he had been drowned that day long ago, when the R. M. himself had pulled him—a little barefooted urchin—out of the pool. The incoming tide already splashed the brink of the farthest pool. It was this one—the hardest to reach—that the mermaids chose. Had not Delia's sister's husband himself heard one there one night? "T'was a lament for Ireland she was singin'," he had declared. A lament for Ireland! Micky laughed harshly. Those were the days long ago, before the trouble began. It seemed to Micky's excited fancy that he could hear in the shriek of the wind and the screech of the gulls the voice of the mermaid, no longer singing, but making a bitter wail—a lament indeed for the sons and daughters of Ireland who, like himself, still clung to the common affections and gratitudes of the human heart; affections and gratitudes ruthlessly pushed aside by a patriotism that had become a skulking tyranny.

In the confused tangle of his desperate thought one question wove its pattern clearly: why were they doing these things? Why? Hadn't they Ireland always—the green fields; the heather; the sea, wildly tossed as it was to-night, or calm and twinkling blue in the shimmering sunlight? Micky groaned and stretched out his arms. Hadn't they this? Wasn't Ireland this? And simple toil, and love, and freedom from care? What were they doing that there should be terror lurking at every turn in the road, crouching behind every ditch—terror and killing and blood, blood everywhere. He covered his eyes . . . . And everywhere whispering and talking. He thought of the men he knew, kindly and decent men, crying out now at their poverty, saying how they "ha-ated the English," talking about being "free."

A pleasant family called Percival, who had once stumbled upon Kilbray for a summer holiday, were the only English Micky knew. Delia had worked for them in the house, and he had chopped their wood and drawn their well water; and they had been so kind to them both. They had sent him a tin of tobacco, and Delia a beautiful Christmas card with angels on it and the Child in the Manger. Certainly Micky did not hate the Percivals.

Free! He thought about that word very steadily for a while. He had often thought about it lately with no greater comprehension. Free? Hadn't he and Delia always been as free as air until he joined the I. R. A.? Passionately, impotently, he wished that he had never joined. But it had seemed so grand a thing at that time, to fight for Ireland. All the old songs that he knew were full of a strange, fantastic love for her—"The Little Dark Rose" the songs sometimes called her. Micky's heart had been stirred. Ay, and many a decent, kindly man had had shining eyes and the light of a new enthusiasm on his face in those early days. Micky thought of the meeting last night. They were there, as of old, the decent and kindly men, but the light had gone out of their faces, leaving only a grim resolution and furtive fear; and always they were whispering and talking together about "Ireland a republic," and "being free." But secret meetings and casting of lots, and terrible undertakings—what had such things to do with being free?

And poverty! What did that matter? "God help us," he whispered, "Isn't it betther to be hungry an odd time maybe, or maybe without yer shoes, than to be puttin' black crimes on yer soul, that'll be makin' misery for you an' the wans ye love, as long as ye live?"

And ever his thought returned relentlessly to the little R. M.; though he held it fiercely away from him, as a rider holds his horse on the very edge of an abyss, pulled it away with desperation from the grim place his mind envisaged, a place where lay the trim little body he loved—lay in a ghastly unfamiliarity, with the blue eyes staring skywards, and blood staining the road about him. In a little while, in a few hours at most, it would be like that; it would be done. Frantically he strove to tear

his thought from that most terrible of visions.

A bat flew past him, darting out from the cliff. The ocean thundered, creeping nearer over the rocks, resistless, darkly menacing.

And the R. M.'s wife, with her pretty white hair and delicate hands, that had done Micky many a kindness. . . . Tomorrow she would be waiting. . . . and they would come knocking. . . . He buried his face, crying out.

And always he thought of Delia, his gentle love. Her death at the hands of violent men—if he informed, this penalty, beyond a shadow of a doubt.

Back his thought came to the little R. M.; to that most terrible thing he had to do.

In the name of God, why were they doing these things? In and out the question wove itself, unanswered.

Far into the night he sat there, tense and staring, while the tide rose and the great rollers surged closer over the reef.

Suddenly he started, leaning forward eagerly, his face alive, alert, as though he pursued some thought that took vivid shape before him. For some minutes he clearly followed it, ticking off points excitedly on his fingers, weighing, balancing. Then his sensitive mouth set in a line of resolution. He sank back, gasping a little for breath, leaning against the black cliff. Presently he rose, his face very white in the moonlight, and made his way stumblingly up the steep path and along the road to Kilbray. Once inside his cabin he struck a light, very quietly for fear of waking his mother in the room beyond; then he went straight to the fireplace. From their hiding-place in the wide chimney he drew out a Colt automatic revolver and a box of cartridges. With great care he examined the Colt and found it empty. With fingers that shook a little he extracted from the box eight cartridges, enough to load it. Wrapping them in a piece of newspaper, he blew out the light, and, creeping softly to the half-door, opened it and went out into the night.

In about ten minutes he returned, a trifle noisily, so that his mother stirred in her sleep, asking querulously what he wanted. He undressed and climbed into bed, pushing the revolver under his pillow, waiting with restless body and staring eyes for the dawn, listening to the dull beat of the waves against the cliff below his cabin.

Along the road to Dunmally Micky Hanrahan drove his donkey and cart, while the sun beat down, and from the treeless, storm-swept fields on either hand rose the sweet smell of ripening grass. The threatened storm of the night before had died down and only a gentle breeze stirred in the grass. Away to his right the sea sparkled, shimmering blue in the sunlight. Before him the road ran very straight, disappearing in the distance over a slight incline. Micky drove slowly along, stopping every now and then to let his donkey crop a little by the side of the road. He must not appear to hurry, they had told him. An occasional market cart either passed him or overtook him, its occupant hailing him with: "It's a fine day, God bless it!" "It is so," he would answer dully, gazing at them in a stupid surprise that they should be still blessing the weather.

In a little while, in an hour or two. . . .

A lark rose suddenly from a nearby field, catching up into its song all the throbbing beauty of summer about him. Micky listened. Unbearably sweet it was.

In a little while, in an hour or two at most. . . . He prodded the donkey, turning its face towards Dunmally.

They reached the incline in the road. A small hill rose now on the right, between the road and the sea. Here a half ruined cottage stood, desolate and untidy. Beyond it the road took a sudden turn to the right round a shoulder of the hill, thus hiding the Kilbray road from any one approaching from Dunmally. Between this corner and the level road from Kilbray rose the little incline, hiding it. This was the spot they had chosen. Micky slowly climbed out of the cart, unharnessed the donkey and, with a pat and a gentle word, turned him to graze in a field. Then he entered the cabin. There would be over an hour to wait. He was to be in there, resting and eating a bit of a meal—he had bread and a scrap of bacon in his pocket—if any one should stop to inquire. By and by, between here and

Kilbray, and between here again and Dunmally, there would be men hidden with guns, to turn back the market carts and keep the road cleared.

Inside the cabin he stood by the window, gazing drearily out on the hillside. From a strip of bog at the foot of the hill a faint, steaming mist arose. Wide patches of heather glowed purple and fragrant in the warm sunshine. Peace!—Peace! And the lark still singing. The breeze stirred the tall bracken on the hillside. About the heather the bees hummed lazily. He watched the lark drop suddenly to its nest beside the bog. Everywhere peace, and life, warm in the sunshine. Micky shivered and turned away from the window.

A violent trembling seized him, so that his knees knocked together. He sank to the ground, resting his head on a broken chair, muttering prayers incoherently, crossing himself. He grew calmer presently; the trembling ceased; his mouth set once more in the dogged line that sat so incongruously on his dreamy, gentle face. He knelt on quietly now, repeating more prayers.

A sudden noise roused him. He raised his head. Delia stood framed in the doorway, her face gray in the bright sunlight, her head resting against the door post in utter exhaustion.

"For God's sake!" He started towards her. A sudden anger and horror gleamed in his eyes. "Ye promised me, Delia!"

She raised a hand as if to keep him off. "Don't touch me, Micky! I'm doin' no harm, only I guessed it'd be here. I gave ye me oath. Ye can trust me." The girl's gray eyes looked straight into his. "Ye can trust me, darlin', I swear to ye," she repeated.

He nodded his head. "I can. I know that. But ye can't be here——" He broke off, waving his hand significantly towards the road.

She shivered, glancing behind her and out through the door to where the sunlight made patches of yellow dust on the road. "Och Micky, I *must* stay!" She leaned towards him, her whole figure tensely beseeching him. "Ye can't be alone. I'll be hidin' up yondher in the bracken, where I'm afther comin' from this minute. There's no wan will see me; an' if anything happens to ye——" She stopped. "Ye can trust me," she said again quietly. "It would be worse than annything to be beyond in Kilbray, an' you here," she added.

Micky crossed the uneven earth floor, and seizing the rickety window pushed it down, breathing in draughts of fresh air.

In God's name, why had she come? Too late now to send her back, for the men would be already clearing the road. Anyway she would not consent. He had measured wills with her before. She would stay, he knew. Surely to God there was horror enough, without Delia to see it all. He turned to her, passing a bewildered hand across his forehead.

"Ye'll have to stay for ye can't get past. The men are set to clear the road by now. Go up an' be hidin' in the bracken. An'—an' shut your eyes, for God's sake, Delia!" he finished, knowing it was preposterous. He made no move to touch her, though his unhappy eyes devoured every loved line of face and figure as she stood there leaning against the door-post.

"All right. I'll be goin' now," she said, hesitating on the threshold, gazing fearfully at the narrow stretch of road. There was nothing there. Only the sunlight making its yellow patches in the dust.

Suddenly she was across the room and had caught him by the arms in a grip that hurt.

"We can't do it, Micky! We can't!" she cried, her breath coming in frightened gasps. "We'll hide—somewhere! There must be somewhere!" She looked round her wildly. "Come, darlin'! We'll run, now, this minute." She was pulling him towards the door. "We can get on a boat maybe. There *must* be some way!"

She fought fiercely against him as he gently disengaged her clinging arms.

"Whist! Whist, asthore! They'll maybe hear ye," he whispered. "Ye know we can't run; there's no place we can hide. They watch everywhere, the ships an' all. Ye know no wan gets away from them, ever."

She was standing before him, her whole body quivering, still eagerly poised for escape.

"Listen, Delia. Will ye go away the way ye promised me? I—I can't stand this—an' it's no use annyway." His voice was quiet, controlled; but his hag-

gard face and dark-ringed, wretched eyes most piteously entreated her. How much more would he have to stand? How much more could he, he wondered?

Slowly his desperate will forced her to see the futility of her wild planning. Her hands dropped listlessly to her sides. She turned with a little sob and a choking good-bye, and made her way out into the garish sunlight. From the window Micky watched her climb the little hill to where a tall patch of bracken swayed in the breeze. In a moment she was completely hidden from view.

He gave a litle moan of pain as he turned away. "It's the way she couldn't bear to kiss me, nor to touch me hand, even," he whispered. "If she knew, maybe she would!" he said with a queer little laugh, as he set about his terrible preparations.

Going out into the sunlight, he pushed his donkey-cart sideways across the road. From inside it he took an axe and with two or three sharp blows he shattered one of the front wheels, so that the whole cart slipped over, disabled, completely blocking the narrow road.

From the field by the road came the sound of the donkey tranquilly cropping the clover. He looked at his watch. Ten minutes now, maybe. He remembered with an odd streak of ironic humor with what military precision the major kept his appointments. He crouched behind the cart, fastening his mask, listening, alert. But no sound reached his ears except the distant lap of the waves and the faint stirring of wind in the ferns by the roadside.

Suddenly he heard it—throb, throb in the distance. The R. M.'s Ford! Unmistakable. He drew his revolver, crouching behind the cart.

Stillness intense, save for the sound of the car, relentlessly drawing nearer. It whisked round the corner and stopped with a jerk. Micky had sprung up with a leveled revolver.

"Shoot, ye scoundrel!" The Major's clear voice rang out scornfully.

Micky's arm shook as he pulled the trigger. A faint click, but no sound of a shot. Half an instant's tense silence, and then a flash and a sharp report.

It was Micky who fell, crumpling up behind his market cart.

The Major leaped from his car, and pulling aside Micky's cart, stood over him, his revolver smoking in his hand. A second he stood, then stooped with an oath, and, picking up Micky's revolver, opened it quickly.

"My God!" he exclaimed, under his breath.

Scrambling, tearing through the heather and bracken came Delia. Delia! Then. . . . Micky?

She was beside him now, kneeling, desperately calling him: "Micky."

The Major leaned towards her, holding out Micky's revolver. "It wasn't loaded," he said. There was an oddly vibrant note in his voice. He stooped to examine the crumpled form on the road. "Just his arm hit. You two will be safest alone," he muttered.

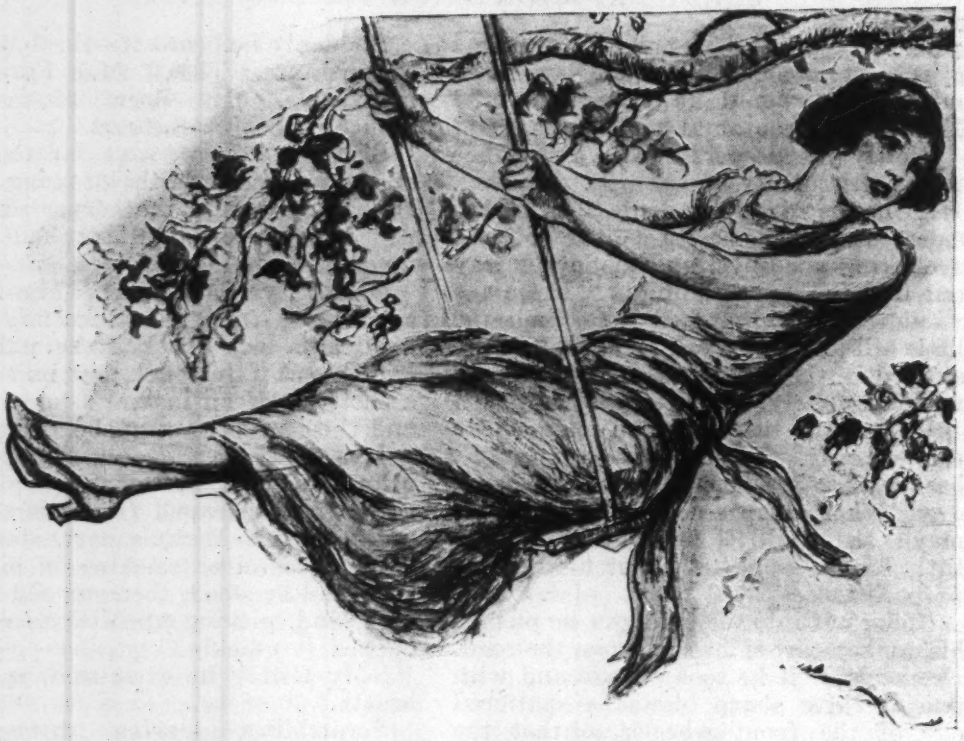
He thrust Micky's revolver into an inner pocket, and, walking unsteadily to his car, climbed in.

THE WAYS

From All's Well!

To every man there openeth
A Way, and Ways, and a Way,
And the High Soul climbs the High Way,
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A High Way, and a Low.
And every man decideth
The Way his soul shall go.

John Oxenham



DEVILED CRABS

By CLAUDE S. WATTS

Illustrated by William Fisher

OH, boy! Me for them and them for me!"

Slangy and ungrammatical, but sincere. The belated arrival at the picnic supper in a sylvan beauty spot on the historic upper Potomac, had made his excuses and accepted good-naturedly the bantering warning that he was too late to get anything to eat. He had surveyed the remains of the feast that apparently had been attacked by a band of starving Armenians and had declared that he was not hungry, anyhow. Then he had espied that which called forth the ejaculation and proceeded to get busy.

A few minutes later he rested with a rapturous sigh and looked up at the few members of the party who remained around the cloth on the ground.

"Say, folks, that's food! Deviled crabs are my specialty, and I'll tell the world these are the best ever. Who made 'em? I want to meet the cook!"

Some one giggled and some one called out, "Oh, Marge!" only to add, "There she is—there's the cook," and pointed to a nearby rustic swing.

The omnipresent humorist took charge of the situation. "Marge," he called, "you're wanted. Here's the guy who likes deviled crabs."

That was good for a laugh—laughs come easily at picnics—and so was the retort: "He's a perfect stranger to me!"

Whereupon a clamor: "Don't you know Marge?" "Don't you know Tim?" "Introduce 'em!"

And again the humorist: "Miss Kirby, meet Mr. Brady. Marge, this is Tim. Tim, there's the cook—do your duty!"

The youth scrambled to his feet, bowed awkwardly and hesitated. "What do I do now?" he asked.

"Eat another crab—eat 'em all!" cried one voice. "Kiss the cook!" cried another, and then the chorus: "Kiss the cook! Kiss the cook!"

"Marge, you're wanted. Here's a guy who likes deviled crabs."

"I'd like to see him try it!" came the cool voice from the swing, and the youth sprang to the challenge. There came a brief chase, a darting here and there, a capture, a momentary clumsy embrace and a loud kiss deposited upon a scarlet cheek, all to the accompaniment of applause and screams of laughter. A flushed and somewhat disheveled girl confronted a smiling and somewhat embarrassed boy.

Said the girl: "Well, Mr. Sheik, I hope you're satisfied!"

Said the boy: "Say, sister, I'm a perfect stranger to you yet!"

Later, when the evening shadows were gathering and the broad, rippling river mirrored but faintly the last shafts of light athwart the sky, a voice said:

"Say, Marge, you make an awful hit with me!"

And another voice made reply: "You mean the deviled crabs made a hit. What do you want—to hire a cook?"

"I want to marry one!"

"My land, man, but you work fast. Why, we're perfect strangers."

"We're not going to be long."

"Aren't you the speed demon, though! Slam on your brakes! Can't you see the red lantern?"

Still later, when the party was breaking up, there was an aside.

"Say, Marge, let me take you back to town."

"I came out in a flivver. What kinda car you got?"

"A—uh—a Brill Sixty."

"Thank you, I'm not a strap-hanger."

"Aw, come on!"

"Say, a fellow with your line, who tries to put on the act you did, ought to carry a little scenery and a few props—something with about six cylinders. Good-bye!"

"Aw—wait a minute, Marge!"

"Bye-bye, Timmus! See you in church!"

"You see me"——but she was gone, leaving a more than disconcerted youth, grinning ruefully, if not vacuously. "Aw, she's too flip!" he muttered to himself, but he didn't mean it.

Tim Brady, as his name announces to the wide, wide world, was Irish through and through and every which way, which means so many different things it's no use trying to enumerate them all. Mention may be made, though, of his fine grey eyes, of his smile that unlocked at least your outer gates whenever he approached you, and of his well modeled chin, indicative of sticktoitiveness, stick-toyouitiveness and combativeness. Then it may be added that he was a bundle of nervous energy, always knew what he was going to do, and usually was well on his way to get it done before the average youth of his age would be getting started.

As he put himself to bed he told himself he knew exactly what he wasn't going to do in this instance—he wasn't going to make a fool of himself over that crazy red-head. He never had made a fool of himself over a girl, and he wasn't going to begin now.

"She's too flip," he said, not realizing that he didn't mean it any more than when he had first indulged himself in that slightly inelegant characterization. "She's a good-looker and full o' pep, and I'll bet she's a peach of a dancer, but she hasn't got a thing on her mind but her bobbed hair, she'd run a man ragged keeping up with her, and she'd keep the mint working nights to make money as fast as she'd spend it. I'll bet there's not more than eight or eleven thousand different things she wants right this minute. Not any for me, thank you! I'll cross her name off my list before it's on it!"

Whereupon Tim addressed himself to slumber—but he dreamed a strange dream, a weird jumble of red-headed crabs and deviled girls!

Now Marge Kirby was in many respects as Tim had summed her up. She was flippant. She had a nimble wit, of sorts, and an even more nimble tongue, and both had been schooled in the vernacular and freedom of the day. And in the matter of looks she had been most generously endowed. Her figure was—no, not boyish. That adjective has been overworked, and, besides, it doesn't mean what it is supposed to mean. Who ever heard of a male impersonator who ever fooled any for a moment or who had a figure that a man would look at a second time? Her hair was a lustrous curly mop of that shade of auburn that art has never achieved. Her eyebrows needed no pencil, her lashes no mascaro, and her eyes, at times almost grey and again the deepest violet, were alight with laughter. Her mouth was not a stranger to the lipstick, although it might well have been, and she had never improved her complexion by frequent recourse to the litte round box. In fact, as she sometimes admitted, "powder and rouge make me look like the dickens."

A piquant, tip-tilted nose — but enough of the siren's looks! What else did Tom say about her? Oh, yes! He wagered she was a peach of a dancer. She was. He was positively dogmatic about her being a dumb-bell. Not so good, Timmus! She was present when the brains were passed around, as eventually you are to discover. You are as near right as the soap is pure, however, in your conclusions as to her running a man ragged to keep up with her, her gift for spending money, and the number and variety of the things she wanted. You pass, Timmus, *summa cum laude!*

But, Timmus, Timmus! Fie, fie, and what, ho! The last thing you said was that you would cross her name off your list before it was on it, and your first thought in the morning was, "Why haven't I met that dame before?" Also you awoke with that feeling of zest and elation you have not known since you got your new job, and you did not need the daily dozen and the cold plunge to send the blood rioting through your sturdy young body! Nor should you have told the waiter that you wanted a whole hog, two dozen eggs and eight dollars' worth of coffee for breakfast that morning, for the waiter went out and told the cook that, "Mistah Brady suttenly has been,

triflin' wid de hooch!" You gave him the impression that you were suffering from a hangover, which was quite true, only it wasn't that kind of a hangover.

The first thing Tim did that morning when he got to his desk in the big office building on Capitol Hill, where he served as secretary to one of the overlords of mundane affairs, was to use his telephone to get in touch with the individual who had inveigled him into going to that picnic. He did this with such effect that half an hour later he was asking, over that same instrument:

"Is this Miss Kirby?"

"If it isn't I could be arrested for wearing the clothes I got on!"

"This is Tim Brady."

"Who?"

"Tim Brady."

"Say it again. I just love your accent!"

"You little scamp! Say, Marge, I want to see you."

"Sorry! This isn't that kind of a machine."

"What kind?"

"The kind you can see over at the same time you're talking."

"Oh, you're little Miss Kidder, aren't you? Say, Marge, I want to see you."

"I heard you the first time."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"What am *I* going to do about it? You stay right where you are and I'll hurry. Don't leave before I can get there—it won't be more than a hundred years!"

Tim could laugh at that and he did. "Ouch!" he said. "I had that coming to me! Say, Marge, how much time do you have for lunch?"

"We have a whole half hour in which we can do anything we please. We can even eat, if we want to."

"Say, I'm coming down."

"What for—some deviled crabs?"

"That'd help some, but I'd rather have the little red-head that puts the devil into 'em!"

"Still after a cook?"

"I'm still after you!"

"You don't tell me! Say, man, what do you mean by calling me up and talking all day? Do you want to make me lose my job?"

"Oh, say, Marge, I'm sorry! I just wanted to tell you I was coming——"

"The Brill Sixties don't run on Sixteenth Street."

"I'm coming in a Pierce Arrow!"

"Say, whose chauffeur are you, anyway? Cal's?"

"I'll be yours, one of these days!"

At noon Tim had several pressing errands at the downtown departments. Yes, the chief would let him take the car, so Tim was there on the street where the Brills do not run—there, as he said he'd be, in the Pierce Arrow, and he was not doing the chauffing. Scores of girls—clerks, stenographers and typists in the offices of the world-famous magazine that has its habitat in the midst of great apartment houses, magnificent embassies and splendid private residences—were promenading the sidewalks, out for the mid-day breath of air, laughing, chattering and preening their feathers. Marge Kirby was one of a group that Tim espied promptly, and he was out of the car almost before it drew up to the curb.

"Miss Kirby!" he called. If he thought to surprize her he was mistaken.

"How you startled me!" she said, with her pert sarcasm. "I expected you sooner. Girls, this is Mr. Rockefeller, come down to mingle for a moment with the woiking classes. Mr.——" But the girls, giggling, had passed beyond the range of an introduction, and were engrossed in excited question and comment anent, "Marge has got a new one, and can you beat that!"

"I'm here," said Tim.

"That's what Pershing said. Where's your wreath?"

"Say, are you always kidding?"

"It's my line. Like it?"

"Not so bad, but——"

"'Not so bad!' Do tell me! Nice little boat you got there, 1920 model, ain't it? There's no use talking, these good cars do stand up, don't they? Pays to buy 'em, in the long run. Now my Rools Rooster is six years old and you'd never dream it! As I was sayin' only this morning——"

"For heaven's sake, can the chatter, Marge! You'll be going back to the office in a minute and I want to say what I came down here to say."

"You said it."

"Said what?"

"You said, 'I'm here!' and posed for the flashlight."

"Can I come to see you to-night?"

"Nope. Date."

"To-morrow night?"

"Nope. Date."

"How about the next——"

"Say, what're you trying to get me to do—say, 'Oh well, you might as well come to-night and get it over!'"

"No, but there's an awful good show down at the National——"

"Show? National? You interest muh strangely! Talk on, man. I never did have a date I couldn't break—if I wanted to!"

"To-night, then? I've had two dandy seats laid away."

Marge appeared to indulge in heavy thinking for a moment. "Let's see, I think I can fix it. Yes, I'll do it!" Then she grinned. "Surest thing you know!"

"I'll call for you at a quarter to eight. I know where you live, all right."

"You do work fast—and thorough—don't you! G'bye!" And with an impish grimance she was gone.

Tim did not have the Pierce Arrow that night and when they came out of the house Marge paused and surveyed the empty place by the curb.

"Oh," she said, "this is James' night off, is it? Or did you have to put the car in the shop and you just couldn't find a taxi?"

Tim's collar grew suddenly very tight. "I thought——" he began.

"You thought you'd use the Brill to-night? Come on, let's walk. Street cars never did rest *my* feet!"

It was not a long walk—a matter of but six or eight blocks, happily—and Marge kept up a running fire of chatter which Tim could only punctuate with miserable monosyllables and which did not in the least conceal her displeasure. She did relent a bit, however, when they got to the theater and discovered where they were to sit—on the aisle, second row on the right in the orchestra.

"I love this!" she exclaimed, as they settled themselves in their seats. "I'm crazy about the trap drummer and I can't bear to be any farther away from him than this."

"The trap drummer!" repeated Tim, blankly.

"Any trap drummer, stupid! S-ssh! They're off!"

It was a good show and they enjoyed it. Marge was perfectly crazy about the leading man—and the comedian, too, for that matter—before the evening was over, and she didn't care who knew it. Tim rather liked the looks of the third girl from the end on the right, but he kept that fact to himself. Then there was a song with a much-repeated chorus:

"All that I can offer is a loving disposition
And a w-i-l-d desire to succeed!"

Tim laughed at that until Marge admonished him, "Don't do it here!"

"Wh-wh-what?" gurgled Tim.

"Have hysterics!"

They had a bit of supper at a Chinese restaurant, and they took a taxi home, and they took it the long way around the Speedway and down by Hains' Point. All things were propitious—that is, all things save one, Tim's nerve! When he said good night, however, he did hold her hand as long as it took him to ask if she wouldn't go somewhere to dance some evening, soon.

"I'll try that once, too!" was the answer which she gave Tim to study over. "Call me up!"

Soon meant the next evening to Tim, but they compromised on the second following. They went to that café where money is not an object to any one save the proprietor, and where that famous orchestra tears music to shreds and puts it together again in muted melodies of irresistible jazz that would coax old King Tut out of his tomb if he had been mummified thrice three thousand years. And they danced. And Tim whispered, "Goodness, Marge, but I'm crazy about you!" And Marge, her eyes deep wells of violet so dark as to be almost black, laughed a trifle unsteadily, and said, "Pour yourself a dish of ice water, Timmus!"

They taxied, both ways, that night, and the way home was that short-long one through Rock Creek Park, by the old stone mill—and across the ford—and along an ever-murmuring stream—and the winding, tree-arched road up the hill to the crest that was nearer heaven than one young man had ever been before—and the precipitous hair-pin curves of the way down again—and again the ford—and the mill—and it was very, very late—or very early——

Had Tim kept books, one side of his ledger, at the end of that first week,

Well — he's a pretty big reason, isn't he? If you don't think so, try hefting him once!"

would have shown sundry and divers items of expenditure such as theater, café, taxi, flowers and candy aggregating the sum of $57.70; on the other side the entry would have been, "Two dates with Marge." Inasmuch as his salary was slightly less than $50 a week such a record staring him in the face might have given him pause to think. But he did not keep books, and not then, nor for a long time afterward, could anything have given him pause. The poor boob was what they call "in love," and if that isn't calling it by its own name, why—mix your own medicine!

The third time that Tim was with Marge he proposed to her in all seriousness and in all earnestness. That is to say, he would have done so had he been given but half a chance.

"Marge," he blurted out, "I've got almost two thousand saved and I'm making twenty-four hundred a year now, with plenty of chances to pick up extra money. What do you say——"

Quoth Marge, merrily and musically:

"All that I can offer is a loving disposition
And a w-i-l-d desire to succeed!"

"Aw, Marge! Listen to me, and be serious, won't you?"

"I'm listening, but I can't hear you,

Timmus dear, and I couldn't possibly be serious about twenty-four hundred. I'm nicking the cashier for thirty per myself. Add that up and tell me why I should listen to your story!"

"But I've got prospects——"

"That's what they all say, Tim, me lad! Say, listen to me. My sister, Kate, married on prospects. Her husband was making just what you're getting, and that was a long while ago when a dollar would go almost across the Potomac if you threw it hard enough. And then he up and died, which was a mean trick on her, even if he didn't do it intentionally, and she was left with two kids. And she has to work, and my other sister can't get married because she has to help make a home for those kids, and I—oh, don't talk to me about getting married on prospects!"

"But, Marge, I want a home. I want to settle down——"

"Then you don't want to marry me. I couldn't settle down. I'm a wild, wild woman! Honest, Timmus, there isn't anything out in the Zoo half as wild!"

"Marge, you never let up on that kidding business. Now I'm in dead earnest about getting married."

"You would make a honest woman of muh, would you?" she mocked. "Oh, Timmus, Timmus! Come out of it! You're too young to talk about getting married, and, besides—oh, everything!"

Then Tim seized her, and kissed her fiercely. "I'm not too young to know that I love you!" he exclaimed.

"No, indeedy!" she laughed, as she evaded him. "Not any more! I've partaken, thank you! Run along and sell your papers, or roll your hoop, or whatever it is that little boys do!"

And that was that.

Tim purchased his automobile the next week. It wrecked his savings account, in which he had taken so much pride, but what of that? He was after something he wanted more than all the money in the world—the heart of a girl. He remembered that it should be "something with about six cylinders." It was a nifty roadster, and Marge approved of it unreservedly.

"Attaboy!" she cried, when she was told that it was his. "Let's go!" Later she said, "It's a perfect dream of a car."

And he said, "I got it for you, Marge, and if you'll only——"

"You'll be after saying you can support me and this car both on twenty-four hundred, I suppose."

"And why not? I know I can with what I'll be making extra."

"You can't do it on a salary, Tim. You can't make the grade. A man's got to be in business for himself to make any money these days."

That did give Tim pause, and he put on his thinking cap. Result—a big idea.

"I've been thinking over what you said, Marge," he told her a few days later, "and I've got a scheme. I'll go into business if you'll help me. You know people have always gotta eat and feeding 'em is a great business if it's handled right. Now my plan is to open a little café that will be something different from the ordinary hash-house. Nothing elaborate, but *different*. Specialize in just one or two things to eat and make 'em good. Deviled crabs, for instance—your deviled crabs. They'd be a world beater. Pretty soon we'd have a string of places like that and just coin money."

"Say, Timmus, let me get this—it's going to be good, I know. You want me to help you?"

"Sure! I'll have practically enough money to fix the place up if I sell the car, and I'd want to hold on to my job as long as I could while we're getting started, but with the time I could give to it and you being on the job all the time——"

"Me work in a beanery?" There was more than mere incredulity in Marge's voice, but it escaped Tim. "You'd have me work after we're married?"

"Of course I wouldn't if it weren't that we'd be building up a business, but that would be different, and——"

He might have blundered on until he had said something that really offended Marge, but one of her irrepressible imps possessed her and she burst out laughing.

"Oh, Timmus," she cried, "I can't. I'm sorry, but I just can't."

"Why?"

"I'm afraid of the kitchen stove!"

"What!"

"Honest I am! I was dropped on one when I was a baby and it's all I can do to make myself go near one. I just can't work around one regular."

Tim eyed her dubiously. "I never heard anything like that before," he said. "I suppose it's another of your joshes, but it doesn't matter. If you won't do it you won't, and that's all there is to it."

"You've got the answer, Timmus. That puts you right up at the head of the class. Nix on the beanery! Tell me another one. Got any more big ideas?"

"I'll get one, all right!" Tim would have growled that—or barked it—if he had indulged one of the emotions that possessed him, but the trouble was that when he was with Marge he was always torn by conflicting emotions. His hands fairly itched to shake her. He wanted to hurt her—to make the tears come into her eyes and her lips tremble. She was a spoiled kid and he wanted to unspoil her, to discipline her. He wanted to be able to deny her things until she became sober and serious for once. But most of all he longed to take her in his arms, to kiss her and pet her; to be able to keep her always all smiles and laughter; to give her everything her little heart desired—to promise her the moon, if she wanted it for a bauble, and then go get it for her! So he grinned grimly and told her he knew where he stood with her.

"If I aim to be your little playmate I gotta be a go-getter. I've got to have the coin. Well—I'll get it!"

Ensued two bitter months for Tim—days when he essayed to be both worker and wooer—days of trying desperately to devise some means of making and saving money while at the same time, perforce, he was always spending it that he might sun himself in her smiles—days when he was wracked with jealousy, for he had rivals, and mad with fear lest one more fortunately placed might win her from him—days when he was so worried and solemn that she called him "Old Sourface" and declared finally that it gave her "the woollies" to go out with him.

"You know, I got no use for glooms, old dear," she told him. "If I go to a funeral it's just for the ride! And put this in your book, too: You've been showing me lots of good times, but I don't think you've been enjoying yourself particularly. Don't do it if it hurts! I like to have a fellow be nice to me, but I don't like to be made to feel that he's burying his best friend every time he spends a dollar on me."

Almost overnight, then, a new Tim was born into the world, one who was the gayest of the gay, reckless, lavish to the verge of folly. This Tim had assurance and confidence of a kind the other had lacked, and the air of a conqueror that was impressive—impressive, at least, to one young woman.

"You must have found a money tree, Timmus," she ventured, on one occasion.

"You said it, kiddo! I've found it and I'm shaking it. Just give me a little time and I'll show you something."

The hours had wings those days and it was not long, or it did not seem long, until he was ready to show her. They had finished a late dinner at the *Café d'Or*, as it might have been named. They were at a secluded table in a corner and after the waiter had been banished Tim asked her if she remembered he had told her he would show her something. She did. "Something" was one of those little boxes that no girl or woman ever opens without quickening pulse and bated breath. They hold such surprizes, such possibilities of joy and happiness, such promises, such commitments. This one held that which made Marge gasp.

"Oh, Timmus," she breathed, "it's gorgeous—perfectly gorgeous!" She turned the ring this way and that, the while the sparkle in her eyes rivaled that of the stone, started to slip it on her finger and paused. "You want me to wear it for you, Timmus?"

"That's the big idea!" He smiled complacently and added: "But there's something else goes with it."

"Something else" was a slender circlet of platinum and diamonds, and again Marge gasped. This time it was, "Oh, Timmus, I know now I've always loved you!"

Tim had other things to show her, among them a bank book, and a story to tell her. He had hit upon a side-line in which he was making money so fast it would keep her working overtime to spend it. He couldn't explain it in detail because she wouldn't understand, for it was a sort of speculative enterprise and yet it wasn't, because he assumed no risk of losses. The main thing was the profits which were large and certain and would be permanent.

"It isn't gambling, is it, Timmus?" she asked, absently, as she fondled the rings, and scarcely heard his assurance in the negative.

"Not a bit of it!"

That was the only question she asked him. They were married that night by a justice of the peace in an historic Maryland county-seat.

Marge Brady was proud of the skill with which she could negotiate the congested traffic of Washington streets and avenues. She was proud of her smart coupé, proud of her own modish attire, proud of the beautiful home she had just quitted and of the husband who had provided it for her. In truth, she was a very prideful and a very happy young woman, for she was finding that life each day unfolded a new delight, something she could do, something she could have, something she could do for others. Right then she was driving her own car at night, which she had always wanted to do and had never before attempted. She was wearing a new jeweled wrist watch that it was a joy to possess and that she had not even known she wanted until Tim had surprized her with it. And by no means least of all, since she was anything but selfish, she was on her way to see her sisters who had sent for her and who doubtless wanted her to do something for them. So it was that all the way there she kept humming a gay little tune.

She was not singing on her way back home. Instead, she was repeating to herself something that sounded like an incantation and went around and around in a circle, "Be yourself! Do your stuff! Don't let him know! Don't let him know! Do your stuff! Be yourself!"

But Marge Brady was not a schooled actress and she could not play a part, and Tim sensed a change in her the moment she entered the apartment.

"What's the matter—what did they want?" he asked quickly.

"Nothing much"—Marge's voice was steady and she strove to make her manner casual—"just wanted to ask me if I knew my husband was a bootlegger!"

Tim had the feeling of one who has dived headlong from a great height, but knows he can stay his fall by the exercise of his own faculties. Presently he accomplished that.

"What—what did you say to them?"

"I said, 'Sure!' You don't think I'd let them think they had anything on me!"

"What else did they say?"

"Asked me if I knew you hadn't had your job on the Hill since the first month after we were married."

"What did you say to that?"

"I said, 'Sure!' You don't think I'd let them think you put anything over on me, do you?"

"What then?"

"Then I told 'em that if they'd attend to their own business, we'd attend to ours, and came home."

No one would ever know how good that "we" and "ours" sounded to Tim Brady—they placed her definitely and unmistakably with him and freed him instanter of the burden of fear and suspense that had been crushing him in the constant expectation of this hour of revelation. And with the feeling of relief and thankfulness that she would stand by came a surge of shame and contrition over the deception he had practised.

"Marge," he said, "you're the best ever, and I feel like a dog because I haven't been absolutely on the level with you. I've felt that way all along, and Heaven knows I'm glad the beans have been spilled and I can tell you all about it now."

He wasn't really a bootlegger himself, at least that was the way he felt about it—but was a sort of middleman. The people who sold the stuff did a lot of business on the Hill and in the departments and they needed some one to act as a go-between between them and their customers, or clients, as they called them. Tim explained that he merely took the orders on a commission basis, receiving his commissions in cash when he turned in the orders, and neither handled any of the stuff nor made any collections. It had been a chance to make big money, and to make it easily, without doing any of the "dirty work," and he had taken it because he wanted the money, because he wanted Marge.

"It meant you, and this home, and your car and mine, and everything we've got," he said, "and I couldn't pass it up. I didn't tell you about it in the beginning because we weren't married then, and after we were married I,

thought it'd be best for you to be in a position where you could honestly say you didn't know anything about it if it came to a show-down. I'm not ashamed of what I'm doing. I'd tell the whole world about it, but it's a business that's got to be kept secret because it's that kind of business. I don't buy the stuff and I don't sell it. I don't see where I violate the law."

A specious argument? Yes, to those who regard it, but not so to the youth who made it or to the girl who listened.

"I haven't even let you know just how much money we are making," Tim continued, "but take a look at that." It was a savings account pass-book made out in her name and the balance it disclosed startled Marge. "What do you know about that? We'll be fixed for life in a year or two more."

Once again Marge asked but one question. "Your old job, Tim—did you quit, or——?"

"I quit. I got to thinking that it wasn't exactly right for me to be using the chief's office for my office, and I told him about it and quit. And I don't mind telling you he's one of my best customers!"

Tim could breathe more freely after that memorable scene with Marge was over, and happily over.

Now he was sure of her, and sure of himself, and with his increasing prosperity—an exceedingly dangerous kind of prosperity with its too much money for too little work—it was not long before he developed a bit of a swagger, and Marge made the acquaintance of a Tim who was quite different from the one who had wooed and won her.

Also there was the matter of their increasing use of the wares in which Tim dealt. Gay parties at which they were guests or hosts speedily grew progressively gayer. First result: admonition—"I wish you'd go easy on the hooch to-night, Timmus." Second result: recrimination—"Kindly tell me who was cuckoo *last* night!" Third result: first quarrel—"I don't like to see *my* wife——". . . "Is *that* so! How about somebody else's wife—Arch Freer's, f'r instance? I noticed that you and she——"

It was during that first quarrel that Marge said she wished he was out of the dirty business he was in, and it was after they had kissed and forgiven that she made her first earnest request that he abandon the business and he promised that he would—"in just a little while." The request was repeated and the promise renewed many times.

Tim wanted to please Marge and in his heart he hated what he was doing, but—he wanted to make enough money first so he could afford to keep his promise! Accordingly, what more natural or more inevitable than that he should extend his operations and "cut in on the big money?" No longer a mere middleman, he became one of those who bought and sold. Nothing risked, nothing gained.

Things began to happen. An automobile was seized by the authorities. Hi-jackers captured a truck with its priceless cargo. He was double-crossed by a trusted employee. There were other inroads on the bankroll. One of Tim's associates was arrested. Marge delivered an ultimatum: Tim had to quit; she had a reason—would not ask him again. Then, just to show what a perverse fate can do, Tim himself was arrested—walked right into a trap laid for him by the enforcement agent known as the Lone Wolf.

A nominal cash bond effected Tim's release without his seeing the inside of a cell, but the arrangements took time and when he reached home it was to find that officers had been there with a search warrant. They had found no contraband, Tim had been far too wise to store any of his wares where he lived, but the apartment looked as if it had been visited by amateur burglars or a skilled cyclone. The devastation was complete. All that was as nothing, however, for, capsheaf of all his woes, Marge was gone! Just a note:

"I'm going away from here as fast and as far as I can go. You needn't try to find me because it won't do you any good. I'm through."

The note was not tear-stained, as the dramatic conventions require of such missives, nor was it a trembly, heart-broken scrawl. The writing was Marge's firmest and best and most legible, and Tim knew that the note meant what it said.

Tim Brady proceeded to do what many a better man than he—and many a worse—has done in the same or similar circumstances. When he sobered up

some days later he went through a period in which he plumbed the depths of real grief. He passed through that to the state of mind in which the male of the species feels sorry for himself and nurses and coddles his grievances against individuals and against the world. Then came anger, blind, bitter, corroding anger, and after that in no time at all he was an Ishmaelite. His business in Washington had gone to pot, but there were other fields. Eventually he became one of the most daring of the rum runners off the Jersey coast. With a recklessness that stood him in better stead than mere courage, he matched his nerve and his keen wits against those of the forces of the law and against those of the lawless. He was singularly successful for a time, but the turn of the wheel brought a series of small disasters and then the culminating one that left him stripped of his ill-gotten gains. Experience had taught him it was a game he couldn't beat. He was sufficiently clear of mind to get that, and he got it. Then something happened inside him, and whether he realized it or not, it suddenly became true that he was still sufficiently clean of heart no longer to want to beat the game.

April of a forward spring and Washington at her best, drenched in growing sunshine, radiant and fragrant with myriad flowering shrubs and trees. Tim Brady came out of one of the newer department buildings in one of the older sections of the city and started toward the car-stop on the corner. Then he hesitated. He knew that he should be hurrying back up the Hill where he had many things to do, but there was an urge or a vague stirring within him that seemed to rebel against the promptings of duty. Perhaps it was the spring weather that affected him that way, but whatever it was he found himself strolling down a side street toward the park. Half a block and he saw something that reminded him it was long past the luncheon hour and that suggested that the inward stirring was appetite. It was a window sign:

DEVILED CRABS A SPECIALTY

There was no resisting that and he turned in. He found himself in a small room, attractively decorated and cozily crowded with small tables. A long cushioned bench along either wall lent an unusual touch and saved space and chairs. There was no attendant in sight, so he seated himself at the nearest table and fell to studying the menu card. Without looking up, when he was conscious that there was some one ready to take his order, he inquired, "How are the deviled crabs?"

"I have been told that they are the best ever."

In the instant that he heard the voice he was struggling to his feet. "Marge! You!"

Her eyes were smiling at him. "I thought that sign would bring you in—if you ever saw it."

"It *is* you, Marge! If you knew how I've wanted to find you!"

"I've been right here for quite a spell, Timmus."

Various incoherencies tripped over his tongue, then: "You don't look the same—your hair——"

"I'm boss here and a bobbed-haired boss wouldn't go so good. It's still red, though!"

"But you have changed."

She touched her breast and then her head. "Here—and here," she said. "I'm a lot wiser, for one thing."

"So am I! Say, Marge, I've quit the hooch game, and I've got my old job on the Hill back again, and I'm making good."

She nodded.

"Oh, Marge, do you ever think—?"

She nodded again, gravely. "I've thought until my old thinker only hits on one cylinder. Wait a minute."

She turned toward the rear of the room where she disappeared behind a screen and Tim sank into his chair, elbows on table, face in hands. He did not know that she had come back again until she spoke.

"Timmus," she was saying, "how'd you like to meet the other member of the firm? Junior, how'd you like to meet your father? I couldn't let you know him as long as he was a bootlegger, but he seems to be all right now—as fathers go!"

"Marge!—You—I—Oh!—So *that* was the big reason——?"

"Well—he's a pretty big reason, isn't he? If you don't think so, try hefting him once!"

TELL US HOW TO BE HAPPY

WHILE I was in Boston (writes Gertrude W. Fielder) I had the pleasure of meeting Alice Freeman Palmer. She was a doer of the word, and not a hearer only; for almost every week through the hot summer she used to leave her peaceful, calm retreat in the country and go to Boston to talk to children of the slums at a vacation school. These schools are kept up through the summer in the poorest localities. The children are given a morning's session of music, reading, and pretty water-color sketches to look at. They can bring the babies with them; and many indeed would not come at all without the little ones. Here is the story as Mrs. Palmer told it:

One July morning I took an early train. It was a day that gave promise of being very, very hot even in the country, and what in the city! When I reached my destination I found a great many girls in the room, but more babies than girls, it seemed. Each girl was holding one, with a few to spare.

"Now," I said, "what shall I talk to you about this morning, girls?"

"Talk about life," said one girl. Imagine!

"I am afraid that is too big a subject for such a short time," I said.

Then up spoke a small, pale-faced, heavy-eyed child, with a great fat baby on her knee,

"Tell us how to be happy."

The tears rushed to my eyes, and a lump came in my throat. Happy in such surroundings as those in which, no doubt, she lived: perhaps dirty and foul-smelling! Happy, with burdens too heavy to be borne! All this flashed through my mind while the rest took up the words and echoed,

"Yes, tell us how to be happy."

"Well," I said, "I will give you my three rules for being happy; but mind, you must all promise to keep them for a week, and not skip a single day." So they all faithfully and solemnly promised that they wouldn't skip a single day.

"The first rule is that you will commit something to memory every day, something good. It needn't be much, three or four words will do, just a pretty bit of a poem, or a Bible verse. Do you understand?" I was so afraid they wouldn't, but one little girl with flashing black eyes jumped up from the corner of the room and cried,

"I know; you want us to learn something we'd be glad enough to remember if we went blind."

"That's it, exactly!" I said. "Something you would like to remember if you went blind." And they all promised that they would, and not skip a single day.

"The second rule is: look for something pretty every day; and don't skip a day, or it won't work. A leaf, a flower, a cloud—you can all find something. Isn't there a park somewhere near here that you all can walk to?"—Yes, there was one—"And stop long enough before the pretty thing that you have spied to say, 'Isn't it beautiful!'

Drink in every detail, and see the loveliness all through. Can you do it?" They promised, to a girl.

"My third rule is—now, mind, don't skip a day—do something for somebody every day!"

"Oh, that's easy!" they said, though I thought it would be the hardest thing of all. Just think, that is what those children said, "Oh, that's easy!" Didn't they have to tend babies and run errands every day, and wasn't that doing something for somebody?

"Yes," I answered them, "It was."

At the end of the week, the day being hotter than the last, if possible, I was wending my way along a very narrow street, when suddenly I was literally grabbed by the arm, and a little voice said,

"I done it."

"Did what!" I exclaimed, looking down, and seeing at my side a tiny, tiny girl with the proverbial fat baby asleep in her arms. Now I will admit that it was awfully stupid of me not to know, but my thoughts were far away, and I actually did not know what she was talking about.

"What you told us to, and I never skipped a day, neither," replied the child in a rather hurt tone.

"Oh," I said, "now I know what you mean. Put down the baby and let's talk about it." So down on the sidewalk she deposited the sleeping infant, and she and I stood over it and talked.

"Well," she said, "I never skipped a day, but it was awfully hard. It was all right when I could go to the park, but one day it rained and rained, and the baby had a cold, and I just couldn't go out, and I thought sure I was going to skip, and I was standin' at the window, 'most cryin', and I saw"—here her little face brightened up with a radiant smile—"I saw a sparrow takin' a bath in the gutter that goes round the top of the house, and he had on a black necktie, and he was handsome."

It was the first time I had heard an English sparrow called handsome, but I tell you it wasn't laughable a bit—no, not a bit.

"And then, there was another day," she went on, "and I thought I should have to skip it, sure. There wasn't another thing to look at in the house. The baby was sick, and I couldn't go out, and I was feelin' terrible, when"—here she caught me by both hands, and the most radiant look came to her face—"I saw the baby's hair!"

"Saw the baby's hair!" I echoed.

"Yes, a little bit of sun came in the window, and I saw his hair, and I'll never be lonesome any more!" And catching up the baby from the sidewalk, she said, "See," and I too saw the baby's hair. "Isn't it beau-ti-ful?" she asked.

"Yes, it is beautiful," I answered. You have heard of artists raving over Titian hair. Well, as the sun played on this baby's hair, there were the browns, the reds, the golds, which make up the Titian hair. Yes, it was truly beautiful. "Now, shall we go on?" I said, taking the heavy baby from her.

The room was literally packed this time; ten times as many girls, and as many babies as your mind will conceive of. I wish you could have listened with me to the experiences of those little ones. Laughter and tears were so commingled that I don't know which had the mastery.

When you looked into my mother's eyes you knew, as if He had told you, why God sent her into the world—it was to open the minds of all who looked to beautiful thoughts. And that is the beginning and end of literature.

—J. M. Barrie

TO THE WIND

Illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry

The lights hung out in the milky way
The star belt glittered and wheeled,
The heights and the depths of the night were full
Of the scent of the new-plowed field

Wonderful Elder Brother, the Wind,
Why do you rattle the window sill,
And drum on the pane with your finger tips,
And pipe in the chimney shrill?

And why do you harass the poplar tops,
And the pollard willow, his leaves,
And why do you winnow with ceaseless wings
The crest of the gabled eaves?

From the chin of the moon to the turnpike road
(A ribbon and girdle of white)
Is room and enough for the wind to blow,
With never a cloud in sight!

— *Elizabeth MacKinstry*

THE BECKONING OUT

Illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry

The coppers were gone from the old brown teapot,
Gaunt sorrow and care were crowned kings of the spot,
And the little old woman who knelt on the floor,
To blow up the ashes, was hoping no more.

O, the door was blown open and into the place
A Winged Stranger came, with a gay, handsome face
And with two laughing eyes that looked out of his head,
Like some fair woman's son, and, " Give over," he said.

" Whist, Mother! give over. Come out in the light
While the throstle's astir, and the dawn is as bright
As when, come forty years, you were up and away,
With the dew to your feet, on the first morn o' May.

" Is it children you grieve for? I'll be as your son
For I'm old as the hills, yet a mother I've none.
Is it shelter you wish for? I'll find you a home
Like a cot in green valleys where no winters come.

" Do you grieve for the good things went out by the door?
Now cross but the threshold, you'll miss them no more,
Or it may be the winds that run laughing with God
Have but kept them awhile, or the sweet smelling sod.

" Is it lonely you were? There's a bird in your breast
Was but spreading his wings; lone delight is his nest.
There is never a tie could have kept him for long,
I could lure him aloft with the lilt of a song!

" You have dreamed overmuch, as the old do alone
When the fire is low, and the children have gone.
But have done with the dreams, for to youth is the day;
You are young again, Colleen! Come out in the May! "

— *Elizabeth Mac Kinstry*

GIRL'S SONG

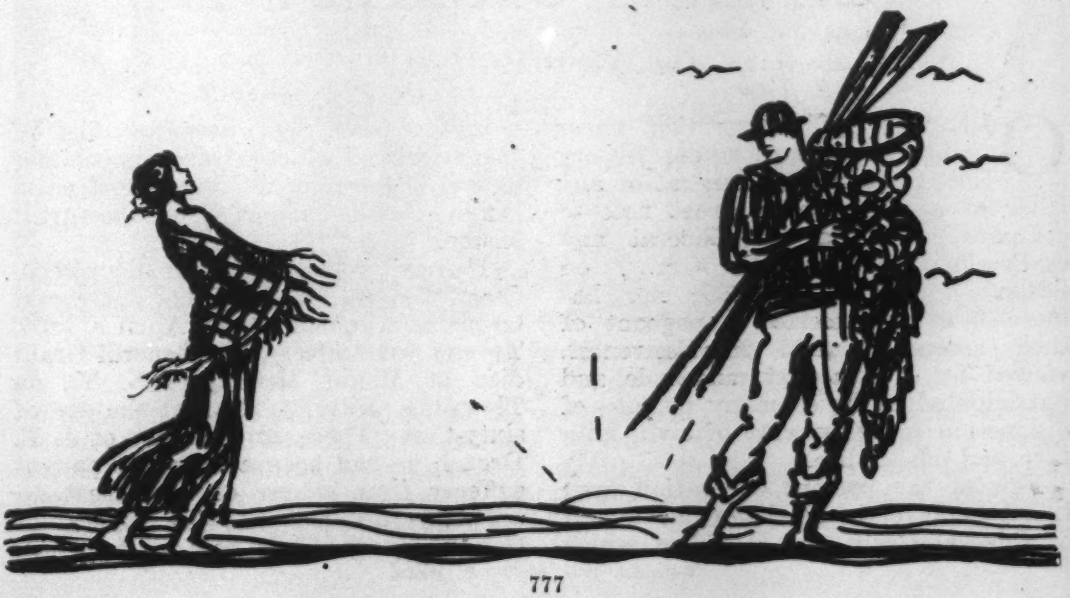
Illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry

O, Angus Og has four love birds
That follow him where-so-ever;
And two cry out, " I go, I go,"
And two cry out, " Come hither."

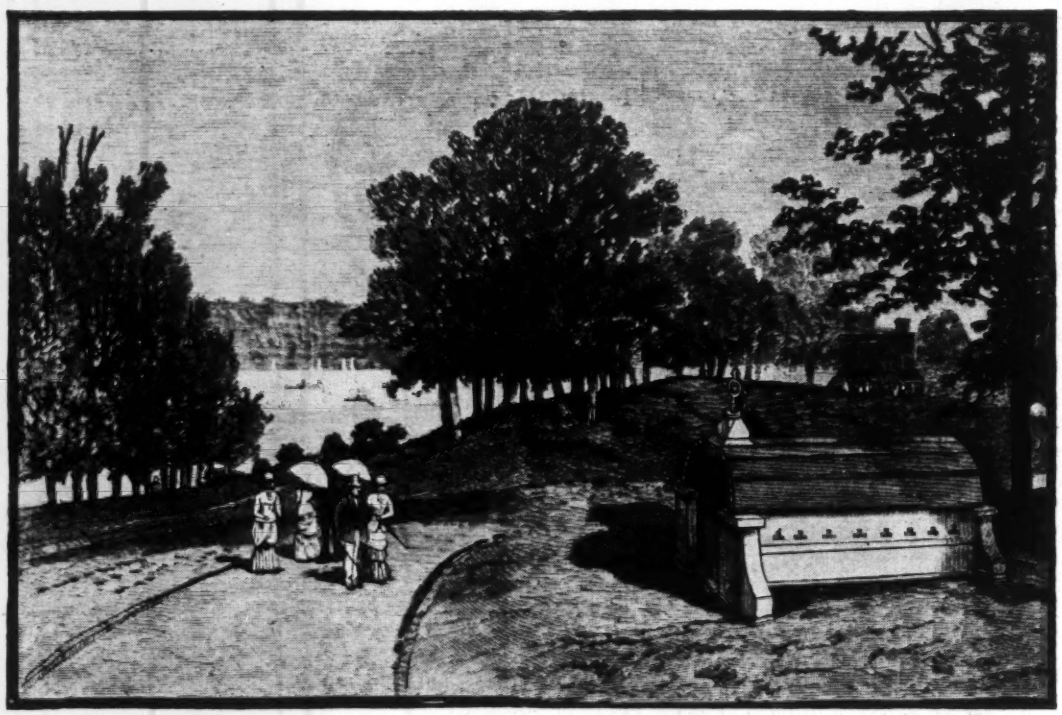
They are plumed like the blue-green water,
And the four birds call to me,
" I go, I go," and " Come hither."
I'm thinking they call from the sea.

O, maybe I'll go one sunrise
Where the breakers curl and comb,
And bare my breast to the four love birds
And say, " Come home, Come home."

— *Elizabeth Mac Kinstry*



THE LITTLE MAGAZINE



A view of Riverside Drive showing the temporary resting place of General Grant.

AN UNRECORDED INCIDENT OF THE FUNERAL OF EX-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL U. S. GRANT

By W. P. BUTLER

ONE may safely say that never before or since in human history has there been a funeral of any ruler or any person of great note to compare with that of General and ex-President Ulysses S. Grant, on Saturday, August 8, 1885; nor has there been in America a pageant of such magnitude and impressiveness, viewed by such a vast multitude and participated in by so many persons of distinction in every walk of civil, military and official life.

Few of the present generation have heard aught of the details of the funeral of General Grant—no record of which occurs outside the newspaper files of that time, and which, strangely, is either entirely ignored or fills but a brief paragraph in the histories of the great leader.

The civil war ended with the surrender of General Robert E. Lee to General Grant, at Appomattox, on April 9, 1865. Twenty years afterwards General Grant died at Mount McGregor, N. Y., on Thursday, July 23, 1885, at the age of sixty-three. There, at the home of J. E. Drexel, he had been a long and patient sufferer from cancer of the throat.

It was decided that the funeral of General Grant should be a military one,

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Major General Hancock and his staff led the second section of the procession.

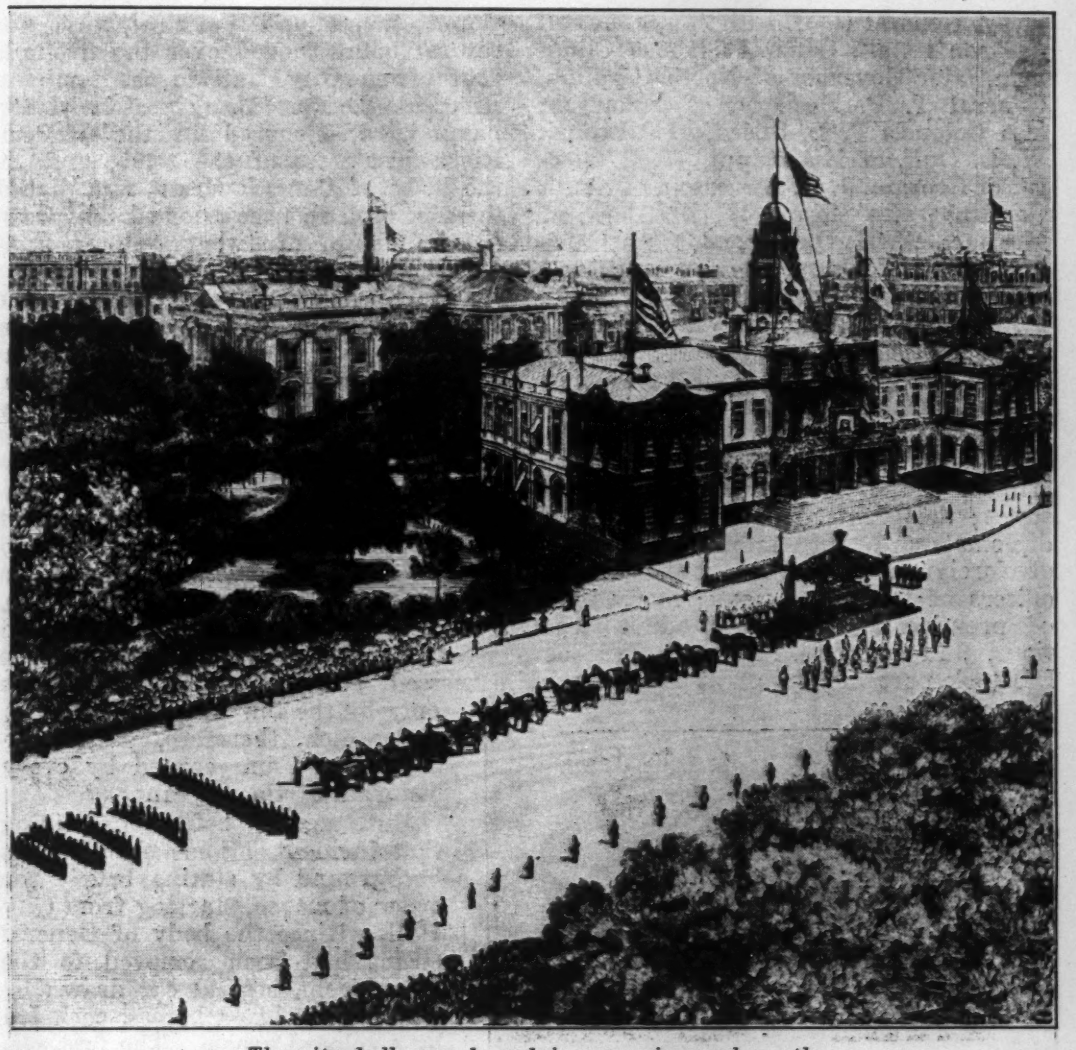
befitting his exalted rank, and under the auspices of the Federal Government. Major General Winfield Scott Hancock, then commanding the Department of the East at New York, was assigned by the War Department to direct all arrangements for the procession, in conformity with the wishes of the Grant family. President Cleveland selected as pall-bearers General Wm. T. Sherman, Lieut. General Philip H. Sheridan, Major General John A. Logan, the

The procession turns the corner into Broadway. At the upper right can be seen the Stewart Building.

ranking generals of the Union Army; General Joseph E. Johnston, Lieut. General Simon B. Buckner, and Major General John B. Gordon, ranking generals of the former Confederate Army; Admiral David D. Porter, and Rear-Admiral J. L. Worden, of the Union navy; while from civil life he selected Hamilton Fish, of New York, George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, George W. Childs, of Pennsylvania, and George Jones and Oliver Hoit, of New York.

General Johnston was in Portland, Oregon, when notified of General Grant's death and of his selection as one of the pall bearers. He left Portland at once, August first, on a special car, which made a record run across the continent in order that he might be present at the funeral.

The initial stage of General Grant's triumphal progress to his resting place in the mausoleum on Riverside drive, in New York, was the removal of his body to Albany, to lie in state at the capitol on August fourth and fifth. On the evening of Wednesday, August fifth, he was brought to New York City, there



The city hall was draped in mourning and on the Court House behind it the flag flew at half mast.

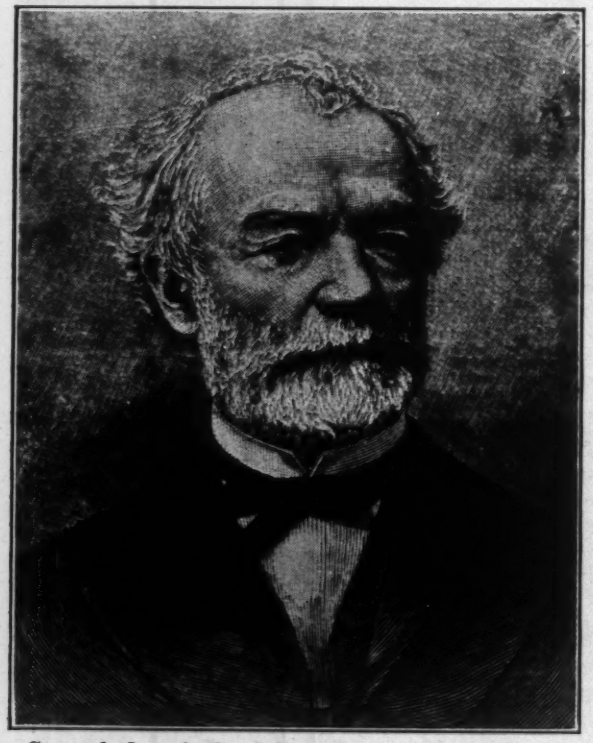
to lie in state at City Hall until the final march to his tomb on August eighth. Every detail of that most magnificent and impressive funeral pageant had been worked out by General Hancock and his aids, in concert with offers of co-operation received from all over the land.

Participating in the parade were many troops from army and navy; thousands of Civil War veterans from every state in the Union; several companies of Confederate veterans from the Southern States; thousands of militiamen from various states; thousands from civic organizations, and such an array of military leaders of both Union and Confederate armies as had never before assembled to do honor to a leader and a conqueror.

Prominent among commanders of the former Confederate army were the following: General Joseph E. Johnston, General Simon B. Buckner, General John B. Gordon, as pall-bearers, and General Wade Hampton, then Senator from South Carolina, General W. W. Loring, later a general in the Egyptian

army, General R. D. Lilly, of Stonewall Jackson's staff, General Thomas Clingman, later Governor of North Carolina, General T. P. Dockery, of Arkansas; also Colonels T. L. Sneed, of Missouri, W. L. Duff, of Mississippi, W. B. Sterrit, of Georgia, J. H. Anderson, of South Carolina; also Majors W. H. Clark, of Missouri, W. H. Quincy, of South Carolina, J. R. McNulty, of Maryland, and many others of equal and lesser rank.

President Cleveland, Vice-President Hendricks, Ex-Presidents Arthur and Hayes, many Cabinet and ex-Cabinet officers, members of the U. S. Senate and House of Representatives, and delegates from all departments of the government; the Governors of sixteen states; the greater part of the foreign diplomats and representatives designate of foreign governments; hundreds of officers of army and navy; many men of prominence in former administrations, and notables in every walk of life took part in that great demonstration of mourning and respect, which for several hours moved over the five-mile route from City Hall to the tomb on Riverside Drive. Many vessels of the navy were anchored in the Hudson River just west of the tomb, and, as the body of General Grant was placed therein, each in turn boomed the presidential salute of twenty-one guns as a final tribute.



General Joseph E. Johnston, one of the distinguished Southerners who acted as pall-bearers.

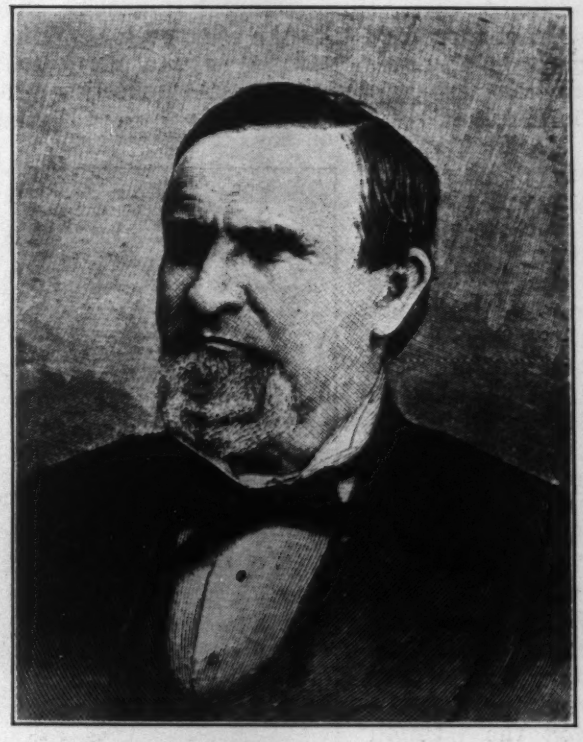
It is not my purpose to describe the miles of streets packed to suffocation with hundreds of thousands of spectators, filling every foot of standing room, every window, ledge and roof, every pole and point of vantage along the line of march; nor to tell of the somewhat wonderful combination of circumstances which enabled the present writer to secure, free of cost, a reserved seat which would have sold for $11, on the porch of a house on Fifth Avenue, a half-block south of Twenty-third street, whence, alone, could have been witnessed a wonderful spectacle, seen only by the few who overlooked it, and which, therefore, passed unnoticed and unrecorded by every historian of the pageant.

But, again, before describing that incident, let me complete its background by stating briefly the order of march, starting from City Hall, whence the body of General Grant had been removed to the magnificent funeral car drawn by twenty-four black horses, each led by a colored groom. The first section of the procession consisted of military divisions, flanked by the New Jersey National Guard, after which came the catafalque. The second section was led by Major General Hancock, and it is to this section that my narrative relates.

The family, relatives, and personal friends of General Grant, the President, Vice-President, two ex-Presidents and many other notables were drawn up in order at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on the corner of Twenty-Third Street and Fifth Avenue. From this point they were to fall into line behind

the catafalque when it passed the hotel into Broadway. At 9:45 A. M. the catafalque reached the hotel, and for nearly an hour thereafter the first section of the cortège marched slowly up Broadway, while as rapidly as possible the carriages containing members of the Grant family swung into line behind it, followed by the carriage of President Cleveland, drawn by eight white horses, and by that of Vice-President Hendricks, drawn by six horses. These were followed in turn by the carriages of ex-Presidents Arthur and Hayes, and by those of Cabinet ministers and others of special distinction.

Meantime the second section of the procession halted in Fifth Avenue below Twenty-third street, immediately in front of the house where the writer sat, in full view of a never-to-be-forgotten scene transcending in historic importance and pathos all other features of that memorable pageant.



General Simon B. Buckner, who did reverence to the memory of a generous foe.

At the head of this second section of the parade rode Major General Winfield Scott Hancock, in the full-dress uniform of his rank, mounted on the white Arabian steed Leopard, presented to General Grant by Abdul Hamid II, Sultan of Turkey.

The Sultan had presented to General Grant two of the finest horses of the royal stables, Lindentree and Leopard. Leopard was a pure white Berber stallion, with creamy silken mane and tail which seemed to form a halo about him. In further indication of his rare and excellent breeding the skin underneath his white hair was black. His neck arched as could only the neck of an equine emperor. His eyes flashed with a seeming consciousness of his royal blood, his perfect training and of the significance of his participation in this spectacular event of which he was one of the leading animate features. He was said to be the gem of the Sultan's stables, the most beautiful horse in the world.

Leopard had been given by General Grant to his friend, General Edward F. Beale, of Washington, but was for a time in the possession of Mr. Sam Howland, son-in-law of August Belmont, by whom he was loaned to General Hancock to be ridden at the funeral of Grant.

General Hancock was reputed to be the best rider of all the cavalry officers of the army, and on this occasion he justified his reputation. He and his royal steed seemed to be a centaur—to be one, so perfectly did their motions synchronize, and so harmoniously were the lines of horse and rider blended, forming a superb unit worthy of transmutation into marble or bronze.

During the long wait, while the lines were forming ahead, horse and rider stood almost as motionless as a monument in bronze. All eyes were centered on the perfect rider of the perfect horse, and that fact may partly account for lack of interest in the still more wonderful details which made up the balance

of the picture. Since General Hancock did not turn to look to the rear, even he must have been unaware of the momentous incident enacted immediately behind him.

In the first carriage behind General Hancock sat General William T. Sherman, then ranking general of the U. S. Army, and beside him sat General Joseph E. Johnston, the then ranking general of the late Confederate Army.

In the second carriage rode Lieut. General Philip H. Sheridan, then second ranking general of the Union Army; and beside him sat Lieut. General Simon B. Buckner, the second ranking general of the late Confederate Army. General Buckner and General Grant had been chums at West Point. They had fought together in the Mexican War, but during the Civil war they were on opposite sides in the struggle; the surrender of General Buckner and his army to General Grant at Fort Donaldson, on February 16, 1862, started General Grant on his career as a great military commander, and it was Grant's magnanimity towards his then defeated foe and friend that cemented a friendship that was to last through life, and that made possible the scene we are here picturing.

Generals Sheridan and Buckner also had been friends at West Point, but fought each other as foes in the terrible carnage of Murfreesboro' and Chickamauga.

In the third carriage sat Major General John A. Logan, who had served under General Grant in the Army of the Potomac; and with him rode General Wade Hampton of South Carolina, who had done battle against both him and Grant, as one of the leading generals of Lee's Army.

"BUSTS OF GRANT FOR SALE."

In the next carriage rode Admiral David D. Porter and Rear-Admiral J. L. Worden of the Union Navy. Following them were other carriages with the other pall-bearers and distinguished men, but it is to the leading three carriages and the six great generals that this narrative relates.

To complete this impressive picture, along the east side of Fifth Avenue were double ranks of Union G. A. R. veterans who had served under Generals Sherman, Sheridan and Logan. All stood at attention as the carriages containing their old commanders passed and halted. Their arms were reversed, their flags and guidons were draped with crape, and on their left arms they wore the military badge of mourning. On the opposite side of the street stood the seried ranks of Confederate veterans, sent by Governor Cameron of Virginia, men who had served under Generals Johnston, Buckner, and Hampton, as deadly foes of the men they now faced as friends and fellow-mourners.

As the head of this second section of the parade passed and then halted in front of where the writer sat, massed thousands stood in silent awe at the spectacle, and with attention chiefly focused on General Hancock and his superb horse. Word that the halt would

be a long one seemed to have passed like magic along the ranks of the old veterans, who, with one impulse, dropped their arms, broke ranks, and rushed up to the three carriages bearing the gray-haired commanders under whom they had served in those years of bitter struggle.

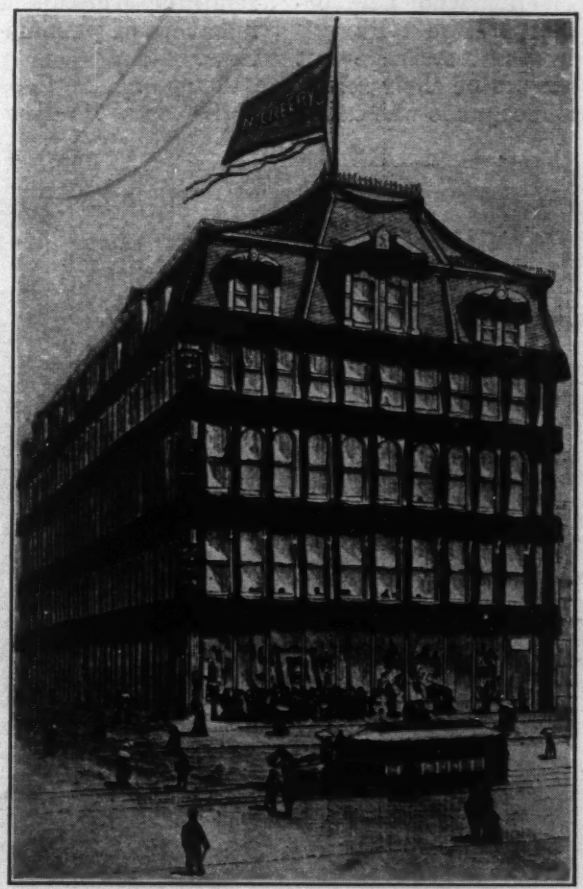
The old generals held their hands out over the sides of the carriages in greeting to their men, who grasped and kissed them, as tears streamed down their faces; they seemed to feel the import of that solemn occasion, and that they would probably never see their old commanders again.

As the veterans of the Blue and the Grey returned with halting steps to their places in the ranks, they mingled in the street for words of brotherly greeting, and many, clasped in each others arms, dropped tears on their faded uniforms. Nor were the eyes of the generals undimmed; for they, probably more than their men, realized the significance of the drama which fate had staged, with themselves as leading characters.

As this fraternal reunion of officers and men who had fought each other on bloody battlefields was at its height, inspired by the passing spirit of the leader who had commanded one of the hosts and vanquished the other, I saw the hands of Generals Sheridan and Buckner clasp on the seat between them, as the hands of ardent lovers might have done; and in that grasp, perchance not seen by others, I recognized the token of a united Nation, as also in the commingling of veterans of the lately embattled hosts, who sanctified by tears an indissoluble Union.

I know not whether others saw and felt the significance of this brief incident, for few who knew the noted characters which gave it such rare interest were so situated as to see it all. The impression then made on me has lasted forty years as of the most solemn and moving event of my lifetime.

On August 1st Simon Cameron—twice U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania, Secretary of War under President Lincoln, and Minister to Russia—wired to Colonel Fred D. Grant: "I am glad to know that Generals Johnston, Buckner, and Gordon are going to act as pallbearers with Generals Sherman and Sheridan. Your father's prayer for peace to his Country has been answered and the bitterness of the war wiped out forever."



The McCreery store at 801 Broadway on the day of the funeral.

The reestablished brotherhood recorded by this narrative proved the prophetic truth of the words of Grant—LET US HAVE PEACE.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

An Artist Whose Humor Became Prophecy

By HUGH TORBERT

AS a child, George Cruikshank learned to laugh. That was remarkable because he learned to make others laugh with him. His pencil or his engraver's tool had the extraordinary genius to distort, to caricature, to invent good-humored satires upon vanities, customs, fashions, humbugs and to express all his feelings with a few lines cunningly drawn.

Two of his fancies, which amused England in the 50's were pleasant satires upon certain inventors and upon those "brazen women" who had organized the "Women's Rights Party" and were demanding not suffrage but civil rights for members of their sex.

The preposterous idea, as it was called in 1850, that women should be permitted to vote or serve on a jury, drew fire from George Cruikshank. He turned out his famous cartoon of a court room, in which a woman judge and women jurors listened to the pleas of female barristers at the trial of a breach of promise suit. Yet, seventy-five years later, the humor in the cartoon is found only in some of the mass of detail. Almost every state in the union has become familiar with its "first woman judge," and a law school without a quota of feminine students is as rare as women members of parliament in Cruikshank's time.

Then, about the same time that the artist was leveling his pen at John

AS IT OUGHT TO BE OR — THE LADIES TRYING A

Stuart Mill's doctrines of equal rights for women, an inventor announced a "flying machine." Cruikshank seized upon the idea and drew an "air ship station" not unlike that from which one takes the planes from London to Paris to-day. His cartoons and his verse, "Air-um Scarum Traveling" were masterpieces of humor, until they became an amusing prophecy.

Cruikshank was born in 1792. He came into his inheritance of satiric draughtsmanship from his father, a humorous designer. The boy began to draw when seven years old, sold his first sketch before he was twelve and did not find time to attend an art school until well past sixty. He died at eighty-six, able and willing to dance a Highland fling until a few weeks before his death. His was no palsied old age.

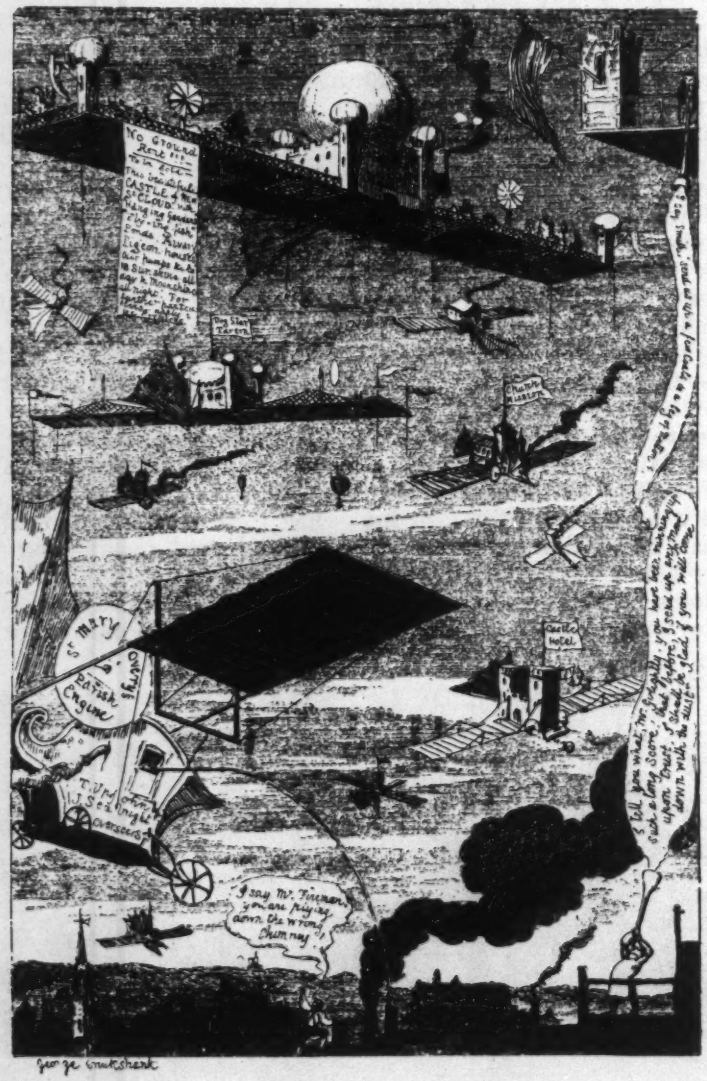
He had the honor of illustrating the novels of Dickens, Thackeray and Victor Hugo as they were issued. Of the American classics which were published with his drawings, the *Biglow Papers* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are among the best known.

Thackeray greatly admired Cruikshank's work. The author of Vanity Fair wrote this tribute to his friend, when the artist was needy.

"Whether ill-paid or well, what labor has Mr. Cruikshank's been, week by week, for thirty years, to produce something new, some smiling offspring of painful labor? In hours of sorrow and ill-health he has been told by the world, 'Make us laugh or you starve.'

"All this he has been obliged to do, to wring laughter day by day sometimes out of want, sometimes from depression. This he has done and well. He has told a thousand truths in as many strange and fascinating ways. He has never used his wit dishonestly. Never, in all his frolicsome humor, has he caused a single painful or guilty blush."

CONTEMPTIBLE SCOUNDREL for a "BREACH of PROMISE."



George Cruikshank

AIR-UM SCARE-UM TRAVELING

"Who's for the excursion round the moon?
Here's the 'Original Fly Balloon.'"
"Is it this that calls
At the top of St. Paul's,
Where I'm to take up my wife and babby?"
"No, sir, it's not ours;
We only touch at the towers
Of Westminster Abbey."

We stop at the Great Bear,
To take in air;
Then at once, without waiting at all, we fly on,
In hopes of being in time to hear
Some of the music of the sphere,
Accompanied by the band of Orion.
What a funny sensation it is the clouds to enter:
Oh, don't you know the reason why

You feel rather comic when up in the sky?
'Tis caused by your distance from gravity's center.

But here's the Zodiac, where we dine,
The Bull or the Lion is the sign;
To stop at Aquarius does not answer,
But we call to-day at the Crab, if we *Can-sir*.
Here's a lawyer wants to be starting soon,
To watch the action of the moon;

A barrister wishes much to know
If a place is vacant, that he may go
To study the laws of the stars' rotation,
With them keep pace,
As they roll through space,
And join their circuit in the long vacation.

The day of railways will be o'er,
And steam will be esteem'd no more,
When the result is seen
Of the experiment of Mr. Green,
Who says he can, as a matter of course,
In a balloon the Atlantic cross;
And, by way of proving he can,
He shows us a part of his plan,
Which looked, in miniature, very neat.
And answered, the truth to tell,
At the Polytechnic in Regent Street,
Uncommonly well,
As far as it went; but, the fact to say,
It went but a very little way.

No one could doubt the success of the notion,
If Hanover Square
One might compare
To the wide Atlantic Ocean.
It's a very fine thing,
To take hold of a string
Attached to a pretty toy balloon,
Guiding it easily either way,
And undertaking to say
The Atlantic may be traversed soon,
By similar means;
Which will be credited by men
When all the world are Greens,
But not till then!

George Cruikshank

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A Slow But Sure Business Revival

SECRETARY Hoover placed himself in the front rank of the optimists by his comments which were printed as a foreword to the Commerce Yearbook. This is an annual review of world industry and commerce, which deals particularly with conditions which relate to the economic situation in this country.

"Transportation showed increasing efficiency," he said, "and its very efficiency has resulted in a mild revolution in distribution of goods. Under assured delivery long advance orders to manufacturers are becoming less in volume, thus tending to reduce capital invested in current national stocks of goods and consequently the cost of distribution."

Another point he made is that, with the exception of the bituminous coal industry, we have but few difficulties remaining which can be attributed to the effect of the war. Rising standards of living, he explained, keep the building industry at a high pitch of activity.

"Publication of the 1923 census results," he continued, "brings out vividly the rapid progress in industrial efficiency and in elimination of economic waste during recent years. The figures for 1923 when reduced to a quantitative basis show that our manufacturing output has increased by fully 60 per cent over that of 1914.

"Against this large increase in products the number of wage earners increased by only 25 per cent, and it is interesting to note that the horsepower used increased 50 per cent. Wages for 1923 and 1924 were generally maintained at about 100 per cent higher than in 1913, and with the cost of living on a basis of about 70 per cent over prewar, our labor is receiving a large share of the result of this increased efficiency in the highest real wages of our history."

Great Britain, on the other hand, just saw some figures which have caused her great uneasiness. Last year she overcame an adverse trade balance of about £344,000,000 and succeeded in establishing a credit of approximately £29,000,000. But the adverse balance for six months of this year was reported at £380,000,000 or nearly £80,000,000 in excess of that of the first six months of 1924.

In other words, Great Britain cannot continue to accumulate huge import surpluses and hold the pound at par. It is the gold standard which is at stake.

It may be that the failure of exports to go ahead was caused by the declining prices that followed the return to the gold standard. Purchasers avoided a declining market and may have been holding back until stabilization appeared or prices recovered. If this is

true, the condition is that of intense darkness "just before the dawn" of a new day for British trade and finance.

According to the reports made by members of the National Wholesale Dry Goods Association, business for the first six months of 1925 was about the same as conditions in 1924. Their summary of prospects was made by a wholesaler, who said, "I believe we will find a good conservative but increased volume of business for the next six months."

The majority of the sections reporting to the association found that business in the past six months has been about the same as last year. The loss of 12½ per cent was reported from the South and a concern in the Central West gave 10 per cent as their decline. A Western member reported the only specific gain of 7.1 per cent, others mentioning slight increases.

One of the current topics of discussion in financial circles, and one that is almost equal in interest and importance to proposals relating to debt settlements, is the frequently repeated question, "When and where will this demand for public utilities end?"

This group of stocks began a sensational rise about a year ago, some time before the after-election boom was felt in the market. Last August there was a general feeling that the public utilities group was about to come into its own. The prophecy has been more than fulfilled.

Properties which could have been bought for a song immediately after the war, are now selling on the basis of prospective earnings in 1930. And this group of stocks seems to have taken the place held by the rails group twenty years ago, when rails sold mainly upon their prospects, instead of upon a basis of current returns.

Unless modern civilization, especially urban civilization, collapsed, these utilities stocks were bound to advance. Everything pointed to a large future development. Yet, in the face of post-war conditions, it took both courage and vision to buy and hold public utilities paper, when it looked most unattractive indeed.

There was another factor which influenced the rise. Utility bonds had long been neglected because of municipal and government ownership agita-

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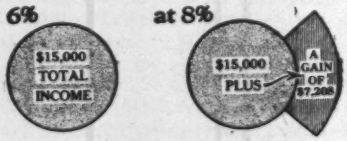

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tion. A distinct reaction to this attitude was observed after the election of 1920, when this type of securities again became popular. The stocks climbed after the bonds and then passed them in the general rise.

As usual, the market swung over to this idea with a rush so that now we see some utilities selling like corner lots in a real estate boom. Conservative investors seem to feel that it may end like a land boom, with the last purchaser holding the bag. Were the present values determined by earning power, there would be no danger of a collapse. But when the price is based upon earnings proposed or dreamed of for ten years ahead, there is more than a possibility of a slip. It is extremely probable.

Recent referendum elections to vote bonds for the purchase of municipal transportation lines, have invariably resulted in the defeat of the propositions. The voters are considering such holdings as a field for private investment.

It is very seldom that genuine humor appears in the financial columns. Yet S. S. Fontaine in the *World* succeeded in producing a better laugh than is the good fortune of most columnists.

Three items in the news of the day which have no relation whatever:

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

The Commander of the Coast Guard, having mopped the Atlantic dry, has been transferred to the Pacific Coast.

WHITE ROCK MINERAL

June net income after all charges and taxes, $58,561, against $89,517 in June, 1924. Gross sales for the period were $431,257, against $273,267 in June, 1924. For half year net income $561,944, after charges and taxes, equal after preferred dividends on 7 per cent stock to $9.83 a share on $1,000,000 second preferred and to $1.96 a share on 200,000 no par common shares. In the same period a year ago net income was $416,193, or $6.92 a share on the second preferred and $1.38 a share on the common.

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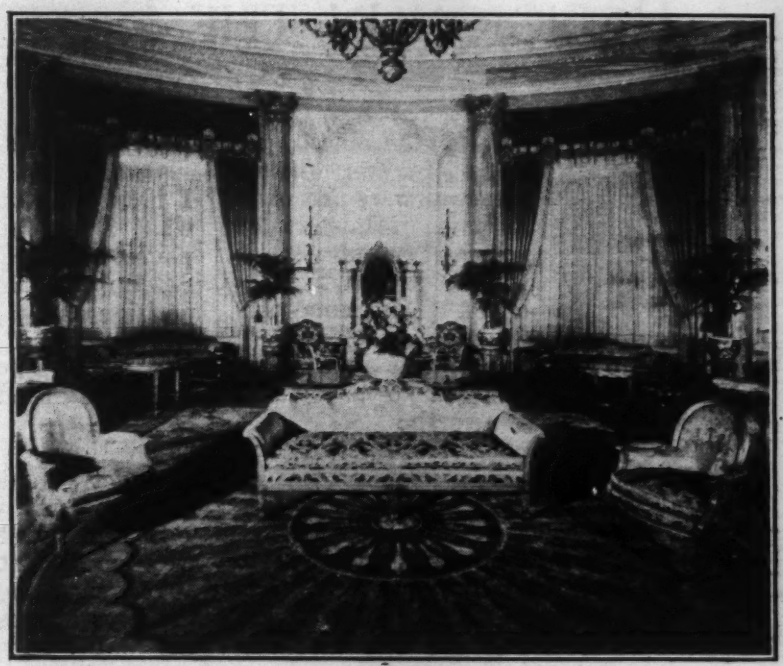

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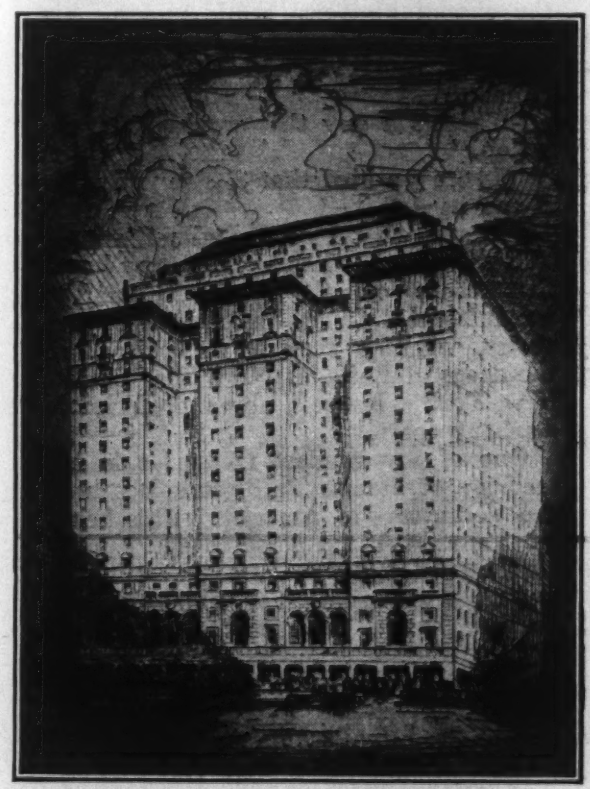

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RELIGION IN THE PENITENTIARY

By KAIN O'DARE

SOME of the finest sermons I ever heard preached were preached in jail. Ministers of note will go out of their way to preach to prisoners. I presume this is the reason. On the other hand, a minister who had a pulpit in a small Kansas town once said to us fellows locked up in Leavenworth:

"Every time I come here I get inspiration."

And we fellows liked to hear him preach, too.

It takes an awful good minister to hold a prison congregation. And when one does you've got to take off your hat to him. Boys in prison usually go to church to get out of their cells and not to hear sermons. And again I lay stress on the fact that when a minister holds a prison congregation he is being paid a high compliment.

Any one knowing prison affairs never holds envy against a chaplain. The reason for this is that he is the most unpopular officer in a penal institution.

The Reverend Harmon Allen, chaplain of the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, once said to me, pointing towards a prisoner crossing the yard:

"You see that fellow going there. He just called me a rotten name. It hits me pretty hard, because last week I went to some good people downtown and took up a collection and sent the money to his wife and kids."

Of course the prisoner did not know this and never would know it if he had to wait for the chaplain to tell him.

Years before I knew Mr. Allen, I had talked to another chaplain by the name of Soldan, about the same subject. He put it this way:

"The poor devils just can't keep from cussing some one. It's their environment, their unnatural existence. They know they are safe in cussing the chaplain because it would not look nice for a minister to report them or have them locked up."

Of course all prisoners do not cuss their chaplain in such an unkind way.

One of the most touching incidents I have in memory to illustrate this is what Dick Osborne, escaper and escapader extraordinary, said to Chaplain Soldan the day he resigned from his position at Leavenworth.

"Chaplain," said Dick. "This is the first time I've ever been in your office, and I've never been in your church, but I've seen you pitch quoits and play ball with the 'victs out in the yard, and I've got you down for a fine preacher and I'm sorry we're going to lose you."

Soldan dried his eyes after the farewell handshake.

There's a religious organization that the boys always love to see come within the walls, and that is the Salvation Army; the same thing may be said of the Volunteers of America or any of the other mission workers.

Nine times out of ten the boys will laugh when some poor old come-backer gets to his feet and starts promenading the chapel platform while making his testimonial, but under their breaths this one will mumble, and that one will mumble:

"There's a guy that would give you a flop."

"There's a bird that'd give you grub if you needed it!"

"That's what I call religion!"

True enough. The boys in gray know that there on the platform is the unadulterated Christ love that is always theirs, whether they be in prison, in the dregs of Philadelphia's Race Street, New York's lowliest abyss or Frisco's Barbary coast.

One of my fondest memories is my memory of Maude Ballington Booth of the Volunteers of America. This beautiful character has come to every penitentiary that I was ever in. I never lost a word that she said. In my darkest hours, and in my most embittered hours, the influence of this remarkable woman has searched me out and has lifted me to higher ground. When God calls Maude Ballington

(*Continued on page* 798)

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McClure's Magazine
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Don't risk missing a single issue if you have a love and appreciation of the best in fiction and other literature. The price is only $3.00 per year. Special club offers are shown elsewhere.

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Enclosed find $.....for a year's subscription and for the following other magazines as per your introductory clubbing bargains:

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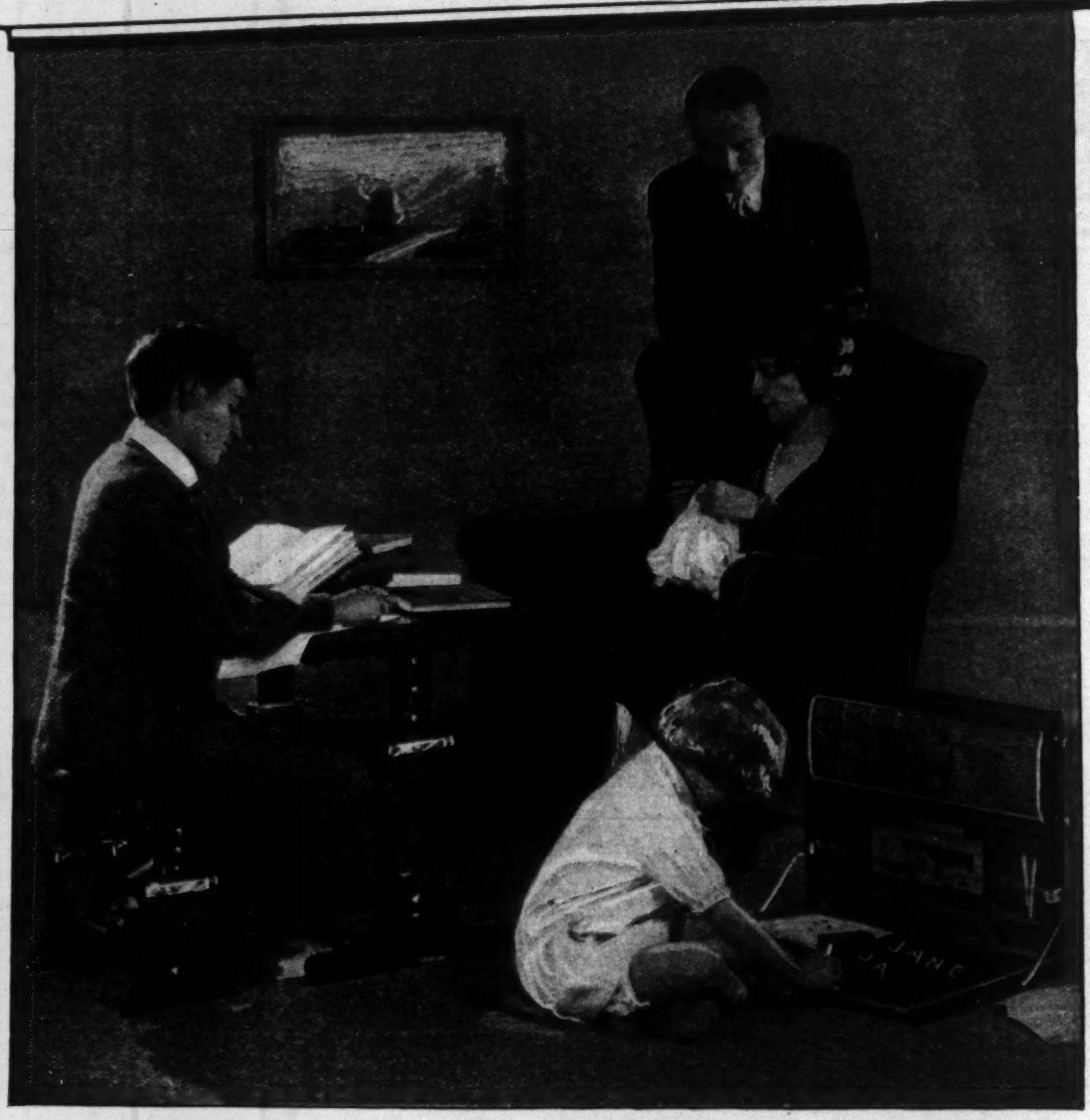
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

YOUR TOMMY AND MARY WHAT WILL THEY BE



THE CELEBRATED CHATAUQUA EQUIPMENT IN USE. This system of play-study brings out, by ***natural*** methods, the child's creative talents. Distinguished educators, parents, writers, scout masters—thousands of people enthusiastically endorse the **CHATAUQUA EQUIPMENT** after observing its effect on the minds and habits of growing children

dull or clever?—laborers or creators?

OUR FIELD SECRETARY

Explains This Equipment In Your Home

No Obligation

WE send directly to your home or office an expert who explains everything about the Chatauqua Equipment.

He shows you how sensible instruction may now be given to children while they are actually at play. He demonstrates how this equipment aids children in their school work and brings them closer to their parents in play and study. The Chatauqua Equipment brings into the home a modern form of play-study in which any parent can become actively interested.

What It Does

The Chatauqua Equipment makes the home the real centre of the child's interest; it encourages accuracy, neatness and order; it directs boys and girls into useful occupations for which the world pays money; it cultivates a taste for good and useful things; it arouses ambition, stimulates the imagination and reveals talent.

A glance at the photographs in this advertisement gives you some indication of the amazing adaptability of the Chatauqua Equipment. But it must be actually seen and used to be appreciated. Already more than one million families have used and benefitted by it.

SURPRISINGLY LOW-PRICED

The complete Chatauqua Equipment includes (1) the Industrial Desk, (2) the Adjustable Table, and (3) the Adjustable Bench. The finest materials are used.

Considering its completeness, the quality of its construction, and its wide range of usefulness, you will find it surprisingly low-priced.

DESK CONTAINS

Simple charts which encourage study of drawing, architecture, penmanship, telegraphy, animal and plant life, business forms, shorthand and many other useful subjects.

Children find it so intensely interesting that they *forget* mischievous, wasteful playtime habits. What a relief to busy mothers—and tired fathers!

No Charge For Demonstration

We will guarantee you an interesting half-hour if you will invite our field secretary to call. Just mail the coupon below. If it happens that you are not near a large city, we will get complete descriptions of the Chatauqua Equipment into your hands by return mail.

Lewis E. Myers & Co.
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Clip and Mail

LEWIS E. MYERS & COMPANY,
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Without obligating myself in any way, I should like to learn more about the celebrated Chatauqua Equipment.

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City .....

State .....

GERMAN ARMY OFFICERS'
FIELD GLASSES
FREE TRIAL

8 power $9.85 If you wish to keep them

Free trial coupon will bring you these genuine German War Glasses purchased at exceptionally advantageous rates of exchange.

Manufactured by most prominent of German optical factories. Many were received direct from the Allied Reparations Commission. Conservative $20.00 value.

Finest achromatic day and night lenses. 40 m. m. objective. Dust and moisture proof. Pupillary adjustment. Built for service, regardless of cost, according to strictest military standards. All glasses guaranteed in perfect condition. We have sold 60,000 pairs of this model to date.

Shipped promptly on receipt of attached coupon on 5 days' free trial. If satisfied send check or money order for $9.85. Order your field glasses today.

HENDERSON BROTHERS
Largest importers of field glasses in America
95 S. Federal Street Boston, Mass.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Gentlemen:
Please send me on 5 days' free trial one pair German Army Officers' war glasses. After 5 days' trial I will either return glasses or remit $9.85.

Name .....
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1/2 SAVED on all Standard Typewriters

AT LAST — World's Best Typewriters with every modern writing feature at positively lowest prices and on easiest terms ever offered.

10 Days Free Trial
A YEAR TO PAY
5 YEARS GUARANTEE

Standard Machines so perfectly Re-Manufactured by the exclusive Young Process that they look and write like brand new. Our exclusive, distinctive process makes possible better typewriters at lower prices.

FREE Big Illustrated TYPEWRITER BOOK. Write now. See our amazing typewriter bargains. Read what users say and the unusual service we will give you. Don't wait. Write today.

Young Typewriter Co. 654 West Randolph Street Dept. 3479 Chicago, Ill.

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

(*Continued from page* 794)

Booth to her reward every penitentiary will be draped in mourning.

The minister who is full of jokes makes a hit with his prison congregation.

A preacher from Oklahoma came to Leavenworth. As usual the regular chaplain announced who he was, where he hailed from, his wonderful reputation and this and that and the other thing.

This preacher talked for a half-hour so dryly that all of us got thirsty, and as usual we began dragging our hob-nailed shoes across the chapel floor.

Then came a light in our chaplain's eyes. He jumped up and whispered in the visiting minister's ear.

"Your good chaplain," said the visiting minister, immediately, " has just informed me that I have only five minutes more——"

"To live!" interrupted a rough-neck, sitting near me.

"I didn't realize that the time was passing so quickly," the preacher continued. "I believe you'll all be glad to hear a story about your deputy warden, before I close.

"Your deputy warden," said the visiting minister, "was recently in a big storm on the Great Lakes. The boat he was on struck a leak and started to sink. The captain of the vessel called all on board around him.

" 'I've given up all hope,' he said. 'If any of you good people know how to pray, you'd better start praying.' "

"Well, what do you think! Out of that bunch of passengers came your deputy warden and stood by the captain's side.

" 'I'm a praying man,' he said.

"The ship's passengers bowed their heads, and this is what your deputy warden prayed:

" 'Lord, oh, Lord! I've never bothered you before because I know you're a busy man, and I'll never trouble you again if you'll help me to get to that island over the other side of this boat!'

"Boys, it just appears to me that perhaps some of you have, somewhere, a mother, a wife or a sweetheart that would be mighty glad to know that on this day you have said a prayer for them. I'll request those of you who agree with me to bow your heads in silent prayer."

The 2500 prisoners prayed silently.

MEXICO

A COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL MAGAZINE

A monthly publication for those seeking facts, figures and information regarding any phase of Mexican life, business, laws or current conditions.

PUBLISHED IN ENGLISH AND SPANISH IN NEW YORK, BY THE

MEXICO PUBLISHING CO., INCORPORATED

1128 WOOLWORTH BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

IT CONTAINS IMPORTANT NEWS ABOUT COMMERCIAL, INDUSTRIAL AND AGRICULTURAL OPPORTUNITIES IN THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC. ALSO STATISTICS ON THE YEARLY OUTPUT OF PRODUCTS AND MINERALS.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM FOR MEXICAN AMERICAN TRADE

Subscription $2.50 a Year

SOMETHING TO DO IN YOUR SPARE TIME

You have read this issue of the new McClure's with pleasure and there is something in it you think should be made known to your friends and neighbors. Why not tell them about it and get them to subscribe?

McCLURE'S is a magazine you can introduce to your friends, and acquaintances, with a clear conscience. It contains such splendid features as The Life of Judge Gary, the Story of Steel; its special articles and fiction have been celebrated the world over for their interest, and importance.

We offer a splendid arrangement for spare time work in obtaining subscriptions. The returns are liberal. The work is pleasant, because you are selling an article of genuine merit. If you will just send us your name and address, we will forward our Representatives' Plan by return mail. Hundreds of subscriptions are coming in every week from our representatives in the field. They are successful because they are associated with a magazine of increasing power and influence. Write while you have this advertisement before you. Address

Manager of Circulation Department

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

250 Park Avenue New York City

Going to Travel?

Then by all means refer to the travel section of Harper's Magazine—Every month you will find many alluring suggestions and vivid pictures of America and faraway places including the announcements of a large number of Tourist Agencies, Railroads, Steamship Lines, Resorts and Hotels.

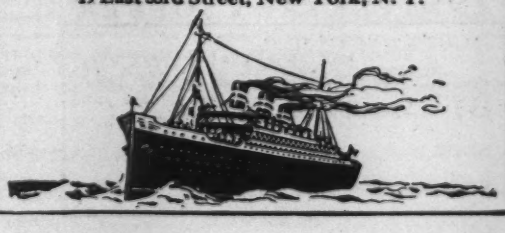
Sailing Dates in Every Issue

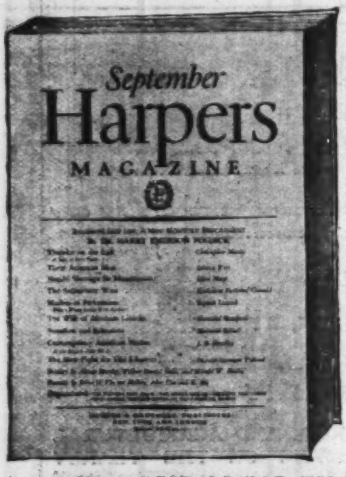
For the convenience of our readers we will publish each month the sailing dates for Europe and other countries together with the dates of special tours and cruises.

Feel perfectly free to write us—Our *Travel Bureau* will gladly furnish any information desired.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.





A NATIONAL FIGURE STEPS FORWARD

HARPER'S Magazine Celebrates Its 75th Anniversary with A Brilliant New Programme

TWO THRILLING EVENTS

DR. FOSDICK

Beginning in September, Dr. Harry E. Fosdick creates a monthly department – Religion and Life. These articles will have nothing to do with creeds or controversies, but will consider religion as an indispensable power in our daily lives.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THUNDER ON THE LEFT, Christopher Morley's new novel, puts its author at the top of contemporary writers. It is a master piece of which you will be proud to say, years hence, "I read it when it first came out in HARPER'S."

WITH September, comes a new HARPER'S MAGAZINE. This national institution which has seen so many changes, and which has itself changed many times, now takes the most important step in its career. A step which involves not only a change in physical aspect, but a distinct development in editorial policy.

The forecast of the new HARPER'S assures a magazine of infinite variety, of stimulating and authoritative articles, masterful fiction, provocative approaches to numerous aspects of this extraordinary universe.

In short, the new HARPER'S MAGAZINE will be more than ever the indispensable periodical for alert minded, sophisticated America.

ALSO IN SEPTEMBER

THESE AMERICAN MEN *by Rebecca West*

THE ARISTOCRATIC WEST *by Katharine F. Gerould*

MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS *by Stephen Leacock*

STORIES: *by Aldous Huxley, Wilbur D. Steele, etc.*

SHOULD MARRIAGE BE MONOTONOUS? *by Elton Mayo*

SOCIALISM AND EDUCATION *by Bertrand Russell*

THE WIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN *by Gamaliel Bradford*

POEMS: *by Edna St. Vincent Millay, etc.*

ANNIVERSARY OFFER

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
M, 49 East 33rd St., New York

I wish to take advantage of your Special Anniversary Offer of Harper's Magazine for one year for $3.00—beginning with September.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Harpers
MAGAZINE

A Personal Message to Men Who Want to Earn More than $7,000 Every Year

By J. E. Greenslade

WHEN a civil service clerk earning only $25 a week suddenly surprises his friends by increasing his earnings to nearly $200 a week—when a farm-hand earning only $60 a month begins to earn $1,000 a month—when a railway mail clerk earning $1,600 a year changes his job and earns $1,000 in thirty days—when hundreds of others quickly jump from small pay to magnificent earnings—then blame yourself if you do not do equally as well.

I Pledge You My Word You Can Do It

What these men have done, hundreds have done, hundreds are doing today, and hundreds will do tomorrow. And you can be one of them. The same opportunity is yours with no possibility of your failing if you follow my advice. During 1923 the National Salesmen's Training Association received requests for more than 50,000 salesmen from wholesalers, manufacturers and jobbers—representative concerns all over the United States and Canada.

There are countless openings for men who really know how to sell—unlimited opportunities to make real money once you possess the secrets of master salesmanship.

A Foolish Notion About Salesmen

The average man imagines that, in order to make good in selling, he must be a "born" salesman. Nothing could be further from the truth. There is no such thing as a "born" salesman.

There are certain principles, certain rules, certain secrets to selling just as there are certain principles in mathematics and medicine. Once you know these principles you can quickly make good.

And through the National Demonstration Method—an exclusive feature of our System of Training—you gain actual experience in overcoming sales problems of all descriptions. Then through the N. S. T. A. System of Electives, you get the proved selling plans of Master Salesmen in the actual line or lines you want to sell.

Step by step this result-securing system of salesmanship training takes you through every phase of selling. Secrets of selling that have made millions of dollars are unfolded to you in a manner so simple and easy as to be immediately grasped.

$12,000 a Year!

A. H. Ward, Chicago, held a small pay job. Now he averages $12,000 a year as a salesman. Last month he cleaned up $1,350 and he stepped into this kind of earnings after returning from France as a soldier.

First Month $1,000

"The very first month I earned $1,000. I was formerly a farm-hand."—Charles Berry Winterset, Iowa.

More Than $10,000

Your training has enabled me to learn more, earn more and be more. I am now President of a national organization, and my earnings for 1925 will easily exceed the five figure mark.—Charles V. Champion.

$554.37 in One Week

"Last week my earnings amounted to $554.37; this week will go over $400."—F. Wynn, Portland, Ore.

$10,000 a Year

O. H. Malfroot, of Boston, Mass., stepped into a $10,000 position as a SALES MANAGER — so thorough is this training.

Remarkable Book, "Modern Salesmanship" — Sent FREE

With my compliments I want to send you a most remarkable book, "Modern Salesmanship." It will show you how you can easily become a Master Salesman—a big money-maker—how our Free Employment Service will help you select and secure a good selling position when you are qualified and ready. Mail the coupon today. It may be the turning-point in your life.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
Dept. R-81 N. S. T. A. Building, Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. R-81, N. S. T. A. Building, Chicago Ill.
Send me free your book, "Modern Salesmanship."

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Age ..... *Occupation* .....